# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NOV. 4, 1922

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# Westclox

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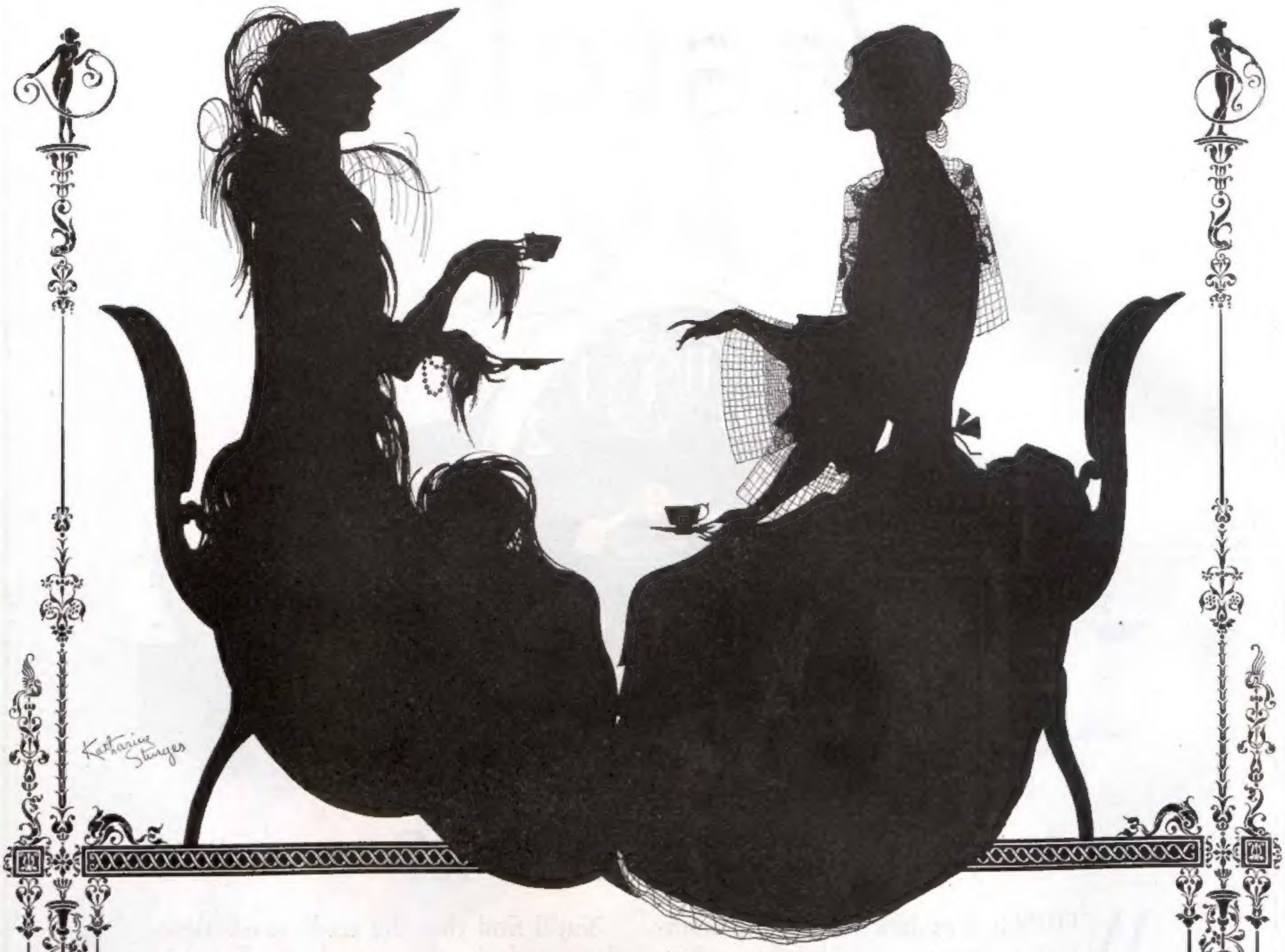


"IT'S just *melting* our bank roll, you know. But ever since we came back from abroad I have been *revelling* in buying things , , , A *gorgeous* Persian rug for the library that I'm *crazy* about. And the *loveliest* old Chippendale dining set. Then I simply *had* to have COMMUNITY in the ADAM design , , , Tom says we'll land in the poor house, but he's really proud as he can be—'specially of the COMMUNITY."

*Teaspoons, $3.75 Set of Six*
*At Your Jeweler's*

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# THE SECRET PEARLS

## By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS

ON THE second day of last October, in the middle of the afternoon, a man with an emotionless face and immaculate clothes stopped before the bulletin board of the Herald-Dispatch. In his necktie he wore a large clear diamond, after the fashion of the old-time gambler.

The first scores from the ball games were going up. He stood immaculate, imperturbable, reading them; motionless in face and body, except for a deliberate tightening of the muscles of the jaws over a sliver of gum between his teeth. Two reporters with newly lighted cigarettes slouched out together from the alley entrance to the Herald-Dispatch editorial rooms.

"You see that bird there?" asked the older. "The one with the headlight and the shiny shoes?"

"Ah-hah."

"That's Diamond Mike Flynn, of the murder trust; the brains of that big three the grand jury turned loose again last week."

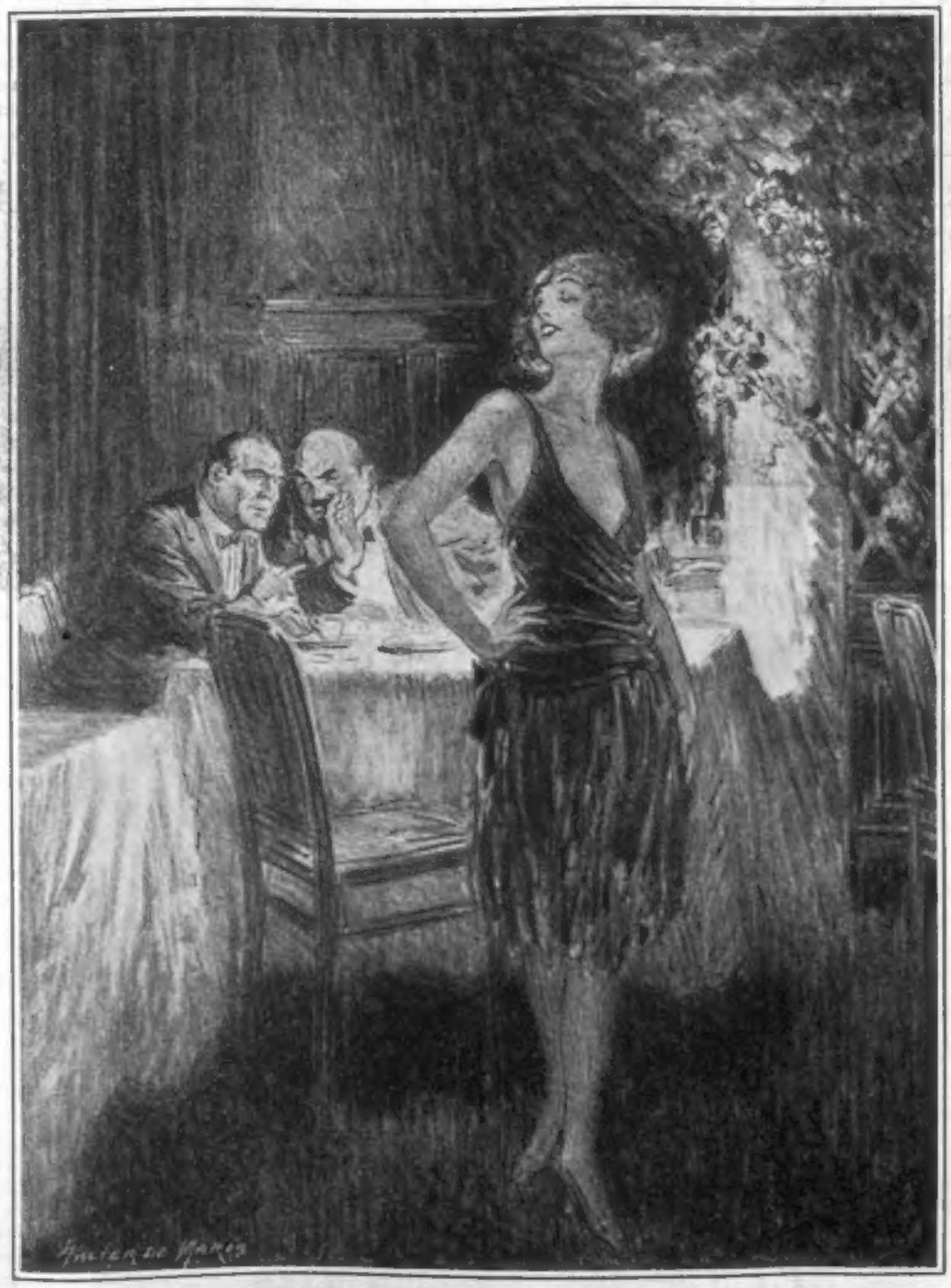
"So that's the boy, huh?" said the younger one, looking him over.

The sleek man before the bulletin, if he heard this, gave no sign of it. On the contrary, he stood more motionless than ever, even the slight compression of his jaw muscles ceasing. He was staring now, still as a statue, at a new bulletin, just hung out in the window.

"John B. Harris, the millionaire building contractor," it said, "dropped dead while alone in his office at 2:15 this afternoon."

His eyes fixed on this with the trained immobility of those who make their living by their faces rather than their hands, the man before the bulletin board gave no sign of the natural shock which comes to one who learns suddenly that the human creature he has just been speaking to is dead, gone, wiped off the roll of existence. As a matter of fact, his supple mind, shaped to the intrigues of one of the trickiest and most dangerous games in the world—the game of the labor terrorist—had already leaped on from the death to its consequences—and possibilities.

Two fifteen o'clock. Not over fifteen minutes after he had left him! Then no man on earth could possibly know! And if so ——



"All Right, I'll Tell Her When She Comes. I've Got to Go Now. I'll be On in Half an Hour," Said the Girl

He glanced down as the idea darted into his slippery mind—shadowy, half formed, and yet the natural offspring and descendant of a thousand similar thoughts begotten in a game which left no twisting or crookedness untried for its purposes, from plain lying to murder. He glanced down involuntarily and saw, through the smooth side of his dark suit with the fine white stripes, the swelling of the hundred thousand dollars of crooked money in big bills which the dead man had just handed him, where it lay in his bill folder, in the inside pocket of his buttoned coat. He saw it, and looked around, his purpose growing. And suddenly there flashed into his eyes a new light, the light of a new thought, of an idea which he had just happened on for exactly such a use as this. He looked around, his purpose grown more fixed. There was nothing to be seen by his veiled scrutiny; not a soul apparently in the crowded streets or among the other students of the bulletin board that he recognized. With another glance at the ball scores, deliberately, without a sign of haste, he stepped forward down the walk into the alley, to the entrance of the editorial rooms of the Herald-Dispatch, to start to take the chance—if it could be taken.

Once more before disappearing he took a casual glance into the street behind him, and saw nothing, no one whatever that he recognized; then turned and was gone into the dingy entryway.

From across the street, in the entrance of the block opposite, the man with the shiny pink left hand, who had been shadowing him, watched him disappear. He was a young man, not over twenty-five years old; but his lean drawn face showed the marks of fifty; the hardness and tension etched by suffering; the sharp alertness of the face and eyes of the maimed—animal or man—thrown upon its own resources to keep living; an expression that has not been an unusual sight upon city streets since the ending of the Great War.

Lounging along with an exaggerated nonchalance, he had trailed after Diamond Mike through the shifting crowds across the street, stopped when he stopped, and established himself in the arched entrance of the building opposite. Arrived there, he had taken out from the slightly bulging right-hand pocket of his coat a package of cheap popular cigarettes, and with the leisurely motions of the continual smoker passed it to the artificial hand, which rose mechanically to receive it, and tapped the end of the cigarette he extracted against the convenient hardness of the false hand which held the package wedged between its inanimate first finger and thumb.

Putting the package back into his pocket and drawing out a box of matches, he held that in turn in his false hand, lighted the match he took from it, and with an exaggerated flourish shaking it out, rescued the box from the clawlike fingers, replaced it in his pocket and drew deep into his lungs the grateful draft of the cigarette smoke. Then, standing in an attitude of indolent inattention, he watched narrowly the plump, too smoothly groomed figure at the bulletin board; studied it as it passed into the alley; and glancing down to flick the ashes from his cigarette as it turned to look around for the last time, raised his head again to see it disappear into the editorial entrance of the Herald-Dispatch.

Passing into this, Diamond Mike Flynn stepped on the broad, unsteady surface of the freight elevator, whose surly old operator clanged shut the iron gate and raised

him to the floor of the city room. He stepped across the untidy narrow hall, with its sweetish smell of ink and paper, and came into the big dingy room with the dingy gray-faced men at desks, and walked through the door in the dark railing to the nearest one of a group of them, seated inside the big circular desk in the center of the floor.

"What about this thing on the bulletin?" Flynn asked him, addressing the top of his lowered head and green eye shade. "This dropping dead of John B. Harris, the contractor?"

The nearest of the dingy shirt-sleeved men inside the circular desk raised his green eye shade and his eyes, and turned them down again.

"I dunno. Ask over there," he said indifferently, pointing to the fat man with a black pipe who was reading a newspaper at one of the detached desks by the outside window.

"What do you want to know about it?" asked the man with the odorous black pipe ungraciously, at Diamond Mike Flynn's repeated question.

"How'd it happen? Was he all alone?"

"Wait," said the man with the black pipe in his teeth. "Here's the man that handled it. Hey, come over here!" he called, waving to another one of the dingy gray-faced youths in the center of the room.

"Ask him," he said; and sitting back, buried himself again behind the newspaper from which he had first emerged.

The colorless reporter on the case told Diamond Mike unemotionally the details of the finding of the body.

"By the stenographer, you say?" asked Flynn.

"Yes; when she came in from an errand he had sent her out on."

"So he was all alone?"

"Yes."

"And had been?"

"So she thinks, though it seems she had been away. She says he had sent her out for a half hour before that to the bank. So there was no one in the office next to his; and no one in his, she thinks, but himself, after lunch time. Is that all you want to know?" asked the bored reporter, breaking off.

"Uh-huh. Much obliged to you," said Flynn, and passed out, neat and shiny, from the room of dingy men, as unnoticed as when he came in.

He had learned long ago—the thing that every crook and detective knows—the indifference and insensitiveness of a great city; that when you want to know a thing you go and ask about it where they know. They'll tell you, and nine times out of ten they'll never recognize you. They're too busy with their own troubles.

Even if they had recognized him—any of those dingy, gray-faced men in their shirt sleeves and soft collars—how near would that bring them to the play he was on now?

He passed out of the room of the indifferent men, across the hall with its sickish smell of ink and paper, down the big unsteady freight elevator with its surly operator, thinking fast, making his decision. He went back carefully over the thing as it had happened—that transaction, secret and personal from the nature of the case, with a man who notoriously did all his bigger business personally and kept the records of it strictly under his own hat. He recalled the unseen entry from the empty hallway into the dead contractor's door, the quick conference, both standing, with the stenographer purposely sent away in advance, the next room empty; the passing of the hundred thousand dollars on the new post-office job, that greatest of all shakedowns yet worked out for so-called strike insurance by the big three; and then the slipping out of the private door into the corridor again, the crowded elevator, the still more crowded street.

"I'll take my chance!" said Diamond Mike Flynn to himself as he passed out the editorial entrance into the mouth of the alleyway.

He stood erect for just a moment. For just a moment his glance fell down upon the bulge in his smooth right side and the second bulge in the right-hand outside pocket under it. Instinctively, by old habit his right hand dropped into the lower pocket to close on what was there.

The man with the pink left hand, watching him from across the street, smiled significantly, while his own right hand stole half mechanically to the object which made the same bulge in his right-hand lower coat pocket that appeared in the smooth clothing of the older man—the automatic pistol which is such a necessary tool in the vocation of a labor grafter. Then Flynn moving, his shadow across the street moved after, following him as he went back to take the first step in his new play; returned once more to the scene of the death to establish the fact of his coming there—too late! And once more reappeared to pass now into the near-by women's shopping district.

The man with the pink hand followed again, with his elaborate nonchalance, the progress of the older man across the street; stopped when he stopped—and nodding slightly stood and poured thoughtfully a stream of white cigarette smoke from his lips into his nostrils when the other disappeared into the doors of the great and fashionable jewelry shop.

II

THE man with the shell-pink hand nodded thoughtfully with the air of one at last approaching a valid conclusion, as he had, but in part only, knowing as yet but a part of the facts in the case.

The actual situation was this with the man, the big labor grafter that he was following: He held in his possession one hundred thousand dollars in bribe, or so-called strike-insurance money, handed to him secretly in currency by a man who was now suddenly dead. He had decided, learning of the death, to take a chance and keep the money.

From the side of legal punishment he took no chance whatever in doing so. The briber was gone, and with him all actual knowledge of the passing of the money—most certainly all legal proof that it had been passed. His danger was from quite another direction than the law; from the two other members of the big three at the head of the labor grafters, the so-called labor terrorists in the building trades, who with him had framed this collection of bribe money for their personal benefit and had trusted him with the business of collecting it. When it did not appear; when in a few hours from now the suspicion arose that they might have been tricked and double-crossed—from that time on he could be certain that no action of his would escape the scrutiny of that singular and ugly combination to which he belonged, that little ring which ruled the labor grafters of the city by thuggery and assassination and was known in the callous humor of the city streets as the murder trust. If they or their allies and their hired thugs got just one glimpse of the truth, anywhere along the line, that would be all!

So if this graft, this doubly crooked money, could not be hidden absolutely, in some unusual and ingenious manner, in a hiding place that would be new to the greatest masters of crooked tricks now alive, it would be suicide to start the game, as no one knew better than Diamond Mike Flynn—counted by general consent the trickiest member of that trickiest tribe, the labor grafter, in the city, if not in the country. It was because he believed he had discovered just such a hiding place that he was entering the celebrated jewelry shop of Paillot & Cie., where he had many times before gone in and out on somewhat similar errands.

The place was one of those great markets of extravagance to which the women of the millionaires are lured by the double bait of wide reputation and costliness. One piece of jewelry gleamed alone in the velvet and dark wainscot of the window. The cases on either side of the aisle gleamed with costly trifles the like of which no other woman but the purchaser would ever wear; and in the rear, ornate roomlike alcoves, with their mirrors, displayed the persons of the jewel buyers and their ornaments like exaggerated jewel boxes.

It was into one of these that Diamond Mike, an incongruous figure, passed on, having seen first and nodded to the carefully dressed proprietor, knowing that when he found the time he would follow. Seating his plump, smoothly dressed person upon a delicate and rococo chair, he waited, recanvassing the situation and the play he was about to make.

He was about to double-cross the most notorious dealers in murder and violence in the city. He could not run away from them, for going would be open publication of guilt—to be punished any time, anywhere, in years to come. Besides, it was no part of his plan to leave the city. He would be a fool to do so, fixed as well as he was there. No; he must stay right there and bluff them to a standstill; play a still-faced game of poker, face to face with death; and watched day and night from the coming meeting at headquarters that night, not only by them and their own gang but his own thugs and retainers; all the thousand eyes of the underworld and the half underworld, of which the labor grafters and terrorists make a part, searching every move, every indication of whether or not he had actually taken and hidden away that dead man's bribe.

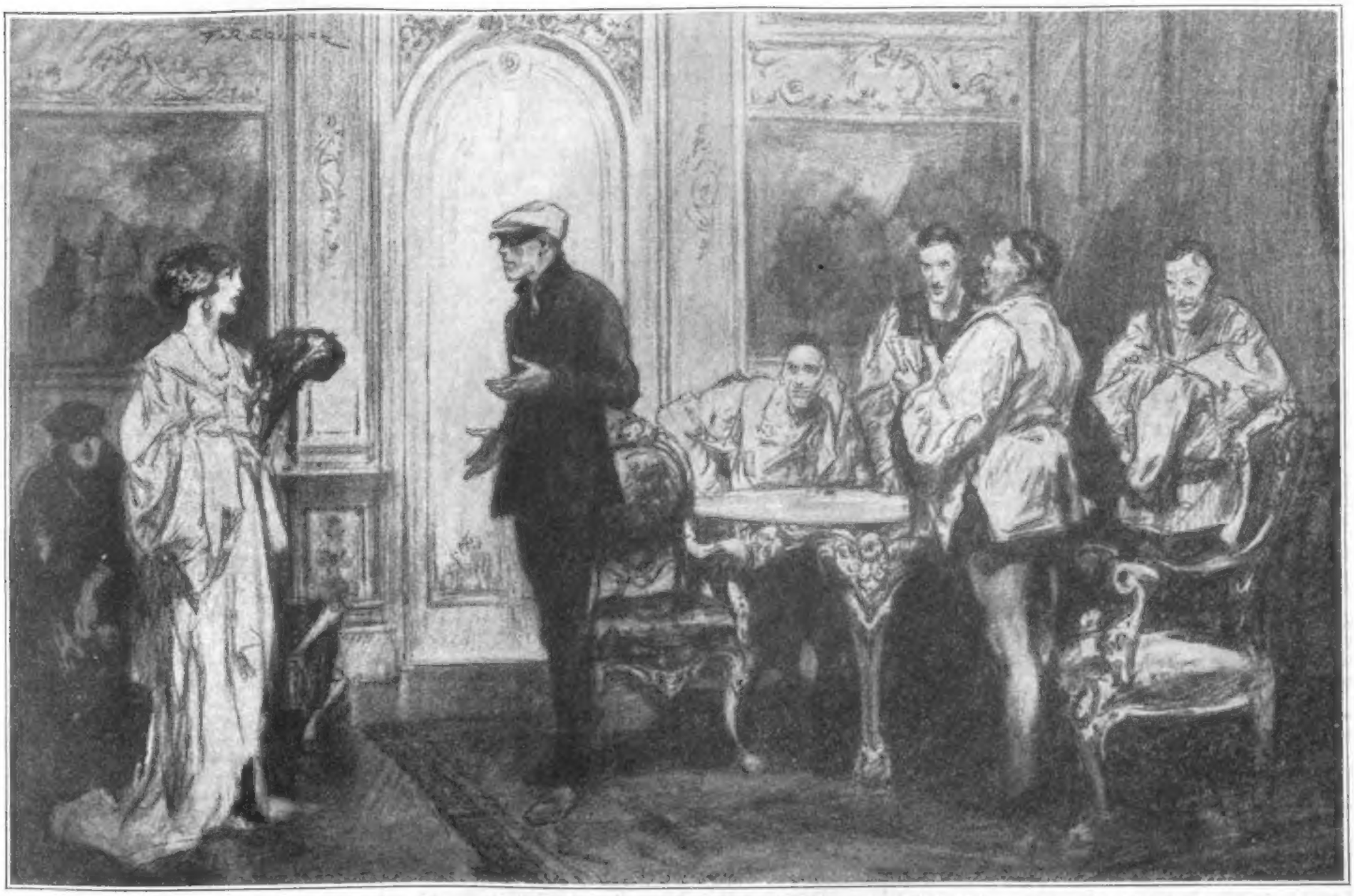
The old, old question, in short, of the underworld was again up in a most acute form—the question of the best hiding place for crooked money. He could lay it away—according to the practice favored by his associate, Smiling Jack Geegan, and many others—in currency, in a safe-deposit vault. It would be safe there, but his very going to such a hiding place for the first time would hardly be free from suspicion now, after all these years of shunning banks, and his well known method of safe-keeping for the money he had previously gathered in. And then, like many of his kind, he never liked the idea of a bank anyway. It was too much open to attachments and other processes of law. And suppose some day the necessity came, outside the limited banking hours, for a sudden get-away from another charge of conspiracy to murder, or even if this game now should go wrong.

He could, of course, use the old and favorite crook's method which had given him his name—convert the stuff into diamonds and keep it always with you. A diamond—the

(Continued on Page 46)

*Diamond Mike Held in His Possession Intimate Information Concerning the Private Life and Adventures of the Elegant Gentleman Before Him*

# THE CAPTAIN OF HIS SOUL



*"Lady!" He Cried Hoarsely. "Jay—Listen—You Don't Believe It, Do You? Honest Now—I'm Not the Kind of a Guy to Do a Thing Like That!"*

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

## By J. P. MARQUAND

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IT WAS over in Italy that it happened, the adventure that convinced William Lipp that he was a man of destiny. It was back in that peculiar land of smells and sunshine where men wore beards and spoke a foreign language, and ladies did their washing in the road, and dogs and donkeys walked in and out front doors. Many a day afterwards, amidst other trials and tribulations, he would look back on that adventure and derive from it peculiar consolation. For it shows that Providence is a democratic affair, after all, bestowing blessings even on those whose occupations run counter to modern social morals.

Old Giovanni gave Willie the tip: Giovanni who was so kind to Willie that except for the money involved their relation to each other was almost Biblical in its nature; good old Giovanni who drove the broken-down cab horse to meet the steamers, and who wept when he was paid twice too much, and begged a purse-proud world to think of his starving children and give him twice as much again. Willie was seated in the courtyard of Giovanni's apartment house, the crumbling remains of an old palace, a House of Usher which had sunk from the highest to the low. Above him from window to window were stretched clotheslines, and washing of many hues waved in the sun. There was a mass of rubbish and broken furniture in the courtyard, but in a cleared space in the center Willie was dreamily rolling a pair of dice when Giovanni entered. Giovanni's kindly old nose was red from exposure to the sun, and his gray unkempt whiskers, which concealed his friendly mouth, waved like a wheat field in the breeze of the noonday. Giovanni looked at Willie's slender figure, his narrow forehead and swiftly moving eye, and winked genially.

"You wanta job?" asked Giovanni.

Willie did not answer. Giovanni poked him with the butt of his whip and repeated his question.

"Aw, fade away, you old fish!" said Willie.

Giovanni only tilted his head to one side and laughed genially.

"I know," he said. "I sell the banan' to lots-a boys like you. You all talk, but you want to make the money. Oh, yes, yes, yes, you do!"

Giovanni moved nearer to Willie, and his voice took on a tone which Willie had heard before.

"And you know too," said Giovanni. "Oh, yes, you do! Oh, yes, of course! Of course you understan'. Or else why have I been so good—so kind—and kept you so safe? What you say to that? Because you wanna make money—yes? Just like you do back home—oh, yes, of course!"

"Say, you old soak," said Willie, "don't you see a guy like me gets tired? I've been having my troubles, I have. Don't you see I need a rest?"

"Maybe you get the very, very long rest—eef you don't make the money," Giovanni suggested gloomily. "Say—what you think I am? I have the trouble too. They look for you yesterday—still looking—oh, yes!"

"Who's looking for me?" inquired Willie.

"The bulls," said Giovanni tersely.

Old Giovanni was stroking his whiskers with a fat grimy hand. Willie polished his nails against his tattered sleeve. There was something cogently convincing about Giovanni's words.

"Well," said Willie, "you got me. What is it?"

Giovanni placed a friendly arm across Willie's shoulders.

"How nice," said Giovanni—"how nice you understan'!"

"Ras'berries!" said Willie. "Never mind that glad-hand stuff. What is it?"

"I show you," whispered Giovanni. "A big house. Oh, very big house! With Americani who live there—oh, ver' beautiful! Flowers, fountain, money! *Diavolo*, how much money!"

For the first time Willie betrayed an awakening interest, which broke through the mask of gentlemanly contempt that he knew a man of the world must wear in dealing with his fellows.

"Folks from the States live there?" he asked wistfully. "What kind of folks?"

"Ver' rich," said Giovanni.

"What do they look like?" demanded Willie.

"Like—like ver' rich," replied Giovanni.

Willie hesitated, and when he spoke his voice seemed almost diffident, and he looked blushingly at his feet.

"Say," he asked, "is there—a lady there?"

"Oh, yes!" said Giovanni. "Oh, *Dio mio!*"

"What kind of a lady?" asked Willie.

"Ver' rich," said Giovanni.

Willie looked up at the swaying clothes above his head.

"All right," he said.

"Ah," cried Giovanni, "I knew you would be the good boy. Oh, yes, of course, I know. I uster to sell the banan'."

And doubtless Giovanni in his cruises over the rock-strewn shoals that made his life did know many things, but he never knew that Willie went that night with thoughts of romance rather than of gain, with tender, gentle, poetic thoughts which made his nature beautiful.

### II

IN THE only nation at present gracing our planet that has been sufficiently civilized and farsighted to invent a way of concealing a brick of ice cream in a hard coating of chocolate, we have also perfected another little game, which, in its way, is intensely moral. A colored gentleman sticks his head through a sheet, his head being carefully shaven, and we attempt to hit him with a baseball, three shots for a dime.

Often in the days before he began to drift helpless in the full tides of circumstance William Lipp had stopped himself from worrying about his work by twirling one of those baseballs. A perfect coördination of hand and eye, so essential in his profession, together with a beautiful idealism

and a working knowledge of the frailties of human nature, made it a sight worth seeing when Willie got started throwing. The nice part of it was that he played as everyone else did, for the sheer joy of playing, for the love of sport. He played, though he knew there was no reward save the pleasure of hearing a curious hollow sound, which told of work well done. Stimulated and uplifted by the altruism of the thing, he was far from thinking of the serious aspects of the game he loved. He never realized that it was all a symbol—a symbol of the price we pay for greatness. It was only in the later disillusion of philosophic years that he understood that any individual whose efforts and professional aplomb combine to raise him above his fellow men is not so very unlike that colored gentleman, and that he, too, must dodge the baseballs of prejudice, envy and rancor.

Back in New York at the detective bureau the chief was leaning back in his swivel chair, paring his nails with the gold penknife which the mayor had given him at the last policemen's outing and barbecue. It was his first restful moment in a busy day, and when Sergeant Sweeney entered a slight wrinkle of irritation disturbed the chief's broad and tranquil brow. Sergeant Sweeney's face, red and shiny from twenty years of regulation shaving, showed traces of the summer heat, and had a vague puzzled look which no plain-clothes man should wear.

"Hey!" said the chief. "Don't you see I'm busy?"

Sergeant Sweeney raised a hand, heavy and calloused from twenty years of gripping offenders of the law, and pulled at his purple necktie, and looked at the chief reproachfully.

"Chief," he said, "I thought maybe you might be interested even if you was busy. It's something that's come over the cables, chief; something from Sicily."

There was a silence, momentary, but so profound that the noise of the traffic from the street far below suddenly became quite loud and clear, while the chief sat motionless with his penknife poised in midair.

"Sweeney," he said at length, "Aren't there enough crooks on the job here without bothering me about foreign crooks?"

"But it isn't exactly a foreign crook," the sergeant interrupted. "It's Willie."

The chief leaned forward in his swivel chair until his feet touched the floor.

"You mean the one who skipped out two months ago with Smythe-Brown's daughter's diamonds?" he demanded. "He's coming back, is he? Well, go down and meet the boat, sergeant. I want to see Willie."

"He's not exactly coming back," replied the sergeant.

Into the chief's voice crept a hint of gentle raillery.

"Ah," he said, "you mean they've pinched him? I always did say you made a mess of it, Sweeney. It's time you went over to Italy and got some new ideas."

It was the slur on his professional aptitude that made Sergeant Sweeney forget temporarily both rank and station. Almost before he realized it his fist had pounded down on the chief's desk. He had uttered a Gaelic cry, and his words were coming loud and fast.

"Pinch him!" he cried. "Like hell they've pinched him! Ain't I always said he wasn't a normal crook? And even if he was normal ——"

The love of country so natural in a member of the force made his voice grow louder still.

"Why, right here in the U. S. A. we turn 'em out busier and better than anywheres else in the world."

The chief closed his penknife.

"Well, well," he said gently, "he'll come back. I've watched 'em for years now. They skip away, but they like the old games best. They always come limping home."

"Chief," said the sergeant more calmly, "I dunno—no, I don't. Willie's doing pretty well right where he is. I always said that boy could make good anywhere, and that isn't all."

"Well," said the chief, "what else is there?"

"He's met Smythe-Brown's daughter," said the sergeant. "She wouldn't see me when I called, but Willie's met her socially."

The chief's penknife fell unnoticed to the floor.

"He—what?" he demanded.

The sergeant pulled again at his purple necktie.

"He did," said Sergeant Sweeney. "And that isn't all either. He gave her back the diamond necklace—the one we had the whole force after for two weeks—the one he skipped out with, the one appraised at fifty thousand dollars. Now what do you know about that?"

"Look here," said the chief. "You mean he gave it back—when he didn't have to?"

Sergeant Sweeney passed his hand vaguely through his back hair.

"That's what," he said. "I told you he wasn't a normal crook. They keep losing things at the museum where Willie landed now. He always did like museums. Now who ever heard of a normal crook going into places like that?"

Again a faint sardonic smile crept from under the chief's slightly gray and tobacco-stained mustache, and his eyes became soft with a reminiscent light.

*"Oh, I Know—One of Those Highbrows Who Won't Speak to an Honest Hard-Working Second-Story Guy. Well, You Don't Put Anything Over on Me With Your Upstage Stuff—See?"*

"Sweeney," he said, "you ought to know better. You've been chasing them long enough to know that all crooks are normal and every crook is just the same as any other. I know 'em. They don't give back diamond necklaces for nothing—take it from me, they don't. They'd better look out for Willie."

"I guess," said the sergeant, "that's why Mr. Smythe-Brown sent this cable. He wants to know more about Willie. But, say, chief, why shouldn't he give it back? She was a handsome girl, she was."

The chief's voice became crisp and businesslike.

"Because you don't believe in the bedtime stories on the woman's page—that's why. Because no real crook ever gives anything back. He wants to know about Willie, does he? Well, get me the card catalogues—I'll tell him."

*III*

PERHAPS it is hard to blame them. There was little time to read of poetry and romance in the heart of the city which has no heart. Even Sergeant Sweeney sometimes forgot that the milk of human kindness is ubiquitous and, like flowing water, knows no level. It is small wonder that they never knew the greatness of the heart that had left their midst so hastily—its chivalry, its valor and its embracing ambition. Lots of times Willie didn't know it himself, only felt faint stirrings inside him, as though he had taken something which didn't sit exactly right on his stomach, and yet still was agreeably stimulating. It was at times of stress that he felt it most, which was possibly why he felt a little queer that very night when they were saying harsh things about him there back home.

And then, too, it was a beautiful evening—a night of Shakspere, a night for poets and troubadours. It made him, in spite of himself, look up at the moon, so large and luminous that the arc lights on Broadway could hardly have looked better. It made him think of other nights, of elevated trains rolling comfortably near, of trilling jew's-harps and the aroma of beer and asphalt. It made him sigh and expectorate thoughtfully between his front teeth.

He was lying beneath a bush of odd flowers of an enervating odor. In front of him, stark in the moonlight, was a house such as folk in that strange land loved to build, but a handsome house just the same—so grand that it looked almost like a picture post card, one with hearts and spangles. From the lower rooms came a blaze of light and cheerful music, and the upper rooms were dark. They were having a party in there, a grand party. He knew about them. It was the kind of party that kept folks busy downstairs. It was going to be worth while climbing the wall to get to that party. The love of his profession was calling him now, banishing all thoughts of the scene's transient beauty. As he looked he forgot that he was a stranger in a strange land. For the first time in many days his eyes sparkled and his face became professionally impassive. There was no doubt about it—that house was certainly a grand home, very grand indeed.

Willie pulled himself from under the bush, smoothed his coat and buttoned it. The wind was changing and the music was drifting nearer. Willie caught his breath. They were playing a tune he could understand, a simple melody of artistic syncopation. In some strange way he felt its notes summoning him to high resolve and personal vindication. He pulled his black jersey closer about his throat. Swiftly he bent down and removed his shoes, and drew a black domino mask from his pocket and secured it across his face. He did only one thing more before he started. He ran an appraising hand over several metallic objects concealed in his coat and pulled his cap farther over his forehead.

People who knew about that sort of thing always agreed that Willie was a handsome sight when he was on the job, and many an eye still brightened back home at the recollection of Willie working out. He was so quick and graceful and sure, just as though he had springs in his toes and an eye like a cat and a hand like a monkey. Naturally Willie knew just what to do when he reached that house. At one corner there was a water spout with a window beside it sixteen feet from the ground. From the ground floor through open windows he could hear voices and laughter, but the window above was dark. He drew a quick breath between his teeth and grasped the water spout. It took him ten noiseless seconds to reach that window. He could see inside. It was all very dark and quiet. Willie removed an implement from his pocket and delicately pried the window open. It was fifteen seconds since he had left the ground, and now he was in the room—tense, expectant and alert. It was very dark, and there was a funny smell in that room, a smell that Willie knew from past experience—a clean smell, an odor of soap and water and polish. Willie was right. He knew it was a grand place. When you couldn't smell tobacco and cooking, it meant money every time.

For half a minute Willie stood perfectly still, listening with professional attention. All he could hear was the music below, dim and muffled, which told him the door was shut. Without advancing a foot Willie followed the best precedents. He produced his flashlight and pressed the button, and for another half minute the beam of his light sped from corner to corner. Willie clicked his tongue softly. The room was just as grand as it smelled. In all his days along Fifth Avenue he could not remember a house that looked any better. Though he prided himself on a proper calmness on all occasions, he felt that his eyes were growing rounder. In some ways he could almost imagine he was in a saloon, some place where the drinks were fifty cents, even in the good old days. Everything was gold. The walls were striped with gold, and the chairs were all gold and twisted as though in pain. There were pictures, too, something like the pictures behind the bar only considerably more handsome. As he looked at them the artist in him caused his thin lips to relax. There were ladies whose clothes seemed insufficiently pinned, like the ladies he had looked at over foaming beakers in days of yore; and other ladies so swathed in clothes as to be difficult to distinguish. There were pictures of gentlemen, too—old ones with beards, and young ones with feathers in their hats. It was the gentlemen that made Willie stare most. There was something strange and uncanny about those gentlemen—not one of them had pants, not any pants at all! They were just in shirt tails and gymnasium tights. Willie caught his breath, and spat thoughtfully on

the polished floor, forgetful of his surroundings in his wonder at the sight.

For just a moment a pleasing irresponsibility came over him. Graceful and pleasing thoughts began flitting through his mind. He looked again at the pictures of the ladies, and slowly shook his head. How little they could stir him now, when the gallery of his mind held other pictures! There was another lady, grander than anything on canvas. He could see her again, cool, serene and half smiling.

He sighed and turned a little dismally back to his mundane toil while the music from downstairs pulsed on and on.

His eye suddenly glistened. In one corner of the room, near a door with pictures on it, was a case of glass, and in the case were objects of soft green and waxy white. Willie tiptoed nearer. It was a case of jade. But that was not all. On top of the case was something of little value, but which arrested his attention in spite of his better instincts. It was a piece of vellum neatly framed, and on it was a verse, written in a writing he could read. There in that strange land it seemed almost like a call from home, and again he forgot where he was, as he stood gazing at it, spelling out each word half in awe and half in reverence as his flashlight danced from line to line, until the words, first meaningless, began to paint little pictures in his mind.

*It matters not how strait the gate,*
*How charged with punishments the scroll,*
*I am the master of my fate,*
*I am the captain of my soul.*

Visions were coming before his vivid fancy, vague and unreal, like everything about him. He could see somewhere in his recollections a gate with bars that were very straight indeed, and the old penitentiary wall with its spikes shimmering in the sun.

He could see a desk with a stern-faced man behind it reading aloud from a typewritten page. It mattered not. No, it hadn't mattered at all. The beautiful truth of those words were dawning on him. Willie tilted back his cap from his forehead.

As he thought of it later, he knew it was right then that the unforeseen occurred. His long slender fingers were just moving from his cap when something made them grow stiff and motionless. Someone—yes, someone had opened a door behind him.

It was too late, too late to do anything. He had forgotten precept and caution. Swift as his mind worked he had time to do only two things—to swing on his heel toward the sound, and to switch off his pocket light. He had not even time to bound toward the window he had quitted before there was a click of a switch and the room was as light as day. Instinctively his legs gathered beneath him for a spring. His heart was pounding violently in his throat, and then in the next instant it nearly stopped.

"Well, I'll be damned!" a loud pleasant voice in front of him was saying; a voice that seemed confident and unduly humorous. "I didn't know there were two of us. Where've you been keeping yourself, old top?"

It was not the unexpectedness so much as the unreality that took away his breath. Willie glanced vaguely around that gilded twisted room and back at the figure before him. Was he mad? Was he dreaming? There in front of him was a man, a brother, accosting him in a tongue he could understand, and that man also had on a black jersey and a cap far over his forehead, and a mask and a pocket torch. Motionless, beady-eyed, with mouth agape. Willie examined him from head to foot. About the other was an air of casual ease, and yet a curious inexpertness of manner, a shocking disregard of little conventions. He had on shoes, shoes that squeaked, and he had almost shouted out his greeting. But shocked as Willie was, his polish did not leave him. When he spoke his voice bore hardly a trace of nervousness or reproach:

"Buddy," said Willie, politely, "don't you guess you'd better close that door?"

He said it calmly, though he felt a twinge of horror. Somewhere beyond he could hear voices, laughter and footsteps, but the other seemed quite oblivious, and only stared at Willie in a puzzled way.

"Oh, all right!" he said, and his face brightened. "That stuff they're giving us certainly has the kick. Why, I sort of came up here to be a little quiet myself."

Willie stood irresolutely motionless. The unconventionality of the thing was jarring—making him more dazed and bewildered than ever. The young man was talking at the top of his voice and there was an aura about his breath. He had been drinking. That was what he had been doing.

"Buddy," said Willie gently, "I don't blame you. But I'd never do it when I was working. Maybe you haven't never pulled off anything before?"

But he failed to regard Willie's question. The music had started again. Instead of answering, his shoulders began to sway to the time of muffled drumbeats. He had tossed his pocket flash lamp to the floor and was beginning to snap his fingers.

"Some party!" he said gleefully. "Oh, boy, I'll say it is! I—hic—I guess I've never seen a better party. Say, washa matter?"

Willie moistened his lips. They felt oddly dry and parched. In front of him the stranger was still standing, swaying like a sapling in the breeze in time to the music below. Willie's mind began revolving, groping in vain for some precedent. He had known lots of others, square-jawed men, thin-lipped, quick of hand and eye, but he had never seen anyone just like that. Willie balanced his weight more evenly on the balls of his feet. Could it be some little game?

"What's the matter yourself?" inquired Willie.

For any one of a number of reasons he had good cause to ask just then. He was confused, embarrassed and at sea. The mask of the other was sadly awry, his cap was over one ear, and Willie could see he was quite young; and he had a frank, engaging smile that went ill with the stern rules of the life he led. Willie was too accomplished a man of the world not to love youth and inexperience.

"Why, nothing's exactly the matter," said the stranger, "only my head keeps buzzing, and here I come into this room alone, and now there's two of me. I—I guess I didn't know I'd had so much."

They always said that Willie was a generous bird. It was inherent generosity that asserted itself now.

"Kiddo," he said gently, "can it. Can it now. I know how you feel. It's tough, but it's the game. Fifty-fifty, kid, and no hard feelings—get me?"

But somehow the other didn't seem to get him. The curves of his mouth drooped instead of responding to Willie's kindly smile.

"Why?" he gasped. "Why, what the devil do you mean?"

A note of wistfulness, of pleading almost, crept into Willie's voice.

"Listen," he said soothingly. "Listen now. You be a good guy—see? You and me ought to be pals—that's what. There's plenty here for two of us. Why—cheest—what do you want?"

(Continued on Page 40)

*"Who's Looking for Me?" Inquired Willie. "The Bulls," Said Giovanni Tersely*

# THE CAMPS OF YESTERDAY

## By WILL IRWIN

*Granite, Colorado—The Great Gold Camp of the Upper Arkansas Valley in the Sixties and Eighties*

THE westbound overland train between Denver and Salt Lake City leaves the plains, plunges into the great ranges and is presently climbing the fertile mountain valley of that creek which will become the mighty Arkansas. As it crawls up to an elevation of eight thousand feet or so, and timid passengers begin to exaggerate to themselves the difficulty in breathing, the panorama of the Continental Divide opens to the left. All afternoon your course parallels that mother of ranges. First, it is green, comely, ample Mount Princeton, at the season when the tourist travels merely flecked about the top with snow. Then come the higher and more complicated mysteries of Mounts Yale and Harvard. The giant ridge drops a little here, opens in a notch through which glitter Twin Lakes, appropriately shadowed by twin peaks of an abruptness almost alpine. Then the range soars dizzily again. First, it is Elbert, growing more abrupt as it rises to a snowy cone; and finally, a peak so high and wide in its contours, so sweeping in its slopes, as to make even the connoisseur of mountains draw in the keen, thin mountain air with a breath of startled admiration. Whether Elbert or Massive is the higher remains a matter of controversy. Between them they share the honor of topping the Continental Divide, and therefore the American Rockies. But as you behold them from the valleys you cannot question which is the queen mother of mountains as this is the mother of ranges. Wide, maternal Massive, stretching her involuted slopes for many a gracious mile to right and left, dominates all the peaks of this region. Gannett, of the Geological Survey, christened her. Years later certain of her admirers in Leadville quarreled with the name as bromidic. Gannett was first to explore and describe this summit of the Rockies; why not, then, Mount Gannett?

"No, indeed," replied Gannett. "Thank you—but I didn't name her, anyway. The placer miners of California Gulch always called this the massive mountain. She named herself."

### *A Treasure House of Metals*

NOW let us imagine a fairy story. A prospector of the '50's did some favor to an oread of these mountains. She wished to reward him, but like a wise goddess she left something to human initiative. "Find the great key range among these peaks," she said, "the place where the waters divide, where a drop of rain at your right flows into the Atlantic and one at your left into the Pacific. Find the dominating peak of that range. Climb to its highest summit. Then go at an exact right angle to the line of the range, straight eastward across the valley, until you come to a stream emptying from the mountains. There take out your pan and wash gold."

But the prospector was experienced and cagy.

"How much will this bonanza pan out?" he asked.

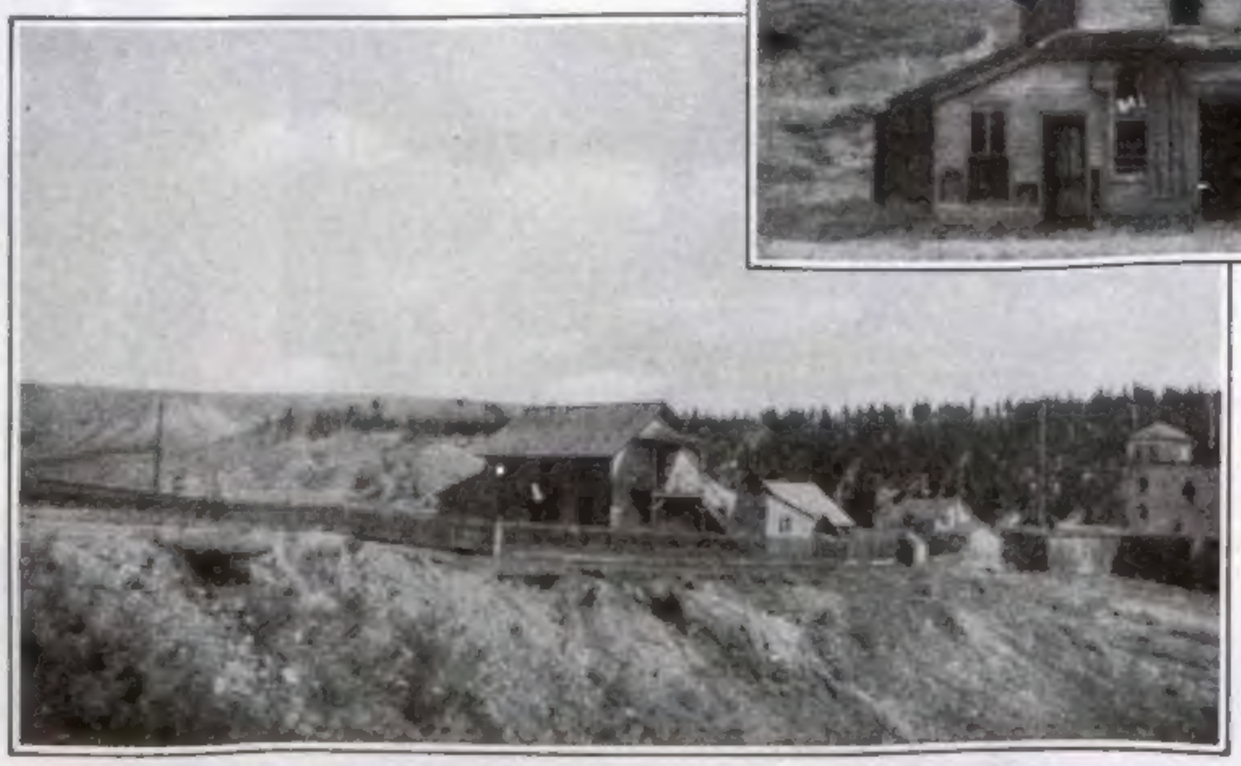
And the oread responded with a sum greater than the national debt, in those days, plus the current Federal revenue for ten years or so:

"More than a billion dollars!"

Nature, when she upheaved these mountains for the uses and delight of man, did the job dramatically. Just as the oread said, exactly opposite Massive, ridge pole of our continent, she poured upward from the molten reservoirs within the earth perhaps our greatest single deposit of valuable metals—the bonanza veins of the Leadville district.

They lie, however, not in the Continental Divide itself, but in one of its most interesting spurs. The slopes of Mount Massive run down into the green, gracious, flower-dotted valley of the Arkansas. On its eastern edge this valley rises to a range so precipitous in its slopes that it bears no vegetation above timberline and even the perpetual snow clings only in spots. This is the Mosquito, which includes six or seven mountains higher than Pike's Peak. The Divide, for all its height and splendor, is a maiden among ranges, colored in pure whites, clean greens and soft blues; the Mosquito, when the morning sun still veils it in shadow, glowers with a dull bronze, and at sunset glows with a vivid pink; but when the sinking sun throws its full beams across the valley its great walls glitter with metallic red, orange, electric blue. It looks then what it is—a treasure house of metals, both precious and useful. Scarcely a stone of the Mosquito but bears metal, if only in tiny proportion.

In 1849 when the gold rush to California revealed the mining possibilities of the West, no white man except perhaps one or two unrecorded trappers and the exploring party of Frémont, who looked down on the upper Arkansas from the pass which bears his name, had ever set foot on these high remote wilds. It was the summer pasture and hunting ground of the big game. Coming up their immemorial trails past Pike's Peak, the mountain buffalo in enormous herds cropped the dwarf sage of South Park below the difficult eastern slopes of the Mosquito. Through their slow-moving masses darted the swift antelope. When winter came the buffalo marched back down the trail past Pike's Peak, to be supplanted by the elk and their slender cousins the deer, which all summer long had been fattening on the dwarf clover above timberline. Ravagers, both animal and human, followed these summer migrations—as the sneaking coyote, the big dangerous timber wolf, the stealthy mountain lion. The grizzly bear emerged from the long winter sleep in his cave, mainly in search of roots, herbs, berries and grubs; but when it came easily to the sweep of his gigantic paw he did not scorn fresh meat.



*The House on the Golden Sand—Starr Place, California Gulch. The Estimate is That $30,000 Worth of Placer Gold Lies Under its Foundation and Yard. Above—An Abandoned Saloon of the Early Days at California Gulch, Leadville*

### *Prospectors*

FINALLY, since legend ran, the White River Utes had in the fat season between snow and snow made this their hunting grounds. One of their spring trails to Twin Lakes, where the mountain trout awaited their bone hooks, ran near a group of hills that has since yielded the white man half a billion dollars.

The gold discoveries on the eastern verge of the Colorado mountain tangle came in 1858–59, ten years after the California gold rush. These new Argonauts nailed the sign "Pike's Peak or Bust" to their covered wagons. Skirmishing with Arapahoes, Comanches, Utes, they streamed across the trails, old and new, toward the eaves of the roof of the continent. By 1860 the known placer claims were mostly staked out. Daring spirits among the new arrivals reflected that this gold had been found in mountains. Above these diggings of the foothills rose a belt of peaks two hundred miles wide. In them might lie Golcondas of unimagined richness. So, in the spring of 1860, two bands of prospectors dipped into the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas and followed that stream sourceward, panning the sands of its tributaries as they advanced. One outfit had come from Georgia, the other from Iowa. Somewhere along the way they met and joined forces against bears, timberwolves and Utes. They went upward almost to the point where the waters divide, until one afternoon they stood exactly opposite the highest prong of the massive mountain. Here a brook, clogged with fern and watercress, emptied from a cleft in the Mosquito into the Arkansas. And they smelt gold. This may have been more than an intuition. Perhaps the thought had been planted unconsciously by those metallic glints that the westering sun flecked from the cliffs of the Mosquito. Two miles back they had passed the mouth of another stream. It was agreed that the Iowa men should go down there and explore, while the Georgians panned this brook opposite the summit peak of Massive; that whoever found gold should signal to his fellows and the other party by rifle shot.

Among the Georgians was one Abe Lee. Of him little is known except

that he was a hardened old gold washer and was related to that Virginian soldier who, within the decade, would become the brilliant hope of a losing cause. The Georgians got out pans and mercury, began to dig and to wash. Suddenly Abe Lee gave a wild yell.

"What have you got?" inquired the rest.

"I've got California in this here pan, that's what I've got!" exclaimed Abe Lee. So was this doorway to the great discovery christened California Gulch.

*A Cabin of the Sixties at California Gulch, Where H. A. W. Tabor Once Lived*

*Another Example of the Crude Pioneer Cabin*

And though the cliffs of the Mosquito daily flashed down in ruddy gold, tawny brass and violet silver their hints of the wealth above, men for nearly twenty years ignored this sign in the heavens and lingered in the vestibule to the mansion of wealth. Gold is the aristocrat of minerals. It refuses, speaking generally, to combine with baser ores. Whether it lie in diamond-hard quartz, in loose dirt or in shifting sands, it reveals itself either as specks or as nuggets. One of the hardest metals to find, it is the easiest to identify. Those early miners who broke and tamed the Rockies and the Sierras were, if not illiterate, at least unscientific. They did not know a chemical reaction from a canon of theology, but they knew gold when they saw it. Even did they grow bigoted in their ignorance, and make "mining expert" a title of scorn.

### *The Naming of Silverheels*

AS THE stream of California Gulch became a continuous line of placer claims even to headwaters, prospectors panned the other streams of the region. Here and there they made a minor discovery. On the opposite slope of the Mosquito, indeed, they found a district as rich as California Gulch, and rather more extensive. The parasites of the early mining world were already gathering on these heights—sure-thing gamblers, gunmen, robbers. The name of that first camp east of the Mosquito escapes me; at any rate, it died early. The respectable element met secretly at night to discuss the situation. The crooks were making life intolerable, and profitable work impossible. Nor could the good citizens rise up as they had in San Francisco, and create order with a rope and a cracker box. They were outnumbered. Near a beautiful, green-gray mountain standing by itself a few miles away, prospectors had discovered signs. The respectable element withdrew in a body to these new diggings, which they found rich beyond expectation. As a promise of what new settlers might expect there they named it Fairplay. The crooked camp played out; Fairplay went on to permanence. In those days Fairplay harbored a woman esteemed by every miner of the district for her wit, good fellowship and generosity. She always wore a pair of red slippers with silver heels; and as Silverheels was she known from Hoosier Pass to Hartsel's ranch. Pneumonia carried her off; the town gave her a public funeral. The miners, remembering that the beautiful mountain above them was as yet unnamed, called it thenceforth Silverheels, and Mount Silverheels it is to this day.

California Gulch went along with less trouble. The Georgians and Iowans had no sooner set up their rockers than they established miner's law. Old-timers will maintain to their death that this is the best law. Certainly its foundation was the purest of democracy. When a crime demanded punishment, when a dispute over property arose, the miners met in convention, appointed a president and an advocate for each side. Witnesses were heard, the lights and shadows in their testimony unshuttered by those rules of evidence which under English common law hamper regular courts. The advocates presented their cases; and the president called for a vote by raising the right hand. From this judgment there was no appeal. If it was a capital crime and the miners had voted guilty they carried out the sentence at once. California Gulch convinced the lawless that this camp, also, intended to have fair play, and set about to build the city of Oro.

This highest of all camps was typical for its day—rows of log cabins along a curving street, several saloons, many faro games, a dance hall, a Protestant meeting house, a little Catholic church in a log cabin, finally even a small school. The Civil War temporarily disrupted Oro. The Northerners were in a great majority. They drove out the Georgians who had made the first discovery and had so honorably fired the rifle shot which brought their Iowan partners to share the find. The young men formed their company, marched on Denver, held it and the territory for the Union against the Southern element, and proceeded to join armies of the West. By the end of the war placer gold was playing out. In 1866 Bayard Taylor lectured at Oro. He recorded in his book of travels that little gold was left and expressed the opinion that these fastnesses might go back temporarily to the domination of the grizzly, the elk and the Ute. At this period the camp had produced about a million dollars.

Taylor's account is the only worthy record of this roof of the continent in prehistoric times. He raved over the beauties of Twin Lakes, and described briefly a little walk he took across the hills to northward of Oro. As I identify his route he, like the Utes for a thousand years before him, was walking past half a billion dollars in mineral values.

Placer gold is soon gone, even when the miner reënforces his shovel by the powerful, tearing hydraulic nozzle. Before General Grant ran for his second term not only California Gulch but the other camps on the streams of the Mosquito were falling to their decadence. Oro shrank to one inhabitant, H. A. W. Tabor, who ran the store. The Gulch lay on the main trails between the passes of the Mosquito and the Divide. The pothunter, slaughtering bison, bear, deer and elk for their hides and heads, already infested these heights. Prospectors, searching for new El Dorados such as the one that lay hidden within rifle shot of Oro, ranged the passes.

### *New Diggings*

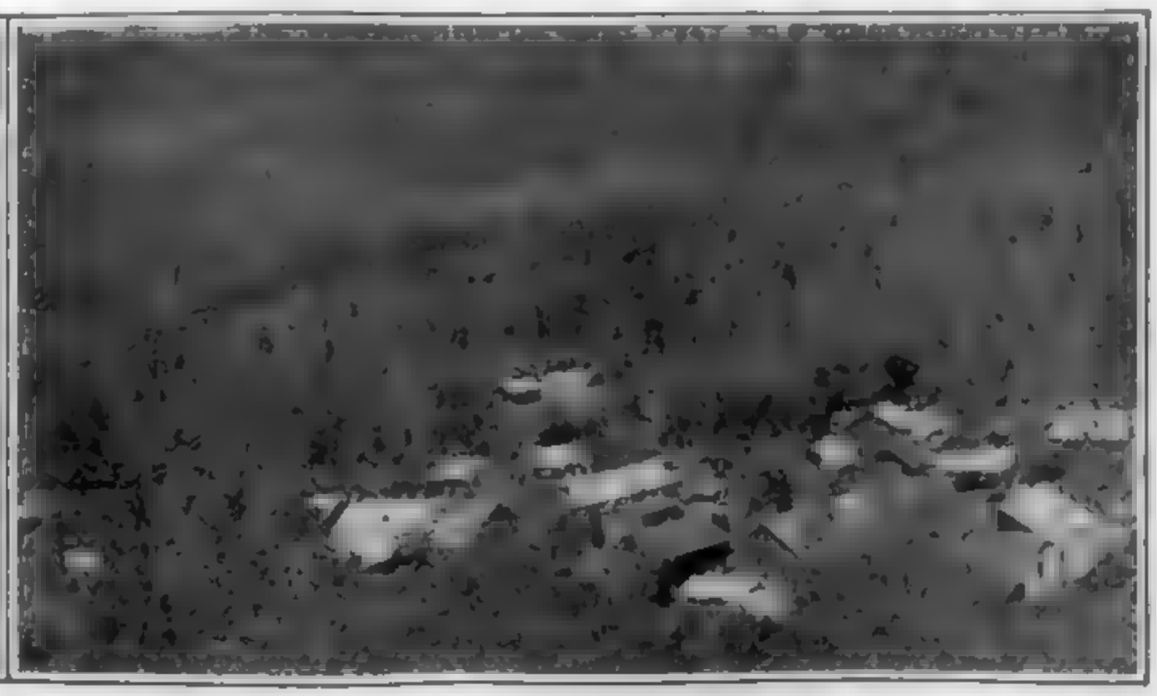
THE Utes, not yet rounded up on their reservations to the west and south, resumed their annual pilgrimage to Twin Lakes. All these Tabor supplied with flour and beans, coffee and bacon. Making a bare living for himself, he kept a spark of life in the camp.

Then, at about the Centennial Year, when Colorado was granted the dignity of statehood, arrived the mining expert. Lest he betray his fatal, theoretical college education, he adopted rough clothes, manners and grammar, and so passed as a practical, respectable member of society. One of this class—just who, is now uncertain—had the curiosity to investigate the nuisance of California Gulch. This was a heavy black sand which the gold miners found when they dug to the lower strata of the stream bed. It clogged the rockers, got into the riffles and made washing almost impossible. The expert gathered a few sacks of this sand, shipped it to St. Louis for assay. It was what he suspected—lead carbonates, bearing silver. Some samples were more than 50 per cent lead, and ran three hundred dollars a ton in silver. These were only tailings, however. Somewhere in the foothills of the Mosquito must lie the parent body. A new era of prospecting began. On the farther slope of the hill beyond Oro the picks broke into this sand. The news traveled to the camps and prospect holes among the far peaks. Rather slowly at first—there were many false alarms in those days—the miners and prospectors began to drift toward the new diggings.

That rise of ground above Oro was soon to be known as Carbonate Hill. It is a little bigger than Beacon Hill, Boston, rather smaller than the main hills of Cincinnati, decidedly smaller than Telegraph Hill, San Francisco.

(Continued on Page 83

*The Abandoned Camp of Leavick, 11,000 Feet Altitude, Under the Horseshoe, Mosquito Range*

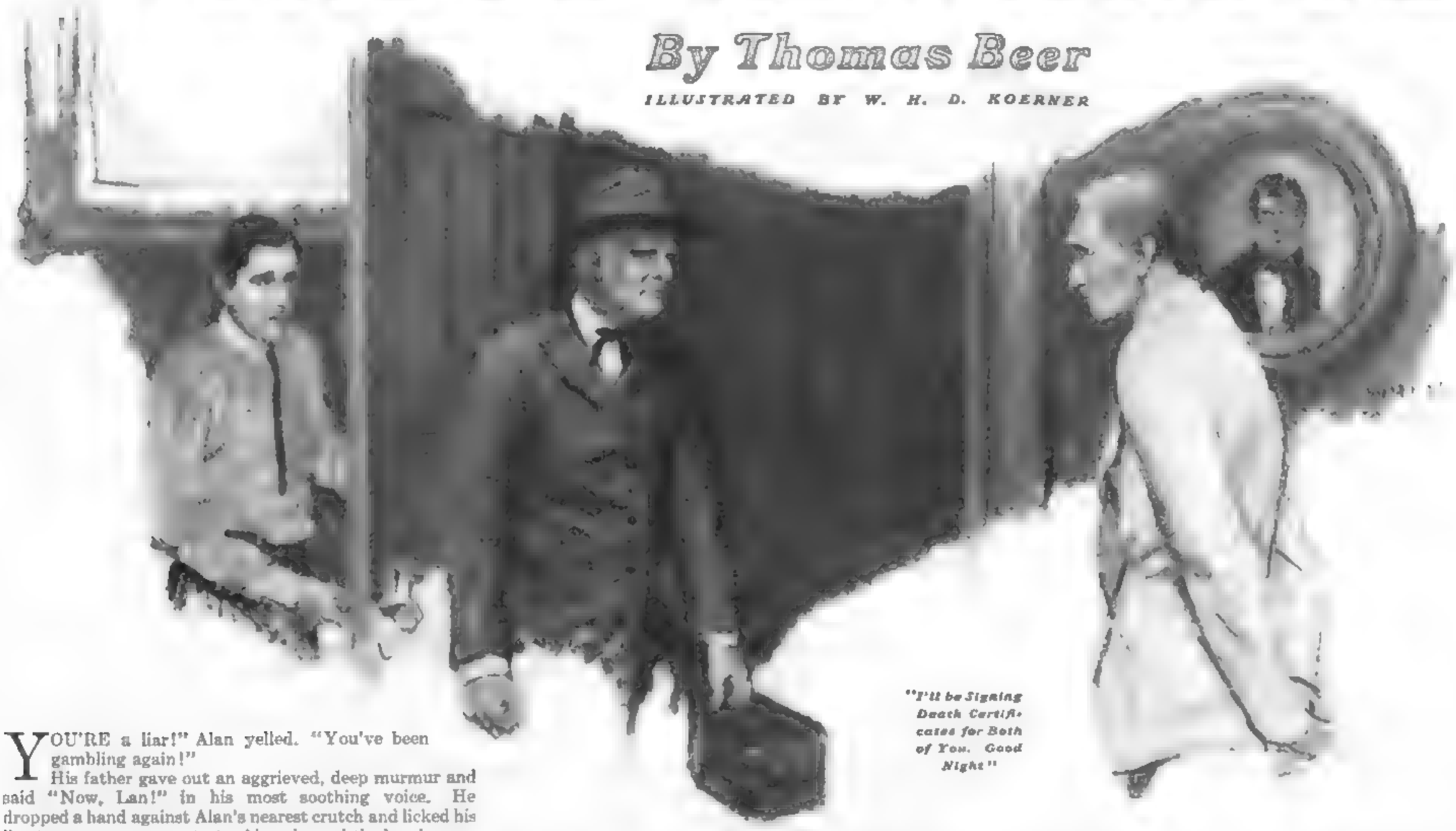


*The Roofs of an Old Mining Camp Where Golden Dreams Once Dwelt, as Seen From the Mountains*

# VIRTUE REWARDED

## By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



"I'll be Signing Death Certificates for Both of You. Good Night"

"YOU'RE a liar!" Alan yelled. "You've been gambling again!"

His father gave out an aggrieved, deep murmur and said "Now, Lan!" in his most soothing voice. He dropped a hand against Alan's nearest crutch and licked his lips to commence a protest. Alan slapped the hand away.

"Gamblin'! You went an' took all his money off the kid and ——"

"I wasn't gamblin', Lan. There was this gentleman—he's from Syracuse, New York—and he was showin' me a kind of new sol'taire where you ——"

"Oh, shut it off! You was gamblin' and you got trimmed like you always do. Well, you don't get a cent more until we're out of this town, see? If I catch you smellin' round the kid for a five-spot I'll ——" Some men in the wide straw hats of Early Settlers' Week were veering toward them. Alan dropped his voice and went on: "Don't you go writin' Uncle Hughie for money either! Now go stay in that car the committee said we were to get out to this bridge in and don't let nobody else get into it! Go on!"

Smith patted down his scarlet tie. It lay bloody on the rose silk of his shirt and his broad chest heaved immensely under both colors. Tears appeared and sparkled in his sapphire eyes.

He said: "Lan, you're puttin' me in a awful embarrassin' position now. This gentleman from Syracuse, New York, is a arch'tect and acquainted with your Uncle Hughie, and I said I'd buy him lunch and ——"

"That's prob'ly a lie."

"It ain't, Lan! A fellow in the ice-cream bar was callin' me Mr. Smith, and this gentleman—his name's McTurk—came up and said, 'Any relation to Hugh Smith in Carmelsville?' on the strength of me lookin' like Hughie. So we got friendly ——"

A pear-shaped man in brown-drill clothes came fanning his face with one of the flapping hats, banded in purple silk on which was printed "I Was Born in This Town and Proud of It." He took hold of Smith's checkered arm and gayly bawled, "Hey, ol' man, what about that lunch you're goin' to buy me?"

"Meet my boy Alan, Mr. McTurk," said Smith.

Alan reached a damp hand to the stranger, who insistently squeezed it, gazing at the crutches, and said to Smith, "Say, ain't he the image of Hugh, though? Pleased to meet you, young man. Your dad's been telling me you helped him teach the kid to swim."

Alan mumbled. His father was winking at him across Mr. McTurk's shoulder and there was nothing to be said this time. He fumbled a ten-dollar bill from a pocket and faltered, "Here's that ten I owe you, daddy. Pleased to've met you, sir."

He made off and was halted by a wall of bodies slowly moving, so he heard his father say, "Yes: lef' his leg in France. . . . Well, let's go see about this lunch."

The smooth jollity of Smith's tone raised Alan's lips in a snarl. He lunged into the huddle that filled a space before the elevators and planted a crutch on some foot. The gilded vault of the corridor seemed to sweat down glitter and heat tortured his thick arms, cramped with long use. A light dizziness made Alan close his eyes. Voices mingled jovially outside the lids.

"Hey, Bill, haven't seen you since breakfast! Where y'been?"

"Hey, Joe! Oh, here's Stan Olsen! You remember Stan?"

"Sure! . . . Where you located now, Stan?"

Someone said pleasantly "Chicago," but the bray of Joe crushed down the last syllable in a grinding "Say, I was up talkin' to the Divin' Kid in his rooms. Say, that pup's got a build on him! Only seventeen too! He's awful stoopid, though. Say, my kid's got more sense at five years old than he has right now!"

The man from Chicago chuckled.

"All his brains in his legs, probably. He's a nice-looking kid, though. I was watch ——"

A barytone roar broke from some megaphone, "Getcher tickets for Ascenshun Bridge! Busses an' boats leave ev'ry fifteen minutes from now on! Tickets good for both conveyunces! Getcher tickets here!"

The loud Joe complained, "Say, this is the bummest run old-home week I ever had anything to do with."

But Alan opened his eyes and shuffled on. An elevator filled swiftly and he was jammed in a corner behind two suits of tweed. One suit said to the other: "But you're not making allowance for the sacrificial temperament at all! I insist that some people get all the pleasure in life from putting up with bullies and nuisances."

The man in the other suit laughed. His voice was English. He drawled: "If it's a pleasure, it's an unconscious pleasure. Discount that. No; I'm quite enough the Victorian sentimentalist to be hurt by the sight of some poor devil muddling along through hell without any hope of a reward. There really should be a heaven for them."

A woman with big spheres of cut jade in either ear panted, "Oh, but, Sir John, surely, surely you believe in a future state?"

The elevator rose with a jerk. Alan's left crutch slipped. The English arm was suddenly beneath his elbow.

He said, "Thanks, a lot. Hey, boy, let me off at six!"

"Six it is," the page yawned, and slung back a door.

Alan swung himself up a corridor sprinkled with rags of green and red balloons on which silver letters proclaimed Early Settlers' Week. This was the last day of the orgy and the Smiths had arrived to find the city in full disorder. All-night fluctuations of noise had maddened Alan in his bed beside the kid, and the kid had mentioned curtly that he hadn't had much sleep. And now these fools had been up to pester the boy. It was almost three o'clock by the watch in its shabby leather strap on Alan's wrist. At four the kid would dive from Ascension Bridge into the lake, completing his contract with the early settlers. He had done his fancy dives from a standard at the gaudy yacht club and raced ahead of six picked native swimmers down a stretch between anchored catboats and noisy motor skiffs. But Ascension Bridge worried Alan, somehow. He unlocked a door of slick walnut and lumbered into the sitting room.

The kid shook back heavy black hair from his wrinkled forehead and nodded. Then he dropped his eyes again to a model motor truck bought in St. Louis last week, and went on spinning a tiny wheel. He knelt above his new treasure, quite absorbed. It had been all in pieces this morning before the show at the yacht club. The kid had put it together again with his pocket knife.

Alan grinned and asked, "Work all right?"

"Yeh."

He shoved it along the floor and watched its trickling motion solemnly as the red spokes blazed in smoky sunlight from four windows. No shade was lowered to keep out a parching glare, a deathly, windless heat. The kid loved sunshine, even this with screws of oily smoke spreading a tawny hand up from the lake. He wandered after the motor, on his brown knees, and sent it roving back to bump Alan's foot. Then he grinned and got up to light a cigarette.

"Ought to lie down a while, kid. Hey, did you give dad some money?"

"Yeh."

"Well, that's all gone. Honest, he's gettin' so you can't trust him with nothin'. How much was it?"

A distress overcame the kid's face. His bronze eyes vanished. His high cheek bones seemed to rise and mingle with his flickering eyelashes. He thought terribly, then his silk bathrobe fluttered off to a chair and he shook from his trousers a skinny roll of bills. Alan had given him sixty dollars last night; five dollars remained when the boy squatted to count them on the vivid rug.

Alan howled: "Kid, you let him loose in your clothes! He's treatin' you like he treated mamma. We'll get back to Los Angeles with just nothin', like we did last spring from Florida. It's like when mamma never had two bills to rub on each other, when they were payin' her six hundred a week in vaudeville. Well, you don't remember that, kid. An' the ape just whooped a ten out of me to give one of these Old-Home-Weekers a lunch!"

The kid grinned. Then he looked guilty and rose in his boyless manner to seize a telegram from the desk. It was addressed to the Diving Kid in care of the Early Settlers' Week Committee, but the kid never interfered with his mail. Alan read out: "'Next booking county fair North Morton, Massachusetts, one day, September second. Three hundred dollars, with additional hundred if jump from bridge Milsom River.'

"That's a two weeks' rest, kid. September second? We can be back in Los Angeles when high school opens, easy." Distress once more invaded the kid's face. Alan folded the telegram and said, "Now, kid, a guy that's goin' into the garage business has got to know some more mathematics than you do. You got to get back in high school and stay till it's time to go South. Take a look at me! Twenty-four years old an' no more education than a beet! Eatin' off a seventeen-year-old "

The kid said "Yeh?" harshly, and his eyes were yellow.

"Well, I do, kid! You'll say you ate off me when you was little and I taught you some swimmin'. And I got to laugh when dad tells people he taught you to swim. The big ape! He'd drown in a rain puddle! Honest, he makes me sick, kid! You'd have three-four thousand in the bank but for him."

The kid raised the great toe of either foot and looked down at them. In moments of extreme meditation he seemed to consult his feet. He sighed and took another cigarette from the pocket of his robe.

"The big ape!" Alan foamed, talking to still a shivering pain that mounted his scarred back. "First he worked mamma to death, 'n' then he bummed cigar money off me when I was bell-hoppin' out home, or wrote Uncle Hughie for a check to bring us up like gentlemen—I saw one of his letters once. 'N' then he starts eatin' off you! You go lie down, kid."

But the kid had something to say. An idea had swarmed up from his toes or some inward center He dug a thumb into his wide mouth, bit it twice and said, "Rub y'back for you, Lan?" gravely.

"No, you go lie down, kid. I'm all right. Thank you just as much, kid."

The boy picked up his motor and walked off into their room, shedding his robe. Alan looked once or twice from the making of a letter and saw the sirup-colored body curled in a pond of sunlight on a bed. The kid was musing on his machine. In a considerable monologue last winter, when a hotel at Palm Beach had paid him a thousand dollars for a week of fancy diving, the kid had told Alan about his garage—"Goin' to have a garage. Truckin' business, maybe Concrete. Red tile roof. Be all right, huh? You'll run it." He had a supreme belief that Alan, who could rescue him from tours in cheap vaudeville, could run anything. His helplessness was dumb; he was much like his Polish mother

Alan wrote to the agent in Los Angeles: "Your wire received. The kid did fine at St. Louis and here this A.M. He does a high dive off a bridge this P.M. for two hundred extra. See if you can get us some good rooms anywhere near a trolley. We will come straight home after this show in Massa——" Alan pondered the spelling of the word and hazarded "chusts," which looked all wrong, but his hands were trembling on the paper. "It is no good sending none of father's bills on to us, because I will not let the kid pay them. I should like it if you would look round and find a picture of mother somewheres. The kid never saw her. I do not mean a picture of her in her human-seal clothes, but one like she had for posters, looking O. K. I had one, but that woman father was married to when I was in France burnt it. The kid sends his regards."

His hands shook so that his signature wabbled down to a corner of the yellow professional paper. On the flap of the envelope was printed a picture of the kid diving, and some advertising—"The Diving Kid." Startled the World at San Francisco in 1915 when he was ten and has startled it ever since. Booked through Levine Agency, Los Angeles."

Alan stuffed his letter through the flap and rested both hands on the desk. The shimmering triangles had come to hop before his eyes. His back was afire. Through a forest of colors he heard the kid's whistle.

The boy was sprawled on the window sill when Alan got to him. He looked around to grin, the cleft in his chin smoothed out by an amazing joy. It was a white steamer, edging to the black piers, that had roused him; a machine that ran on water. Alan stroked his shoulder and explained: "Sure! There's this line of boats that goes down from here to Buff'lo, in New York State, kid. They go out every night, see? All down the lakes to Buff'lo. Say, kid, I guess they don't cost no more than by rail. Supposin' we went to Mass'chusetts that way. It'd be cool."

The kid said, "Yeh."

"Then we'll do that. 'N' it'd be kind of fun to stop off at the town where Uncle Hughie lives. It's named Carmelsville. It's on this Hudson River. You could look up the Hudson from the transport when we was sailin' for France. It's a big river. Better get dressed now, kid."

The kid stared at the steamer for a time, and then craned out to watch a monstrous motor truck pump along the street. It turned a corner into a lane of warehouses and he sighed, frowning. The city was now empty for him. Mere normal cars showed on the asphalt below the hotel. Alan chuckled, making no noise, and said, "Get dressed, kid. There'll be a jam gettin' out to this bridge. Hustle now!"

The kid pulled on his bath suit of orange silk and buckled its one fastening on his shoulder. A white sweater and duck trousers hid his tan. He sat lacing the high white buckskin boots about his ankles and looked at Alan's one shoe. Then he bit his thumb three times. That meant pity.

Alan said, "Oh, shut up! I'll feel fine on this boat, goin' to Buffalo. Let's go downstairs."

Smith was not in sight when the kid marched across a whirling vestibule. Two men of the Early Settlers' Week Celebration Committee helped Alan climb into the car, and one said, "Traveling in this weather must be a good deal of a strain on you," with a genuine kindness.

"It sort of is. We showed at an Old Home Week in Kansas and like to've died. It's a dusty state. Better let the kid drive, sir. We'll get along quicker." The kid had taken charge of this machine already. Alan told the owner, "He could drive anything with wheels. Drove a plane at Palm Beach last winter. You needn't worry. Just show him the road."

Steering a car, the kid seemed to dilate and become majestic. Alan lay back and submitted to the heat. Beside him someone tortured his right ear with the number of celebrants of Early Settlers' Week and the wealth of this town. Ore passed through it, moving eastward. They overtook a motor belonging to some maker of imitation leather who was worth ten million dollars. A rank of florid houses on the lake's margin belonged to famous incomes, and the kid ripped the car aside to spare a rubber ball on the roadway before a dwelling that had cost five hundred thousand if it cost a cent.

"Oh, sure!" said Alan. "You got a fine little town here."

"Five million tons of ore come through ——"

"Sure! . . . Say, what time's that boat start for Buffalo?"

It would start at seven o'clock. Alan shut his eyes. Smith had been madly seasick on a trip from Los Angeles to Seattle last year in the calmest weather. Perhaps he would be sick as this boat coursed down the lakes; sick and unable to spend the kid's money. And it would be cool on the blue water. Wind increased on Alan's face. The kid was driving faster, heading past car after car.

*(Continued on Page 75)*

*"Talk Up So's the Boys Can Hear What You're Sayin', Poppa," the Old Woman Screamed*

# POOR TESSIE

## By Samuel Hopkins Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

HOW long he had lain submerged in those dreamless depths Ross could not determine. The small waves were still whispering their persistent enchantment of "Sleep—sleep—sleep" which had lulled him to forgetfulness of his ramping nerves; the sweet wind blew through the leaves, smoothing the lines of strain and worry from his face. He felt incredibly, blessedly relaxed in body and spirit.

But what was it that had awakened him? Not the lonely plaint of a tip-up, mincing along the shore like a self-conscious spinster, nor the watchman's rattle of a banded kingfisher, swooping from the dead bough of the sycamore overhead with an indignant challenge to the trespasser upon that peaceful remoteness; nor yet the throaty inquiry of a crow that rather judged he was dead but thought best to ask about it before venturing too near.

No: there had been a voice which was not the voice of wind or water or bird, seeping through to his consciousness.

He twisted his thinned body in the hare's-form of shale which had so blandly molded itself to his rest, and looked out across the dappled brightness of the lake. The voice came to his ears again, but not from that quarter

It was a woman's voice, hurried, toneless, jumbled, pitched in a low steady mutter. Craning his neck Ross tried to discover the speaker, but a fringe of the low shore willow, stretching along the little point of land to his left, obscured the view. On the outermost growth a queerly mixed assortment of clothing fluttered in the breeze. While the observer was trying to make it out the voice began again, but this time so clear and true and pure that he was instantly enslaved to its music, despite the illiterate form and the startling import of the words.

"Oh, what's the use! What's the use! I've give it a fair tryout an' there's nothin' to it. Nothin'!" The seductive tones sank into dim incoherencies again, then emerged into the clarity of despair. "Damn! It's all wrong. Oh, well!" More subdued mumblings; then: "I gotta do somethin'. I gotta! Get another job? Oh, sure! Easy, like a chair, with this thing hangin' over me. An' they'll never let up on me. What chance has a goyl got with a wrong start like that? I ast you!"

Ross waited for some response from whomever the query was directed to, but none came. It occurred to him keenly that this was the voice of sheer misery, communing with itself. He had half risen when the speaker stepped into his view, a figure slim and rounded, strong-limbed and graceful, blackly silhouetted against the level glare of the sunlight as she faced the lonely expanse of water with arms suddenly upflung in mutinous demand upon the high fates for some solution to her tragedy. Lacking which she had her own solution ready.

"I'm done," she went on in that trembling lilt that went straight to the core of the listener's heart. "No more for Tessie! Who's afraid!" With pathetic defiance: "It couldn't be any worse than what's comin' to me. I'm through."

With a shout that seemed strangely like one of satisfaction and triumph she ran forward into the waves, flung herself downward and out, and had disappeared before the horrified eavesdropper could voice his yell of dissuasion.

Instantly he was after her. The beach at this point shelved rapidly. He fought his way in, stumbled, plunged, and, casting about him as he swam under the surface, saw the shadowy form of her, dim, limp, wavering unresistantly near the bottom. The rest was a blurred choking flurry and fight and drag against her stubborn opposition.

When he finally got her to the beach his weakened senses were reeling. He lapsed to his knees in a pulsating blackness, clutching at her with a grim determination to hold what he had saved. She struggled. Somehow he evoked strength from his last resources to mutter "Promise you won't. Promise!"

"Won't what? Ouch! Let go! You hurt!"

"Won't drown yourself."

The answer came to his ears like song, like laughter heard faintly and far off. "Oh! All right. I won't."

"Then Tess Didn't Care Enough," Said He. "I'm Not Sure She Didn't. But She Had Her Pride Too"

Gratefully then he released his grip upon her, upon everything, rolled over, let himself sink blissfully into the stillness. Rest again. Sleep. How wonderf—— What! Not sleep? Somebody hindering; somebody troublesome, insistent, nagging. Something against his mouth, hot and painful and hard. Must he swallow? All right, doctor. Again? There! He opened his reluctant eyes. The girl was bending solicitously over him, a steaming vacuum bottle in her hand.

"Thank you, Tessie," he said. "Have I been out long?"

"Not very. Feel all right?" She was staring at him oddly.

"I—I guess so. Yes; certainly," he added with more assurance. "Who are you, Tessie? Or was that part of the dream?"

Her gaze widened, brightened upon him. Tiny wrinkles of thought corrugated her forehead, and other tiny wrinkles, which might or might not have been those of thought, appeared at the corners of her mouth.

"Oh, you heard that stuff, did you?" she murmured.

"I was asleep under the sycamore."

"And you thought it was up to you to butt in and pull little Tessie back from the jors of death. That it?"

"I want to talk to you about that," he began gravely.

"Nothin' stirrin' until you get dry. You're on the edge of a chill," she pronounced shrewdly. Stooping she groped and flung him a shawl rug.

"Getcha clothes off and roll up in that. I'll be buildin' us a little fire."

Docile to her ready assumption of authority, he obeyed. When he was warmly wrapped in the folds he bethought himself of her condition with compunctions.

"Have you changed?" he called out.

"Have I changed?" Her voice came back to him, borne, as it were, upon a whiff of smoke from the fire, rippling with an entrancing chuckle. "Say! Have I! I've changed that much my own fam'ly wouldn't know me."

As she reappeared from behind the screen of willows he saw that she was now in khaki throughout, a vivid and piquant apparition.

"So those were your knickers hanging on the bush?" he remarked.

"Sure they were. What'd you think that this was a mixed party?" was the pert retort. She strode up to him, looking down with a lively eye. "Say, what kind of a goyl d'you take me for?"

"What kind are you?"

"You been listenin' in. It's your guess."

"Well, then," he returned austerely, "I think you're a reckless and silly little idiot."

"Oh, do you! Where's your license to lecture from a soap box, pro-fessor?"

"As I've taken the trouble and risk of hauling you out of the lake ——" he began stiffly, and stopped at the point of her finger, leveled between his eyes.

"Yes: and I call it a noive. That's what I call it."

"Nerve? I like yours," he responded in exasperation. "What would you expect one to do? Sit still and smoke a cigarette while a fool kid drowned herself?"

"I'm crazy about the pet names you hand me! Where do you come in to say I ain't gotta right to quit the game if I want to?"

He sat up, swathing himself closer in the folds. "Tell me about it, Tessie," he suggested in a tone so charged with friendliness that the girl's eyelids quivered for a moment.

But she only answered, "Why should I spill my troubles on you?"

"Maybe I could help."

"No; you can't. Nobody could."

"It can't be as bad as that," he persuaded. "Come on; let a fellow in on it."

"You are a kind of decent guy, I guess," she grudged. "But it ain't nothin' that I can tell."

"Then perhaps I can guess."

"Don't try. You'd only get off on the wrong foot again."

"I don't know what you mean by 'again.' I'm not aware ——"

"Well, don't get peeved, buddy. You wouldn't give up your private life to some goyl you'd never seen before, just on her bid to sob it out on her shoulder."

"How do you know I wouldn't? You haven't tried me."

"All right. Crawl up to my fire. Been sick, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"Flu."

"That all?"

"No."

"Yes. No. Flu. Woof!" mocked the girl. "I'm givin' you a chance to make good, and about all I get is 'Line out of order.'"

He laughed. "I forgot. Go ahead and I'll promise to answer anything."

"What's those lines in your face, then?" Her fingers hovered momentarily above them as if with a desire to smooth them out. "Trouble, eh?"

"Sleeplessness, I expect."

"What's back of the sleeplessness? Somethin' on your mind? Somebody been handin' you somethin' raw?" Her eyes, soft and solemn and intent, invited him.

He nodded, a somber fire in his look.

"Did she gyp you, buddy?"

"She? Oh, it wasn't a girl."

"No?" She seemed somewhat crestfallen of her airy confidence. "Who was it, then?"

"You wouldn't understand. It's a business matter."

"Sure I wouldn't understand if you shut up like a clam. Gimme a chance. Tell aister."

The seduction of her voice as it dropped to the last words shook him, melted him, broke through the hard tissue of a reserve that had sealed his bitterness within him like a searing poison

It was my partner. He turned out to be a liar and a cheat, and when the smash came he quit like a yellow dog and left me to face it alone. I—I'm out of jail and that's about all."

"Did it clean you out?"

"No. I pulled through financially. I could have stood losing the money better than what I did lose."

"What did you lose?"

"Oh, my faith in everything and everybody," he returned impatiently. "The whole game is rotten crooked. I wouldn't trust my own father and mother after this."

"I get your slant," she mused. "The guy that threw you, your partner, he was your pal too. That's what hurt."

"You seem to know a thing or two about life yourself, Tessie. Yes; that's what hurt."

"Well, you got a raw deal, and I got a raw deal. Look-a-here, buddy!" She let herself slip to her knees beside him and put a small browned hand on his shoulder. "Here's you and here's me and here's this nice, cool, quiet lake. What d'you say we just take hold of hands and walk into it and forget the whole show?"

"What do you mean?" he cried with instant indignation. "You promised you'd cut that out."

"Calm down! Calm down! I was just tryin' you out. I guess you ain't as sore on this li'l' ol' world as you let on to be."

"I hate the whole thing, everything and everybody in it," he declared savagely.

"Me, too? Don't hate me, buddy." Her eyes slanted at him, challenging, provocative.

In spite of himself he laughed. "What are you doing—flirting with me, Tessie?"

A smile played about her lips. "You wouldn't hate me," she pursued confidently, "after you saved my life."

"Wishing a responsibility on me, are you? I might accept it with a better grace if I knew what it implied."

"It's like this, the way I see it," the charming voice continued, confidential and explanatory: "If you was to kill somebody you'd feel a big responsibility, wouldn't you? Well, when you butt in and save somebody's life, I figure that's the same thing, only more so."

"You're a philosopher, too, I see."

"You gotta think things out for yourself to get by, these busy days."

"Well, let's think 'em out together and see where we stand. To start with, you've lost your job, haven't you?"

"Yeah."

"What was it?"

"Telephone."

"Anything else in sight?"

"Not with a spyglass."

"Broke?"

"Oh, no! I gotta coupla million in the bank, only the cashier's forgot my signature. What if I was?"

"I'd be glad to help you out as part of my responsibility."

"Would you? How much?" she returned promptly.

"Whatever you need until you get on your feet again."

One after another she picked up three pebbles and tossed them into the lake. "And what do you figure to get out of it?" she asked slowly.

"Nothing."

"Yeah? That's what they all say. It ain't what they say, but what they mean that counts."

"This isn't a melodrama," he retorted, "and I'm not casting myself for the villain of the play." She started and gave him a sudden queer look, then turned her eyes away again. "If I were, I rather judge that you're quite able to take care of yourself."

"I'll tell Central I am! Well, leave it lie till I think it over."

"All right. Where are you staying?"

"Back on the hill a piece."

"You're from New York, aren't you?"

She nodded. "Brooklyn. How did you spot it?"

"From the way you speak. It isn't an upstate accent."

"Low brow talk, yes." But he noted her quick smile, as to pride, and marveled at the smugness of metropolitan self-satisfaction. This little flapper of a telephone girl!

"It's a long haul from Brooklyn Bridge to the Finger Lakes. What brought you way up here?"

I knew some folks. They took me in. Where you stoppin'—down to the hotel?"

"No. I'm camping around with a sailing canoe and outfit to keep away from people."

"Part of the general grouch," she decided. "Better snap out of it."

"All right. May I come to see you?"

"The folks wouldn't understand. A swell guy like you!"

"If I'm not to see you, how can I live up to those responsibilities we agreed on?"

"Who said you wasn't to see me? I come down to this point pretty near every day. You might meet up and take me sailin'."

"It's a go. Tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow's as near as any other day." She sprang to her feet. He lumbered into an upright position, conscious of his absurd swathings. "I'm beatin' it for grub. Leave the blanket here, will you? So long, buddy."

"Wait a minute, Tessie. You're all right, aren't you?"

"Sure I'm all right."

"No more lake stuff."

"No. And you—no more hate stuff."

"Not if I can help it; if I could go to sleep and forget it."

She considered him for a long moment with a valuating eye, then: "That's easy, buddy. Shut your eyes. Don't move, whatever happens. Now."

Upon each hot lid he felt a touch, cool, soft as a flower and as fragrant. "That's for dreams," said Tessie's voice, itself a light and cool caress. He slept, that night, like the dead.

II

MR. RICHARD ERICKSON stood on his dock looking down into the canoe.

"Come out of that," said he.

Continued on Page 108

"Here's You and Here's Me and Here's This Nice, Cool, Quiet Lake. What D'you Say We Just Take Hold of Hands and Walk Into It and Forget the Whole Show?"

# THE EDGE OF EVERYTHING

## By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. SHEPHERD

SOMETHING in the girl's plain face startled Alan Ferguson with a sudden vivid memory of his father. He stopped abruptly, wondering why, if there was any resemblance, he had never noticed it before; and why, for once, he should be thinking of Donald Ferguson with a pang of affection and regret. He realized, with another start, that he was staring at her; fancied that a shadow of offense had begun to gather in the level, answering gaze. He laughed uneasily

"Gee, Miss Macrae, I'm sorry! You made me think of somebody else."

Her eyes widened a little, but the gravity of her face did not relax

"That's queer. I was just trying to remember where I'd seen you before. Long ago, I mean; not here"

They studied each other frankly now. Alan Ferguson told himself impatiently that she wasn't the least bit like his father, unless it was just that shadow in her look, the unsmiling tightness of her mouth. Donald Ferguson had been what the comic-strip artists called a gloom. This girl—he discovered that she wasn't so homely as he had thought. That was the clothes and the way she fixed her hair. If she had some snappy rags and a dash of cayenne and a permanent wave, he conceded, she'd get by in a crowd.

Again his father's face came clear in his mind; and again, with a kind of irritation, he admitted that he missed the old man; that he was suddenly and unreasonably lonesome. His memory compressed his recollections of Donald Ferguson so that in the brief silence that fell between him and Miss Macrae he had reviewed fragmentary impressions—the lean, rugged face, the forward droop of the head and shoulders, the awkward, shambling gait of which his mother had been always complaining. He seemed for the first time to find an appeal, a pathos in these traits, instead of sharing his mother's brisk impatience with them.

He interrupted the sequence of his thought to pay a tribute to that mother. She was a wonder—keeping her looks and her style till she died, contriving to hide poverty behind a convincing front, among people who had twice as much as Donald Ferguson could earn. How she could manage! He wondered how even she could have financed those summers at the shore which neighbor women had admired and envied so. He saw her, sharply distinct against a background of sand and sea, young and gay in a group of laughing, deferential men. And again he saw Donald Ferguson, awkward and alien in the Sunday crowd, shaming them both by looking like the incompetent, plodding clerk he was.

He scowled at the old ladies who intruded on the parlor. You couldn't talk in front of that gang. On impulse he suggested a movie, dimly amazed at himself for risking the waste of an evening on Miss Macrae.

"I'd rather go for a walk," she said evenly.

"Come on then."

He followed her out, amused and a little angry. He'd let himself in for this; it served him right. A girl whose idea of a good time was to go for a walk! He commented inwardly on her hat as they went down the shabby steps. If any of the crowd saw him ——

Luckily she turned away from the brighter lights. He guessed that she was clever enough to avoid the contrasts that would aggravate her want of style over there. It was darker and quieter over by the river. He remembered going there sometimes on Sundays with Donald Ferguson; an adventure at first, and then a bore, with the old man standing at the railing along the bluff and staring across at the blue hills on the other shore and never saying a word.

It was more fun to stay at the flat, where jolly people dropped in and there was talk and laughter and, later, something to eat from the delicatessen store.

"Remembered yet?"

The girl's question jarred across his absorption. He had almost forgotten her.

"Remembered what? Oh, I see! No; you don't look like anybody I can think of. Funny ——"

"You do."

She spoke slowly, as if words must be weighed and pondered before it was safe to say them. Donald Ferguson had talked like that, when he talked at all. There was that resemblance, anyway

"That so? Who""

*In the Yellow Gaslight of the Hall He Saw Again That Baffling Suggestion of His Father in Her Look*

He wasn't curious. This was just her idea of a line of talk, of course. Pretty crude work too. "Nobody in particular"—she shook her head—"I mean you make me think of a lot of people—back home."

"Where's that?"

He had no wish to know. It was just a thing to be said by way of politeness. She moved her hand vaguely in the diluted shadow, a gesture that reminded him again of his father.

"Out there." He felt a kind of heat below the quietness of the voice. "Glen Echo."

He started. It might have been Donald Ferguson saying that name. The coincidence, too—he was impressed by it in spite of his sophisticated knowledge that the world was small

"That's funny. My father used to talk about that place. He was born somewhere around there—Dundee."

"I've been there. It's over the hill from the Glen. There used to be some Fergusons there, I remember."

She seemed to meditate on this. He grew restive in the silence.

"Guess my dad was the last of 'em," he said. "He sold the old farm, anyway."

He realized, with a freshened irritation, that his sympathies had gone over to Donald Ferguson's side of that one bitter quarrel. He could hear his mother's outraged rejection of that timid proposal that they all go back and live on the old place; could see the obstinate lines about his father's mouth when she wheedled and teased and cried to make him sell. It had taken her a whole winter to carry her point. Alan could remember clearly how pretty she had looked as she danced about the tiny living room and told him that they were going to spend this summer at the Beachwood Hotel instead of in that poky old Ocean View House.

Funny that after all these years he should be feeling sorry for Donald Ferguson. She'd made that three thousand stretch! That was when they'd moved to the swell flat and had a sulky yellow girl to cook for them and there had been a bicycle for Alan. And now, somehow, he seemed to find a connection between that shining wheel and the beaten look that had come upon his father's face, the droop of shoulder and silent mouth. He threw off the thought angrily. What was the matter with him? If his mother hadn't fought it out he might have grown up out there in the tall grass.

"Let's go back." The girl turned abruptly. "It's no use pretending that this is the edge ——"

She stopped as if she had caught back the words. He waited for her to finish the perplexing speech, but she did not go on.

"I don't get that. What d'you mean—edge?"

"I don't know, myself." Her voice went flat and livened again. "It's just a feeling I get sometimes; as if I were in the center of a stupid crowd—people milling about the way sheep do in a pen, without knowing why. And I keep thinking that there's something fine and splendid and terrible going on, out at the edge of the crowd; that I'm missing it."

He scowled. "Oh, you mean the war?"

He agreed absolutely with Sidney Cone about that. War was just a kind of mass insanity, the result of clever playing on ignorant passion by the politicians and the exploiting, predatory rich. He resented the recurring,

crazy thought of going over there, which, since the sixth of April, had kept lifting in his brain, tempting and terrifying. This girl wanted to make him ashamed, like the girls who went around haranguing street crowds from motor cars, egging men into recruiting offices. All very fine for them; they weren't going to be shot

"No; this is different. I had it long before the war began." She moved her arms in a queerly significant gesture, as if she tried to throw off some enfolding suffocating envelopment. "I'm not out where I can see and hear and feel; I'm not at the edge of it all."

"Maybe you're just homesick," he suggested. "Maybe you only want to go back where you came from"

"If you'd broken out of jail would you want to go back?" The passionate vehemence of the answer frightened him. "If you'd ever lived in the Glen you wouldn't have said that! Slave and freeze and sweat and starve! It took me five years to get away!"

He shrugged. His mother had talked like that when Donald Ferguson had wanted to go back. Without her knowledge, Alan had agreed with her, on his father's own arguments.

"But you're not satisfied here, either, are you?"

She shook her head.

"No; and I ought to be. I've got on. I've made them give me three raises this year. I don't know what's the matter with me."

Her voice changed.

"You must think I'm crazy, talking this way to a stranger Maybe I am!"

He laughed for answer, but he told himself that she probably was. He submitted willingly to her silence as they walked back. In the yellow gaslight of the hall he saw again that baffling suggestion of his father in her look.

*The Air Was Cool and Wet and Touched With Odors That He Seemed to Remember*

"I'm sorry I let go like that," she told him. "It's the first time I've told anybody ——"

"Aw, that's all right!"

He wanted to get away from that strange, absurd illusion that Donald Ferguson was looking at him out of her eyes, reproaching, entreating ——

Sidney Cone spared him more talk with her. He must have identified him by his voice. He came briskly out of the parlor, small, alert, cocksure, his black eyes bright and inquisitive behind the shell-rimmed lenses.

"Hello, Fergie! Been waiting for you half an hour."

The girl moved quickly to the stairway, with only a short nod of dismissal. Cone slipped an arm through Ferguson's—a trick of his which Ferguson vaguely disliked

"Who's that, Fergie?"

Ferguson found the tone causelessly irritating. He and Sidney Cone had a good many friends in common. There was no reason why he should object to the question, and yet he did.

"Girl 't lives here," he said shortly. "What's on your mind, Sid?"

Instantly the other man's expression changed. The idle, half-amused curiosity winked out of it, leaving only an effect of sagacity and purpose, the look that Cone wore when he talked of business and of money.

"Real goods, Fergie." He glanced behind him. "Come on over to Fischel's; we can talk there."

Ferguson yielded willingly enough. He had learned to respect Sidney Cone's opinions on matters of business Sharp as a knife, Sid. In the frowzy little restaurant they ordered coffee and leaned confidentially across a stained cloth.

Swiftly Cone explained his errand. There was a chance to buy out the equipment and goodwill of a small garment maker for an absurd price. Cone knew the man and the plant, had been over the books.

He lowered his voice:

"Listen here, Fergie. You could take it from me, straight, that Congress passes a draft law. Two million men, maybe, they would put in the Army—and the big uniform houses running three shifts, already. We would get ours, Fergie!"

Alan Ferguson seemed to see his father's face over Cone's sleek black head. Again he was angry at himself for discovering a kind of wistfulness in that imaginary look, a stab of compassion in response to it. Cone leaned closer.

"And not only the money, Fergie—listen! When the draft comes it would maybe get you and me, if we ain't anything but a couple of old man Farley's clerks. But if we run a uniform plant, I guess not!"

*(Continued on Page 57)*

*She Met His Glance Evenly. For a Moment He Had Room for No Thought But a Blind, Hot Anger*

# THE BENCH WARMERS

## By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

A FEW minutes past ten, just after the market began for the day, the door of the private offices at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s flew open, and Rooker, the firm's head partner, came out into the customers' room. Buck, too, came hurrying. A cigar was gripped in his jaw; and scowling thickly he strode over to a corner near the ticker, where two of the firm's customers sat huddled together, their air furtive, and whispering eagerly as they watched the quotation board.

"Here, you!" barked Buck, tapping the nearer of the two on the shoulder; "that don't go in here, my friend!"

His tone was brusque, peremptory; and as a stir ran through the room Charley Haskins rose with the others.

"Say, what's up?" he exclaimed; and the man beside him, a Mr. Bulty, gave a laugh.

"It's Bloomer; him and that other has-been, Rounds," he answered. "Buck is givin' 'em the gate."

Charley Haskins started sharply. Then, his eyes queer, he watched the little drama going on across the room.

The two men, Rounds and Bloomer, had risen also. Rounds, his face hangdog and shamed, already was scuffling toward the door; but Bloomer, a fussy, excitable person, stood his ground, protesting volubly.

"We weren't doing anything, Buck," he was saying, when Rooker with a jerk of his thumb indicated the door.

"Beat it, Bloomer," he directed; "you've bummed around here long enough!"

Charley Haskins heard his neighbor giggle enjoyably. "Say, what d'you think!" said Bulty. "That pair of pikers was matching nickels on the tape. That's why Buck is shooing them out."

He laughed again as he spoke; but for some reason Charley Haskins didn't join in his merriment. As the door closed on Rounds and Bloomer he turned away, his eyes scowling, and gazed thoughtfully at the quotation board.

Already the day's opening was well under way; but the prices the quotation clerk called off from the tape Charley hardly heard. Neither did he hear Bulty, who again had spoken. Bulty had, in fact, to nudge him on the elbow before Charley awoke from his trance.

"What say?" he asked dully; and Bulty, his air genial, gave him an ingratiating leer.

"Say, old top, what's th' card for th' day?" inquired Bulty.

Charley didn't know. What's more, even had he known, it's unlikely that with the man's sneering amusement still ringing in his ears he would have given him the benefit of the information; and turning on his heel he walked away.

"Steel, an eighth!" called the quotation clerk; "another five hundred, a quarter!"

The market was growing active now; but still Charley's ears were deaf. His face, too, for the moment, was beaded suddenly with moisture.

A wise guy, up to snuff and hep to every dodge in the game, was what the others at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s long had considered Charley. For four years now, day in and day out, he had traded in the market; and there was little, it seemed, he hadn't learned about it. Wise as he was, though, and knowing, it was perhaps strange that Charley had yet to profit by his knowledge—that is, make a clean-up in the Street. At any rate, a fellow like him, it was reasonably to be expected, long before this should have pulled down one of the knockouts, the killings he and the others always were talking about. True, a number of times he'd nearly had his hands on one; but each time, queerly, something had seemed to happen. It had happened, what's more, just when others less wise and knowing had managed to rake in a hatful of profits.

*"That Don't Go in Here, My Friend!" His Tone Was Brusque, Peremptory*

The fall drive in Pullman was an instance. Another instance was the squeeze a while later in Mex Petroleum. He was in on Pullman at the low; but after a day or so when the stock, acting feverishly, had edged up a couple of points, he had switched abruptly to the short side. The signs he had read. The signs, from the viewpoint of a fellow who knew the market, all were there; and the tape in his hands and his hat cocked knowingly over his eyes, Charley gave his opinion to the crowd.

"Sell's the word, boys," he announced; "you can see for yourself, the way the stock's acting, the bears are staging a raid!"

A few days later, though, in a sudden burst of fireworks, Pullman crossed par; and, a dent put in his margins, Charley crawled out from the wreck.

It was the same with Pete—Mex Petroleum. He was long of the stock and four points to the good when he sauntered in at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s one morning to find the customers' room buzzing like a hive. One of the crowd had just come bursting in with a tip, the dope that Mex Pete was to be jacked up to par or better; and Charley pricked up his ears. In line with his other wiseness Charley knew all about tips—inside tips most of all; and the instant he learned the tip came from a director in the company he made a jump across the room.

"Beeks!" he called. Beeks was the firm's room manager; and Charley grasped him by the arm. "Quick, Beeks," he directed; "switch that Mex Pete of mine, then sell me another hundred at the market!"

The order filled, Charley sauntered back to the man with the tip.

"Say," he drawled, "I'll lay you a hat on that dope of yours. A hat or even money that they've struck water in Pete; that or the directors are going to cut the dividend."

To Charley, at any rate, the signs were there; but again, somehow, the signs were wrong. A few days later Mex Pete with a rush crossed par; and that wasn't all of it, either. It was Bloomer, the man just turned out from Rooker, Burke & Co.'s, who had brought in the tip on Pete; and convinced that anyone as knowing and wise as Charley must know what he was talking about, Bloomer, too, had coppered the tip, going short on the stock instead of buying. Charley, in other words, was himself to blame for Bloomer's downfall.

Something was wrong. Something, to be frank, so utterly was wrong that even Charley, cocksure as he was of himself and all he knew, had begun at last to suspect it. For weeks now, at all events, almost every deal he'd made had gone against him; and he had only to pick a stock, the dope on which looked certain, to have the stock go against him. What the trouble was, though, for the life of him he hadn't been able to figure; and as he stood there, his hands jammed into his pockets and his hat pulled down to his eyes, he felt the sweat start again on his face.

The fact is, the market that week once more had put a crimp in Charley's margins. Out of the six thousand dollars he had brought down to Wall Street four years before, he had now only a beggarly eleven hundred left.

Eleven hundred! It was a shoestring, Charley knew—a piker's handful of change; and he knew too what would happen if a few more trades like his last should happen to clean him out. That was why he sweated. It was in remembrance of what he'd seen just now—Buck Rooker showing Rounds and Bloomer to the door—the same thing that Buck would do to him if the market got him and he tried to hang out in the brokerage office. Lord! The very thought of it made him wince; and as he did so there came to him another thought, a memory. It was a picture, the vision of the shoe-findings firm over in the leather district—the Swamp, where once he had worked. For years, digging away at the job, Charley had been a salesman for the firm; and but for the lure of Wall Street—the call he'd heard to make himself one of the Street's financiers—he might have been there yet. The call, however, had been too clear to ignore. A man he knew—a fellow worker in the district—had induced him one day to take a flyer in the market; and the trade winning, Charley thereby knocking down in a morning more money than he'd ever made in a month, he had decided heartily he'd be a fool to keep on drudging away on a salary when all this money downtown was waiting. It was still waiting, to be sure; though he didn't think of that. What made him shudder was the thought of going back to the Swamp with all its drudgery, its running your feet off day after day, slaving, digging, toiling; and all for a pay envelope, nothing else. Of course, if up in the Swamp you hung on long enough and punched the time clock regularly, sometime you might get a share in the business, a partnership. You might—that is, if you lived long enough; but you wouldn't have much fun about it. Wall Street, though—that was different! In the Street a man was his own boss, able to do with his time as he liked. You aren't tied down to a time clock down there; not, at any rate, if you're a trader in the market. That was the life!

At the brokerage office there was always a crowd of good fellows; and if the market was dull and trading slack, you could sit around and visit; that or take a little trip to Fred's place up the street. It was all, in fact, a good sight different from the grind, the humdrum drudgery of the leather trade; and convinced of this he was still gazing moodily at the quotation board when once more a hand nudged him on the elbow.

Bulty again had joined him. Once again, too, Bulty's voice, like his air, was bland and insinuating.

"Say, old sport, got any dope on Parrot?" he drawled.

Charley turned a fishy eye on him.

"Which Parrot?" he growled. His tone even less inviting he added, "There are two Parrots, aren't they?"

It was so. There was Parrot Oil, Parrot Motors as well; but so far from seeming rebuffed at Charley's repellent tone, Bulty grew still more affable.

"Either Parrot," he answered.

Bulty, Charley never had liked. The man's fawning, insincere manner always had grated on his nerves; and this morning he had never liked him less. Then, too, in his air now was something covert and amused. It was as if he had read Charley's secret thoughts, the day's rising gloom, and that he was prepared again to g'ggle, amused by it just as he'd been amused at Rounds and Bloomer.

"Either Parrot!" echoed Charley.

He shot a sudden glance at Bulty. It was sharp, suspicious too. Why was Bulty honing him for a tip? What was his motive? Why, too, when rebuffed so flatly, had he persisted in the effort to get it? It was as queer, too, in asking for a tip on Parrot, he had been careless which Parrot it was.

"Say!" he snapped, his eyes threatening. "What're you trying to put over, anyhow?"

"Me!" Bulty exclaimed innocently. "Why, whatever do you mean?"

He was still smiling, his smile as suave and ingratiating as ever; but Charley wasn't fooled. Bulty's little game he felt sure he had guessed; and for an instant the blood surged hastily in his veins. Bulty's game he had seen played before. In other words, having guessed that Charley was on the slides, that he was losing on every trade, Bulty meant to get a tip out of him, then copper it. Thus, by betting that whatever Charley told him was wrong, the man meant to profit by Charley's misfortune; and raging inwardly, Charley thrust his face close to Bulty's.

"You skate, you tinhorn!" he growled.

Bulty's smile abruptly faded.

"Why, Charley!" he ejaculated.

"Aw, go chase yourself!" said Charley.

With a shrug he turned on his heel. It was bad enough to be up against it, as he was; but that a skate, a short card like Bulty should try to make use of it, was galling. Growling and grumbling to himself, Charley, however, was left little opportunity to dwell upon the thought. Across the room he found himself a seat, and slouched down on it he was once more staring moodily at the quotation board when for a second time that morning a stir ran through the customers' room. This time it originated at the door in front.

The door opened abruptly, and in the opening stood a figure. It was a woman's figure too; and as the men in the place saw her push back the door and stalk inside a momentary silence fell upon them. She was in stature a short, squat person, but what she lacked in height was amply made up in bulk. A hat of the turban type was jammed down fixedly on her brow; her dress was in the same general style and vintage as the hat; and in one hand she bore an umbrella. As she appeared at the door Beeks, his air frowning, had started hurriedly toward her; but whatever his intentions may have been, halfway to the door he appeared to think better of them. Halting, he was gazing dubiously at the visitor, when she got her eye on him.

"You, there!" she said sharply, aiming the umbrella at him like a pointer—that or a bayonet; "this is Rooker, Burke's, ain't it?"

"Yes, ma'am," Beeks answered meekly. "What is it you wish, please?"

The umbrella she leveled at him again.

"You run this joint?" she demanded.

With what dignity he could assume Beeks replied that it was not a joint, it was a brokerage office. A snort escaped her.

"You never mind that, young feller! A joint I call it, and a joint it is; you can't fool me nor you or any of you other gamblers!" The umbrella she jabbed toward him again. "Answer me now—no lies! Where's Bloomer?" she demanded.

Beeks gazed at her, astonished.

"Bloomer?"

"You heard me—Bloomer!" she snapped. "Where have you got him? Come, I want him, d'you hear?"

An inkling of the truth dawned on Beeks.

"Are you his wife? Mrs. Bloomer?"

It was so; and the lady leveled another glance at Beeks.

"Come on, now! Fetch him out," she directed.

Her manner was direct. Obviously if Bloomer wasn't produced and produced forthwith—it was the intention of the lady, his wife, to hunt him out herself; and hurriedly Beeks gave her the facts. Bloomer had left the office. It was not likely he would return that day. Under the circumstances, in fact, it was unlikely he would ever return.

The lady with the umbrella listened attentively. Again she eyed her.

"Huh!" she said, her air grim. "Cleaned him out, did you, then threw him into the street?" Her shoulders she shrugged then. "Bah! Serves him right, the boob, the big simp! It was what I told him would happen—hanging out round a place like this!" A gleam as reminiscent as it was disgusted flitted into her eye. "He had a tip, so he said. Huh! He said, too, it was a knockout; a killing, he called it; and he wanted me to come across with the money to gamble on it. Me, you understand! As if I was fool enough, huh!" Again she leveled a glance at Beeks. "You know now, young feller. If ever Bloomer comes near here you throw him out again. If you don't we'll—"

The sentence she left unfinished, but Beeks evidently understood, and gripping her umbrella anew the lady turned and swept the room with another glance.

The traders, slouched down on their chairs, watched her silently, not to say uneasily. Then, her eye still on them, she stalked toward the door. Each time, too, as her sardonic gaze rested an instant on one of the men sitting there the man in question hurriedly averted his glance. As she reached the door and opened it she turned and gave them another look. A grunt at the same time escaped her.

"Huh!" said the lady. "Why don't you bunch of bench warmers go to work?"

They were still sitting there, gaping and sheepish, when she closed the door behind her and was gone. The silence, however, lasted only for a moment. The roomful of men stirred uncomfortably, one or two of them laughing awkwardly; but Charley Haskins was not among them. His face reflective, he was gazing at the door by which the visitor had just departed when again he felt a hand nudge him familiarly.

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"A Joint I Call It, and a Joint It Is. Answer Me Now—No Lies! Where's Bloomer?" She Demanded

# THE CHANGING EAST

## The Industrialization of China—By Isaac F. Marcosson

TWENTY years ago nearly every Chinese student who went abroad was ambitious to bring back a doctor's or master's degree that proclaimed him competent in some academic subject. Today most of the Chinese who go overseas to acquire an education not only devote themselves to applied science but are eager to get a practical training in office, factory or hospital before going back home.

This means that China is being slowly industrialized. No aspect of the changing East not even the professed change of heart in Japan towards her huge neighbor is more significant than the evolution that figuratively is supplanting the blue gown most Chinese menials wear blue—with the overall. Chinese industrialization has more potentialities for world commercial power than almost any other nation because China is not only the last reservoir of cheap and competent labor but is perhaps the richest undeveloped domain on the globe. With constructive guidance she can be made almost completely self-contained.

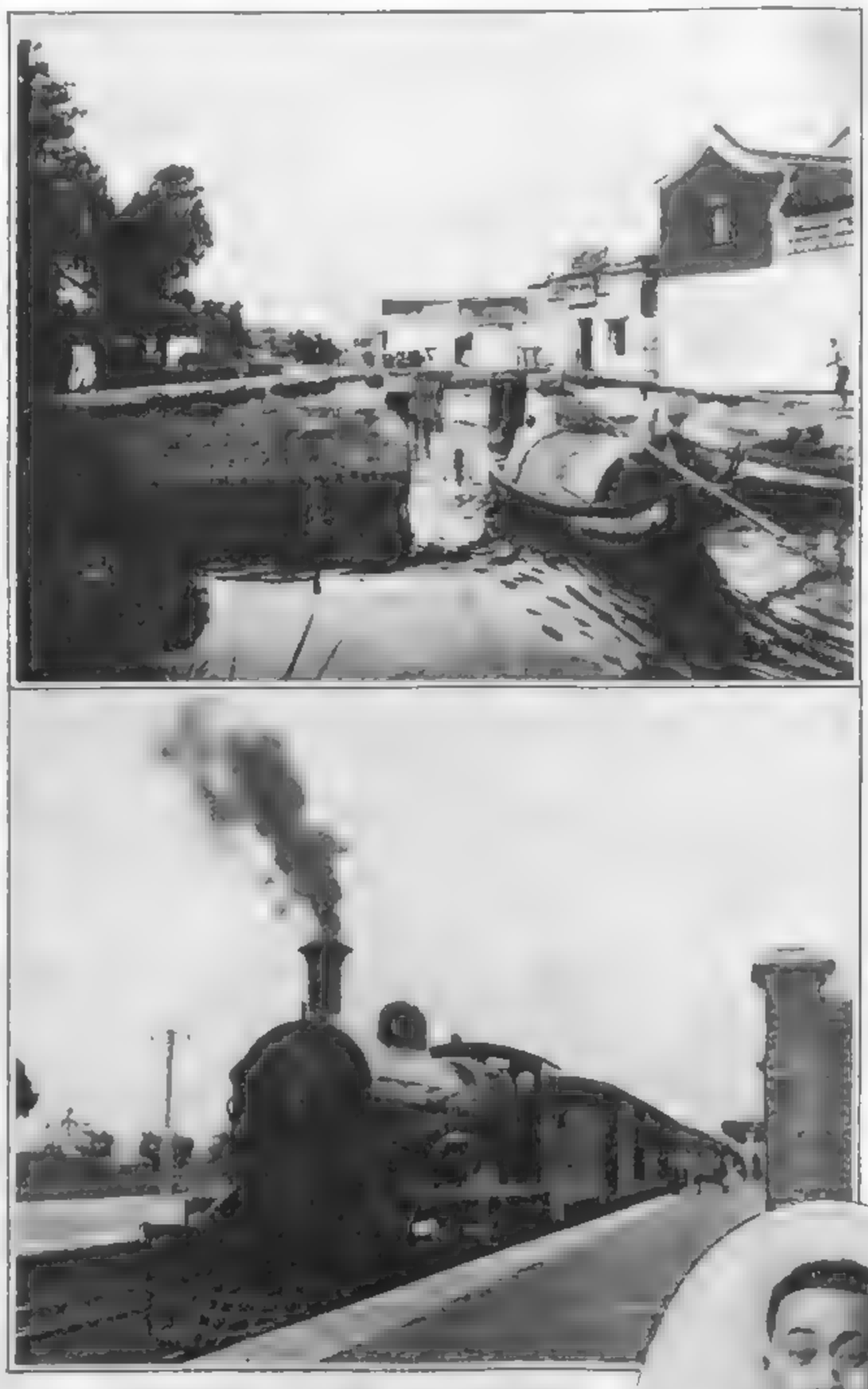
The three great needs—machinery, technical skill and adequate communications are about to enter upon a new era of fulfillment, due largely to the safeguards set up by the Washington Conference. Chief among them is the guaranty of the integrity of the republic, which ends selfish commercial exploitation by foreign powers and which prevents, for example, the establishment of a little Japan within her borders.

No country anywhere else presents such striking contrasts as China. On the land the farmer is doing his work by primitive methods precisely as his ancestors did a thousand years ago, while in the city his brother or son is driving an engine, running a cotton mill or operating a cold-storage plant. The extraordinary feature is that the nation that invented credit, gunpowder, paper, ink, printing, glass and porcelain should, after the lapse of all the centuries, be engaged in acquiring what amounts to the second steps in the advancement of the very arts and crafts that it introduced.

### *Industrialization*

CHINESE industrialization, like the building of her railways—they are, of course, closely interrelated—has a bigger value than mere expansion for profit. The application is both internal and external. China, as most people know, is not one country but a group of countries, each with a different dialect. Despite the common heredity of race and creed there are violent antagonisms between the provinces; hence the difficulty in unification and the almost continuous civil strife. Link these immense provinces with railways and make them commercially productive—the surface of resource has scarcely been scratched—and you make them prosperous and therefore harmonious. Nothing so irks human nature as poverty. Up to the present time there have been three mouths for every two bowls of rice in China. Industrialization, with all its aids to health, income and happiness, will help to eliminate famines because distress in the remote interior is not so often due to lack of food as to lack of the facilities with which to transport it. So much for the internal aspect.

In a larger sense an industrially developed China means stabilization for the whole of Asia. In this series I have frequently pointed out the social danger—it is really a universal menace—resulting from the pressure of growing populations upon stationary food supply. Japan presents the best—or, rather, worst—illustration. She must reach out for new sources of sustenance, and China offers the most available field for both food and employment. The Japanese are already taking advantage of it. Since the new bulwarks about China prevent nationalistic penetration, there must eventually develop between these two nations which hold the balance of economic and political peace in the Far East a unity and amity of interests born of that irresistible thing, self-preservation. Thus the industrialization of China really represents a phase of world policy which must enter into any consideration of the international problem today.



*A Few Americans Have Read About the Picturesque Canals of China, But Still Fewer Know About the Railways. In the Oval—H. Y. Moh*

The Washington Conference was not necessary to draw attention to the fact that the center of political and economic gravity has shifted to the Pacific. European complications—and most of them are born of bigoted nationalism—have become a familiar nuisance. Each succeeding crisis is merely a rehash of the previous one; and despite the epidemic of conferences—there have been fourteen since the Versailles peace gathering—no constructive advance is registered. Besides, European sources of raw materials, production and markets have almost reached their limit. Distribution must blaze a fresh path.

This is why China, with her vast commercial potentialities, becomes such a vital factor in the struggle for existence. Yet up to the time of the Washington Conference her desire for development met obstacles at almost every turn.

With extraterritoriality restraining her sovereignty, and the jealousy of foreign powers impeding railway and other construction, she was caught between those familiar millstones, because graft and maladministration completed the otherwise fairly successful work of prevention. As soon as she turned to industrialization she met with more trouble, for nations like Japan, who must use her as a dumping ground for surplus products, have opposed her incipient industry, since it robbed them of a market.

Happily, that danger seems to be removed. Japan realizes that it is good business for her to conciliate and develop China as a Chinese entity. Moreover, China can compete with Japan in various industries, including toys, porcelains and textiles. The Chinese are particularly adapted to spinning and weaving. In iron, coal, leather, felt, matches, glassware and hosiery, China can in time easily outstrip Japan. In many of these products she has almost entirely displaced Japanese goods in her home markets.

China has many advantages over Japan when it comes to industrialization. For one thing, she has the natural resources, especially coal and iron, that her neighbor lacks in any quantity. She also produces a big cotton crop, while every pound of the fleecy staple that goes through a Japanese mill must be imported. In the second place, Chinese labor is much cheaper than Japanese, because the cost of living is lower. In China currency is not inflated, whereas Japan is flooded with paper money. At this point comes what seems to be a curious paradox. Though the Chinese Government is chronically bankrupt the people themselves are prosperous. Nor must it be forgotten that for every male worker in Japan there are at least five in China. Whereas the Japanese laborer undereats and outlasts the average Anglo-Saxon in toil, the Chinese bests the Nipponese, for he can live on less and produce more.

### *China's Advantages*

ALTHOUGH Japan leads China in engineering skill, once the Chinese strike their stride in industrialization they will surpass the Japanese. The Celestial is infinitely more thorough in everything he does, and is a better natural mechanic. I can illustrate with the case of a motor car. In Japan the average life of an automobile is about two years. This is partly due to bad roads, but primarily to the fact that the Japanese do not know how to take care of machinery of any kind. In China, where the roads are almost as bad, a motor lasts longer. The same applies to practically all factory equipment. A Chinaman learns to love the wheels he tends, while the Japanese has an insatiate curiosity about them that is often ruinous. He likes to take machines apart and then has difficulty in reassembling them.

One big possibility in Chinese industrialization is that China may become a second Germany in cheapness and quantity of output. The Japanese have not yet learned the real meaning of mass production save in the family line. The Chinese, on the other hand, seem to be able to lend themselves to large duplication of products, which in the end is the one best agency for supremacy in industry.

When you compare Japan's extraordinary rise from isolation with China's slow industrialism you get a striking contrast. But many factors must be considered. Japan has a congested population of 60,000,000 in an area about the size of California, whereas China has her 400,000,000 scattered over more than 4,000,000 square miles of territory, which is one-sixth greater than the extent of the whole United States.

Over one-half the population of China lives in the great valley of the Yang-tse -the Yang-tse is the Mississippi of the country—while more than two-thirds of the people are jammed into one-third of the area along the waterways and the coast lines of the south and east. Thus, half of China is not only sparsely settled but really needs colonization. This half leads into the vast stretches of Central Asia and forms one of the gateways to Siberia.

Geography has been only one handicap to industrialization. Until a comparatively recent time—China's first foreign loan was not negotiated until 1895—there was a strong prejudice against the foreigner and his wares

This is one reason why railway construction was delayed. An amusing incident occurred in connection with pioneer steam land transport in China. In 1875 an English firm got a contract to build what was to be an improved road from Shanghai to Woosung. Woosung is at the mouth of the Yang-tse River. After a mile of track had been laid a tiny locomotive was run over it. It was the first railway trip in China. The local Chinese ranking official protested, on the ground that his idea of an improved road was an ordinary highway. All arguments in China last a long time, and meanwhile track-laying continued and the road was opened to the public. Within a month a Chinese was struck by a locomotive, and killed. So intense was the popular indignation that the contract was nullified, the tracks torn up, and all the rolling stock was shipped to Formosa, where it was left to rust on the beach. The original station building at Shanghai was torn down and a temple to the Queen of Heaven erected on the site, as a propitiation to the gods.

### *Progress In Organized Production*

A MORE recent and little-known evidence of the Chinese attitude in this matter happened in 1898, when the chief engineer of what is now the Peking-Mukden Railway was formally summoned to the Peking Tsung Li Yamen, which then corresponded to the Foreign Office. Quite solemnly he was told that it had come to the ears of the Central Government that various Chinese engineers employed on the railway had settled private grudges by running their trains through the houses of their enemies and destroying them. They were commanded to have every train thereafter preceded by a man riding on a donkey and carrying a red flag. "Thus," said the wise men, "the unsuspecting will be warned."

Remember, too, that the Boxer uprising, which was the last organized protest against the foreign devil, was as recent as 1900, and China is paying a terrific price for that folly. The Boxer indemnity was the first of the many monetary ills that have made China the real sick financial man of the world. China has also lacked foreign agencies with which to push her trade and there have been shortage of transport and a corresponding deficiency in purchasing power.

The old inadequacies are now being wiped out and a new era of manufacture and merchandising has come. A few years ago the Chinese corporation was practically unknown. Today there are hundreds, ranging from tobacco and cotton factories to modern department stores that hum with varied activities by day and blaze like sections of the Great White Way at night. One of the largest chains of stores was started by a man whose first money was earned as a coolie on the streets of Shanghai. Thus the element of self-made success is not lacking in this drama of Chinese development.

The average person hardly associates the chamber-of-commerce idea with the Chinese. He is more apt to regard the tong, or secret society, as the favorite agency for coöperation. Yet you cannot go to any community of consequence in China without finding a chamber of commerce. It serves a double purpose, for in addition to being a trade accelerator it is also a political center. The president of such a body, therefore, wields a powerful influence.

When I went to Hang-chau it was at the invitation of the local chamber, extended through the American Chamber of Commerce of Shanghai. I was met at the station by a delegation whose spokesman made a speech of welcome that would have held its own with the boost oratory of the most accomplished American commercial-club rooter. At Hang-chau, as in a dozen other big cities, a commercial museum is maintained by the chamber of commerce, to exhibit what China produces and to find out just what she needs. It is one of the many evidences of industrial uplift.

The scope of Chinese economic resources is so enormous that it is difficult to know where to start an appraisal of them. One can only let a few well-launched activities indicate the possibilities, once the yellow giantess really begins to capitalize her strength. The expansion of the cotton-spinning industry will best illustrate China's progress in organized production.

To understand the significance of textile manufacture in China you must know that with the exception of the well-to-do, who usually wear silk, cotton constitutes the apparel of every Chinese. Most of it is dyed with indigo. This is the reason why the country is so often called the land of the blue gown. The late Wu Ting Fang once said, "If one could succeed in adding an inch to the shirt tail of every Chinese he would keep the cotton mills of the world busy for years supplying the increased demand."

Hence what is technically known as piece goods, which is cotton cloth, is the great staple of commerce in the Far East. It applies to India to almost the same degree as it does to China. When Ghandi, for example, ordered the boycott on imported cloths it was a severe blow to the Manchester manufacturers.

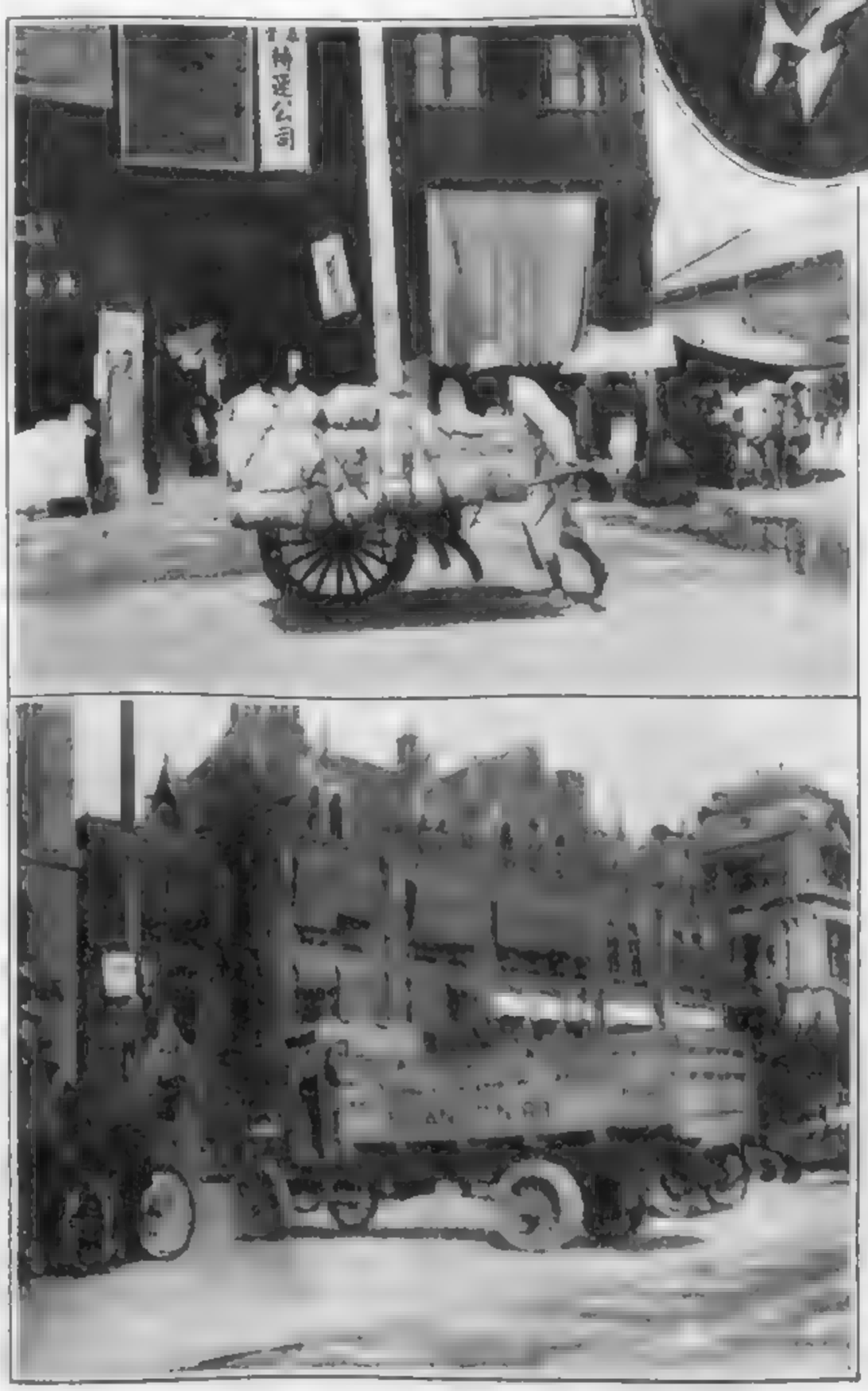
In her cotton industry China has one advantage in that she grows a large part of the raw product. In normal years the crop ranges from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 bales. The native cotton is a hardy, short, kinky staple and not good enough to meet the needs for the better yarn. It has been proved, however, that China can grow American cotton of excellent quality and long staple. The Chinese Cotton Mill Owners' Association, which is the most powerful, perhaps, of all the industrial groups, is dedicating itself to more and better cotton. An American cotton-growing expert is now a part of the personnel of Nanking University, and experiments are being made with American seed throughout all the cotton-growing areas. America's biggest rival for raw cotton in the China field is India. Last year we shipped 142,000 bales into Shanghai, which is the cotton-spinning center, while India sent 300,000 bales.

The fact that the number of spindles in Chinese cotton mills has grown from 841,894 to 3,165,546 on April first of this year is an indication of the strides made. Two-thirds of these spindles are operated in Chinese mills built with Chinese capital under Chinese management with Chinese labor, working, in the main, with Chinese raw material and disposing of the products in Chinese markets

Despite the advance registered the Chinese textile output does not begin to meet the home demand. This is shown in the fact that during 1920 the country had to import nearly $300,000,000 Mexican, of cotton cloth, and more than half that value in cotton yarn. During this period China exported a fair amount of yarn, cloth and cotton goods. In commenting on these figures, Julean Arnold, for many years commercial attaché of the American Embassy at Peking, and one of the soundest experts on Far Eastern economics, made this interesting comment:

"It is apparent from these figures that it will be a long time before China is able even to supply its domestic needs. It must also be borne in mind that while striving to meet these demands the price of labor in China will increase, as is already evident, and with the advance in labor costs the purchasing power of the laborers will improve, resulting in heavier demands from the masses for cotton goods. Those who now wear little or nothing during the summer will have the means to keep clothed. Those who now wear patches upon patches will decide, with a better purchasing power, to wear fewer patches. Those content with one or two suits of clothes a year will, with more ready cash, find their pride calling for two, three and four suits a year. Thus, it is more likely that with the developments in the cotton manufacturing industry of China, the demands for cotton goods will for many years exceed the ability of the people to meet them."

*That Goods Should be Carted About Shanghai in Wheelbarrows is Expected, But it is a Surprise to Learn That Motor Trucks are Taking Their Place to a Measurable Degree. In the Oval—C. C. Nieh*



Even with wages the inevitable has already begun to happen in China. Although the country is still the last stronghold of cheap labor the pay of cotton-mill employes, who outnumber those in any other industry, has increased. As recently as 1920 the women received only 25 cents a day Mexican, which is 12½ cents in American money. They now get 40 cents a day Mexican. The male wage is approximately twice that of the female, all things considered. This increase is, of course, due to the rise in the price of rice, which is the barometer of living conditions in both China and Japan. In 1920 a picul of rice cost $8. A picul is 133⅓ pounds and will feed five Chinese for a whole month. The price today is from $11.50 to $12 a picul. The Chinese are not quite so fastidious as the Japanese, who will eat only the native product. One of the forms of punishment in Japan is to feed jail prisoners with imported rice.

### *The Chinese Manchester*

A PICTURESQUE detail of the Chinese cotton-spinning industry is that there are still hundreds of thousands of hand looms operated by women and children in the homes.

Here you have an activity that parallels the famous toy production in the German Black Forest country, where every member of the household contributes to the industrial output. The Chinese, like the Germans, are thrifty and industrious. This application, as it might be called, is one of the bulwarks of industry.

Far more diverting than these statistical details is the human element in Chinese cotton spinning. Shanghai is the Manchester of the republic, and here you find the cotton magnates who can hold their own with the big business men of any other country. Conspicuous among them is C. C. Nieh, who is one of the most interesting personalities that I met in China. As mill organizer, educationalist and philanthropist he is an outstanding figure. Years ago he read some of Count Tolstoy's books in English and was so much impressed that he translated them into Chinese. From that time the great Russian thinker was his guide and preceptor. Nieh's extensive adventures in altruism have been entirely due to the Russian's influence. Thus, in Nieh you find that curious and somewhat unexpected Oriental phenomenon expressed in the combination of hard business sense and practical idealism.

*Continued on Page 116*

# THE SELF-MADE WIFE

## By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

IV

A WEEK had gone by, and the situation in the Godwin household remained unchanged. The affairs of the house ran as if on oiled wheels under the capable direction of Elena. The children had become accustomed to their nurse and governess, and even seemed to enjoy the order and discipline that had come into their hitherto untrained lives. But Corrie had not changed. Silently and sullenly she offered an inflexible armor of resistance to her husband and to Elena.

She had ceased to struggle openly, to make scenes. Without a word of protest she now allowed Elena to direct her household. But she had not altered her personal life in the slightest degree. Nightly in her plain dark dress she confronted Tim in his dinner jacket and Elena in her beautiful gowns across the gleaming dinner table, answering with monosyllables their attempts at conversation. Each morning, dressed in a fresh, stiffly starched gingham of ancient design, with her lovely hair strained back severely, Corrie kissed Tim good-by with cold, stiff lips.

Tim had neither expected Corrie to give up the struggle easily nor to show such indomitable, silent resistance. And he realized that, although he had enforced his will in all material things, Corrie was the victor mentally. It was as if she had retired to some inner fastness, biding her time, looking out at him with veiled, hostile eyes. And again he felt desperately baffled and helpless before the woman whom he should have known so well but whom he did not now understand at all.

Her mind was utterly closed to him. He could not get at her at all. She would not talk to him of herself—perhaps could not. And yet, how had the change come about? Once they had been extraordinarily close, capable of reading each other's thoughts before they were uttered, ready to laugh or cry together. There had been a time when trouble like this—trouble made up only of trifles, after all—could so easily have been explained away, mended, forgotten.

Tim tried to turn back, to retrace the steps by which they had come to the present inexplicable state of affairs, but he could not. He had been too busy, his life too full. Footprints were obliterated in the quickly shifting sands of his fortunes.

A wall had been built up between them, but it had been built of such little stones that each was like the other, and all were indistinguishable from the mass.

On Sunday Elena had tactfully disappeared for the whole day; but her absence brought Corrie and Tim to no better understanding, for Corrie deliberately avoided him. In the morning she took the children to Sunday school and then to church. And when Tim proposed going out in the car that afternoon, Corrie declined and drove away with the children in their pony cart.

Tim reflected that among all their new possessions the rather infantile pony cart was the only one that Corrie seemed to enjoy. She liked the authority of driving, and her air was triumphant as she successfully carried away the children from their nurse and governess and—from Tim. It was mean of Corrie to deprive him of the children on the one day in which he could play with them.

When they returned, late in the afternoon, Corrie looked happy and refreshed. The children were untidy, their arms full of wild flowers and weeds. Little Corrie was sleepy and clung to her mother when Tim tried to lift her out of the cart. And the boys ran upstairs to their supper with hardly a careless word flung to him.

Tim felt like a stranger left out in the cold, excluded from the intimacies of family life. And suddenly he remembered a very different time—remembered it with a sharp pang.

*"This is the Hour of Confidences, You Know," She Said. "Twilight is a Very Lovely But a Very Dangerous Time"*

In those days, as soon as he turned the corner he would look up eagerly to a certain window in an ugly apartment building, and he was always sure to see two little heads bobbing there, eager hands waving to him. He would hurry, his arms full of bundles, run up four flights of stairs, two steps at a bound. His own door was open. His boys were out on the landing, flinging themselves on him, strangling him with caresses. Through the dingy halls the odors of dinner, through the thin walls the cries of other children. It had seemed ugly and sordid to him at the time. Only the tumultuous welcome of his own children had made it bearable. Now he was looking back to it—actually with regret!

Corrie had gone upstairs with the children. Tim knew that she would not come down again until suppertime. He realized now that she did not intend to discuss their problem or to help him solve it. She would go on in her implacable, silent antagonism until finally Elena Vincent would have to go away and Corrie could resume control of the household. She had chosen the most effective weapon in woman's armory—passivity, woman's greatest charm, greatest weakness, greatest strength.

Mingled with Tim's anger was a curious respect for Corrie's cleverness. He had not credited her with so much perspicacity. But perhaps, after all, she had not deliberately chosen her plan of procedure, but was only acting instinctively. For Tim knew that most of his wife's reactions were instinctive—that she thought with her feminine nature rather than with her brain.

A silent supper. Afterward Corrie turned the pages of a magazine, soon said she was tired and went upstairs.

Tim walked restlessly back and forth on the stone-flagged terrace. A black sky, with low-hanging, hurrying clouds. A chilly sweet wind, bearing the clean odors of beeches, daffodils, early violets. Soon the lilacs would bloom. He dreaded the thought of long warm days, full luscious odors, the intoxication of the sun. For his life stretched out bleak and bare like a field of sedge that the frost has withered. What fool had said that love was of man's life a thing apart? It was the flame within the paper lantern of his life! The painted figures of success were black on gray without it.

Suddenly Tim remembered something and looked at his watch. He had not heard the motor go out, and it was almost time for the arrival of Miss Vincent's train from New York. He telephoned to the garage.

"Why haven't you started for the train, Lawrence?"

"Starting now, sir."

"You can't make it on time now! The train's due in ten minutes."

"New York train, sir?"

"Yes, that's what I mean."

"Yes, sir. But Miss Vincent went to Rosedale Manor. And the train she told me to meet don't come in for half an hour."

Elena had told Tim that she was going in to New York. It was really no business of his where Miss Vincent spent Sunday, of course—but why had she told him one thing and the chauffeur another?

"Any further orders, sir?" the chauffeur's voice asked over the telephone.

Tim had a wild desire to answer, "Yes, wait! I'll go along." But instead he replied quietly, "No, go ahead."

And he went upstairs to his books. But they had lost their opiate power. His mind would not turn from Elena. She was as puzzling as Corrie.

Why had she made a secret of going to Rosedale Manor today? Why, for that matter, had she stopped on her way to Rosedale Manor a week ago, and gotten off the train with him? Of course he had urged, almost forced her to do it. But he had never gotten over his surprise at her acquiescence. And her cool indifference toward the person who was to have been her employer at Rosedale Manor was amazing. He had offered to telegraph some excuse that night, but Elena had replied that it wasn't necessary. The next day she had gone to Rosedale Manor, so she informed him, and had made everything all right. Apparently she accepted and declined situations with equal nonchalance. Tim attributed this to her lack of experience in business matters; as he did also her refusal to discuss the price of her services in his household. But it was strange that a girl who must earn her own living had so many beautiful clothes.

Every day Elena appeared in different dresses, hats, wraps and shoes. Often she wore jewels, although they of course might be heirlooms.

Tim wondered what her life had been. Their worlds were so far apart. He could hardly imagine her life. When he was a boy in the coal mines, what was Elena doing? Learning French from the nuns, spending the winter in Italy with an English governess?

He wondered if she had ever been in love. Men had loved her, of course. The thought disturbed him vaguely. He wished that her life were a book, that he could read slowly page by page.

V

ON MONDAY morning Corrie omitted even her frosty kiss of farewell, pretending to forget it in absorbed contemplation of a window box full of hyacinths which had just come into bloom.

"Good-by, Corrie," Tim said in a dry voice.

"Oh, good-by," she replied carelessly.

As soon as he had gone she went straight up to her room and locked the door.

Tim had often wondered how Corrie spent her days what she could possibly do with herself in all the time between that chilly kiss in the morning and the few hours of sullen silence in the evening which were all that he now knew of her. He would have been amazed indeed had he known that Corrie, in her own feminine way, and perhaps more successfully than he, was doing what he had attempted -counting the stones in a wall.

Corrie had locked her door. Hats and dresses covered her bed, but still she dragged things out from boxes and closets and drawers, uncovering clothes that had been worn but once and laid aside, examining all the varied mistakes of her wardrobe.

Like all American women, Corrie had always expected to be rich. She and Tim used to plan for that day as they sat in their kitchen, the only warm room in the flat. And Corrie thought that she longed for the time to come. Then the years had pressed her down into a groove; and when the time came she was only dismayed. But even Tim was not so surprised at her unhappiness as she was herself.

"Now we can get out of this hole!" Tim had exclaimed, looking around contemptuously at the poor cheap things in their little four-room flat.

And Corrie had been hurt. Often she had called the flat ugly, wished to burst out of its cramping walls, stormed against the wabbly table, the cracked dishes, the inadequacy of the hot-water supply. But it had been their home. She had tried to make it home. Many nights, after she was half dead for sleep, she had sat up to embroider the table cover with red poppies; and she had gilded the little whatnot made of spools as a surprise for Tim on one of his birthdays.

"Give all that junk to the neighbors," Tim had said.

This was the first hat she had bought—a large black satin hat with a light blue willow plume.

Tim had told her that they were going to New York to live in a hotel until he could find a house for them. And Corrie had thought this hat quite elegant enough for any hotel. It had cost fifteen dollars and eighty-five cents, and she had bought it at a shop in the neighborhood of their flat, from a little milliner who was supporting her mother. Corrie knew them both, and though they were not a bit envious of her good fortune they were much too proud to accept a gift. So Corrie bought the most expensive hat in the shop.

The milliner was grateful, and offered to help Corrie select a dress. And Corrie accepted her assistance thankfully, for it had been so many years since she had needed anything but bungalow aprons, and one dark suit every two years for church. And now she wanted something stylish, to please Tim.

Corrie and the milliner selected a taffeta dress of that shade of blue which is beloved of country brides, and which hardly any woman in the world can wear with impunity. But Corrie's milky skin was proof against even that abominable color, and she really looked very pretty in the dress, which had three ruffles on the skirt, and a bolero jacket with a net guimpe.

Corrie, who had not had a new dress since little Tim was born, was quite dazzled at the effect. She seemed to be looking at a radiant and fashionable stranger in the mirror. And she felt almost ashamed to go out on the street in such a strikingly beautiful costume. She was sure that everyone was looking at her, and she felt both proud and a little daring and improper. The mother of three children, to be stared at so on the street! She stumbled a little in her new shoes of gray suede with gray stockings. Silk stockings! The first she had had since her marriage. She had quite forgotten the delicious feeling of silk. The only thing that marred her enjoyment was the dreadful thought that with so much walking the stockings would certainly get holes in the toes. So she treated the milliner to a ride in a cab, feeling both the thrill of wicked extravagance and the exquisite pleasure of giving pleasure.

Corrie let the dress fall from her hand. It had been wrong, of course!

Smiling, blushing a little, she had presented herself before Tim, and he had exclaimed: "You aren't going to wear that get-up on the train, are you, Corrie?"

Then for the first time Corrie had noticed how Tim had changed.

As his position had improved, Tim had been forced to improve his dress. Corrie had not resented the fact that Tim had three or four new suits a year, and plenty of clean shirts, and presentable shoes. She realized that a good appearance was a necessary part of his getting ahead. And it had been her own suggestion that they should not raise their standard of living with the increase in Tim's salary, but should save the surplus. So it was not Tim's fault that his wife and children had been shabby while he presented a prosperous appearance.

But now for the first time Corrie saw how far ahead of them he had gone; and how the slight changes, scarcely noticeable from day to day, had gradually accumulated until now she found herself beside a stranger. A prosperous, well-dressed, self-assured stranger, used to travel, to people, to shops and hotels and all the things that terrified Corrie—who had spent nine years in the solitary confinement of home.

And Tim was ashamed of her! Ashamed of the children, too, although Tim Junior wore a new suit and a checked cap with a large peak, the kind he had always wanted; and little Corrie had a red coat and red cap edged with white fur, and a small white muff; and James possessed entirely new underwear, the first union suit he had ever had that wasn't a hand-me-down from Tim Junior, and a soldier suit and khaki trench cap.

Tim was ashamed of them. He tried not to show it, but Corrie knew. She knew from the way he hustled them into the drawing-room on the train, from his impatience to get a taxi at the Pennsylvania Station, and the way he pushed them into a side entrance at the Waldron, and his defiant glances at the other people in the elevator.

He tried to be jolly, once they were in their rooms.

"A suite at the Waldron!" he cried. "How's that, Corrie? Just like one of your novels you're so fond of. Don't the duchesses always stop at the Waldron, eh?"

The children were running from room to room, examining everything with shouts of surprise. "Mommer! Here's a great big bathtub way down in the floor!"

"Oh, mommy, it's a thing you can punch, and tooth paste comes out! Gimme a quarter, mommy. It says a quarter."

"Ice water! You push this, an' ice water comes out! Ice water, mommer, ice water."

"Six, seven, eight, nine, ten towels! Ten towels, mommy. Ten towels!"

"Oo, look! Look! We're way up high. Looky down there! Looky way down there! I never was up so high! Oo! Oo, look! Look! If you was to fall!"

"Get away from there, James, or I'll tell mommer. Look! Look at this, James. Looky here. You open the closet door an' the light comes on. Bing! You shut the door an' the light goes off. Bing! All right, wait a minute. You can do it, but wait a minute. Bing! Wait a min-ut, can't you? Wait—a—min-ut. Bing!"

"Well, Corrie, how do you like it?"

She drooped on the bed, feeling sick and strange. "I'm tired, Tim," she quavered, very close to tears. "What with shoppin' an' the trip an' all."

He turned on his heel. "Well! If that's all the thanks I get!" he exclaimed in a tone of sharp annoyance. "I thought you'd be crazy about this big fine place. You act as if you'd seen it every day."

Of course he was angry. She had been a little fool. But—if he had only taken her in his arms!

The Tim she had once known would have taken her in his arms. She could have told him how strange and lonely she felt, asked him to help her. She desperately needed help; was as bewildered as a canary loosed from its cage into a crowded city street. She was afraid of this new world—of people, and things, and of money; yes, and of this stranger, this strange, well-dressed man.

How long since she had told Tim anything! Confidences, even conversation between them, had ceased. Nothing to talk about but the price of butter and shoes. Tim had been away, more and more, came home more and more tired and self-absorbed.

How long since they had talked in each other's arms! Suddenly, wildly, chokingly, she wanted the boy from the coal mines—big, red-handed Tim, with his scrubbed face and his awkward Sunday clothes—the Tim her folks had laughed at, the Tim she had loved. When they were first married they had taken a little cabin away from the town, on a hill. No one else had wanted it, because it was so far away. But they had wanted to be far away from the town, from the world. . . .

"Good Lord! Crying!" Tim exclaimed. "What on earth are you crying about? This is the happiest day we've ever known—and then you cry! Good Lord!"

"I—I'll wash my face," she stammered, very much ashamed.

That week in New York! The woman who had giggled as Corrie tripped over the train of her first evening dress. The waiter who had watched her eat asparagus.

Continued on Page 98

"Well, Finish Your Story if You're So Bent on It," Corrie Said. "But be Ready to Go in About Ten Minutes"

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## Who Does Your Thinking for You?

LOTHROP STODDARD'S significant book, The Revolt Against Civilization, though published a scant half year ago, has already created an international sensation and has been translated into several European languages. The reason why this book has attracted such an extraordinary amount of attention is not far to seek. It is, so far as we know, the first successful attempt to present a scientific explanation of the worldwide epidemic of unrest that broke out during the Great War and still rages in both hemispheres. Doctor Stoddard's argument is based upon biology rather than ingenious surmise and finespun theory. He does not, for example, follow the stereotyped precedent of the great majority of writers who tell us that Russia's red eruption is a flare-up of the embers of the French Revolution. He aims, rather, to show that bolshevism and all its brood, by whatever names they may be called, have their rise in men and women who are diseased in mind or body, usually in both, creatures of inferior heredity, who fall out of civilization's line of march because the pace is too swift for them and the discipline too rigorous to be supported by their degenerate natures.

Doctor Stoddard quotes a passage from a forgotten magazine article by Max Nordau, of Paris, whose book, Degeneracy, was the talk of two worlds some years ago.

Says Nordau: "Besides the extreme forms of degeneracy there are milder forms, more or less inconspicuous, not to be diagnosed at a first glance. These, however, are the most dangerous for the community, because their destructive influence only gradually makes itself felt; we are not on our guard against it; indeed, in many cases, we do not recognize it as the real cause of the evils it conjures up—evils whose serious importance no one can doubt. . . .

"When these half-fools, as often happens, speak an excited language—when their imagination, unbridled by logic or understanding, supplies them with odd, startling fancies and surprising associations and images—their writings make a strong impression on unwary readers, and readily gain a decisive influence on thought in the cultivated circles of their time.

"Of course, well-balanced persons are not thereby changed into practicing disciples of these morbid cults. But the preachings of these mattoids are favorable to the development of similar dispositions in others; serve to *polarize*, in their own sense, tendencies of hitherto uncertain drift, and give thousands the courage openly, impudently, boastfully, to confess and act in accordance with convictions which, but for these theorists with their noise and the flash of their tinsel language, they would have felt to be absurd or infamous, which they would have concealed with shame; which in any case would have remained monsters known only to themselves and imprisoned in the lowest depths of their consciousness.

"So, through the influence of the teachings of degenerate half-fools, conditions arise which do not, like the cases of insanity and crime, admit of expression in figures, but can nevertheless in the end be defined through their political and social effects. We gradually observe a general loosening of morality, a disappearance of logic from thought and action, a morbid irritability and vacillation of public opinion, a relaxation of character. Offenses are treated with a frivolous or sentimental indulgence which encourages rascals of all kinds. People lose the power of moral indignation, and accustom themselves to despise it as something banal, unadvanced, inelegant and unintelligent. Deeds that would formerly have disqualified a man forever from public life are no longer an obstacle in his career, so that suspicious and tainted personalities find it possible to rise to responsible positions, sometimes to the control of national business. Sound common sense becomes more rarely and less worthily appreciated, more and more meanly rated. Nobody is shocked by the most absurd proposals, measures and fashions, and folly rules in legislation, administration, domestic and foreign politics. Every demagogue finds a following, every fool collects adherents, every event makes an impression beyond all measures, kindles ridiculous enthusiasm, spreads morbid consternation, leads to violent manifestations in one sense or the other and to official proceedings that are at least useless, often deplorable and dangerous. Everybody harps upon his 'rights' and rebels against every limitation of his arbitrary desires by law or custom. Everybody tries to escape from the compulsion of discipline and to shake off the burden of duty."

Professor Nordau published these paragraphs in 1912, but they are even more timely today than when they were written. They are a trustworthy key and codebook to the underlying mysteries of bolshevism, syndicalism, the Age of Jazz, the silly season in politics and the devastating epidemic of fool ideas through which we are now passing. All these phenomena are simply the reflection of individuals inferior or diseased in brain or body, great masses whose clouded minds are incapable of clear thinking, whose moral flabbiness renders the imposition of self-discipline impossible.

## Not Too Safe

CAPTAIN CAMPBELL, V. C., Royal Navy, hero of mystery ships, used to put in his night order book as a closing admonition, "Safety last."

Time and again Captain Campbell took a chance and came through, while the cautious took their caution down to Davy Jones' locker.

America was discovered because Christopher Columbus dared to jump across the sky line. The restless and audacious enterprise which advanced the frontiers of American business was but a carrying on of the explorer and the pioneer.

The sheltered-life theory means either premature demises or an oversupply of weaklings. The street that breeds strong men is not Easy Street. Danger and risk are as essential in molding strength as air and food are.

An old railroad construction engineer was sitting in a club recently, watching regretfully a group of young men playing poker. He bore such a grieved aspect that one expected to hear him open up with a holiness lecture on gambling.

Instead he burst forth: "What are we comin' to anyway? I remember when we used to play with ten thousand head of steer in the jackpot. Now these fellows haven't got nerve enough to play for car fare. They used to have lions and tigers in the woods when I was a boy. Now they've got nothing but chipmunks."

America would do well at this moment to call back something of the devil-may-care bravado of her cattle kings and her clipper captains. They were strong men with strong vices, but also with strong virtues; pungent characters in a pungent age.

The life of Sir William Van Horne is a great sermon on the text "Safety last." Donald Smith and his colleagues had a vision of clamping all British North America with an iron band. They came to Minneapolis to consult with James J. Hill.

"You need," said Hill, "a man of great mental and physical power to carry the line through. Van Horne can do it."

From the first the scheme was problematical. The railway man who undertook it was risking his career. Van Horne had before him an assured success in the United States, but as a friend put it, "He went off chasing rabbits into the wilderness." The task which called him was the execution of the greatest railway project in the world. The natural obstacles to be overcome were unparalleled. Undaunted he turned his back on the easy places and ventured forth.

Said one of his engineers, "He always acted as if nothing were impossible. He was not always right. He was the kind that would go out on the side of a mountain and say 'Blow that down.' He would not ask if it could be done. He would say 'Do it!' Sometimes the thing was impossible under ordinary circumstances, but he had such luck. Some accident or other would happen so the thing could be blown up or torn down without any harm. His luck, his daring and his fearlessness just carried him through." Or, to put it more truly, pluck carried him through.

Physical obstacles were the least of the opposition met by Van Horne and his colleagues. "On one fateful day in July," writes Professor Skelton, "when the final passage of the bill was being tensely awaited, the Canadian Pacific, which can borrow fifty millions any day before breakfast, was within three hours of bankruptcy, for lack of a few hundred thousand dollars."

Optimism is a nice word, but right now pluck is a thousand times more what we are needing. Amid the softness of today we need more stoutness of heart. There is a Gaelic phrase, "*Sioul fear ferrail*," which means "the sons of manly men." On the floor of the stock exchange, on the floor of the reeking foundry, wherever there is hesitation there is a call for the sons of manly men, a call for those who are possessed of that good old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon virtue of pluck.

## Refining Sugar for Europeans

THREE features of the sugar situation in the United States during the last fiscal year are deserving of more than passing notice. The rising price suggests that the widely feared overextension of production of cane sugar was exaggerated. The figures of deliveries of refined sugar to the trade during the first six months of this year indicate a high record of consumption, even when full allowance is made for the restocking of depleted shelves of dealers. Finally, the huge export of refined sugar was a somewhat unexpected development.

The last fiscal year witnessed the export of a round million short tons of refined sugar. The United Kingdom was the largest taker, with France second. Germany took some fifty thousand tons. This sugar is not of domestic origin; it is refined sugar made from the imported raw sugar—really sugar refined on toll for foreign countries. Western Europe used to buy refined beet sugar from the Central European countries and raw sugar cane from Cuba and other tropical islands.

The Central European countries, apart from Czecho-Slovakia, are not at present exporters of sugar; indeed they are not able to cover their own needs. Therefore Western Europe must import more largely from overseas. This sugar is mainly raw, and as their refining capacity is not equal to the demands, they import from us refined. In a word, Western Europe imports refined Cuban sugar from us, in part, instead of raw Cuban sugar direct. Efficient American merchandising has also a part in the transaction. That American capital and labor receive employment in the transaction is not the least of the desirable features of the situation.

# A DAY'S MARKETING

By WILL PAYNE

NOT a great while ago I read a statement that startled me. Now I like to be startled. Everybody does. Ruthless reformers may take Jack the Giant Killer away from helpless infants, but never from able-bodied adults. Only yesterday—that morning's strike headlines having been listlessly commented upon—a lady punctured the lull by inquiring with bated breath, "Are we going to have civil war?" Instantly the company brightened up. There was quite a kick—however transient—in the idea.

But long experience has led me to the melancholy discovery that very often statements are startling in inverse ratio to the truth they contain—just as the reaction derived from a given potation is in direct ratio to its alcoholic content. So whenever a statement startles you a safe rule is to subject it to a Volstead test. I recommend that course especially to the young because the consumption of startling statements is insidiously progressive, like drink. Our nerves respond less and less readily; stronger and stronger doses are required to get the same result.

## *High Wages, High Prices*

THUS you may begin quite innocently by swallowing without analysis mere lager-beer statements—say, like those that are found in the platform of every political party. But if you get the habit, mere beer soon wears out. You go on and on to heavy wine, diluted whisky, raw gin, home-brew—until you finally settle down into a sort of chronic delirium tremens, subscribing for the Red Flag and joining the Third Internationale. I have acquaintances who now swallow daily, with hardly the batting of an eye, statements that would put any novice under the table in two minutes. They haven't drawn an intellectually sober breath in years and are practically past hope. Analyze your statements, young man.

The particular statement in question was that out of the average dollar that a consumer spends for goods only thirty-seven cents goes to cover cost of producing the goods, the other sixty-three cents being absorbed in the course of distribution. Certainly the idea that when you lay down a dollar for goods at retail only about a third of that dollar goes to cover cost of producing the goods while nearly two-thirds goes for moving them from producer to you, is somewhat startling -especially just now when cost of living is once more a right lively subject.

Two years ago this fall, if you remember, you were congratulating yourself on one thing at least: After the skyrocket flight which began in 1915, prices were falling decisively. The following winter, spring and summer they continued to fall. There were some disagreeable consequences. If you were a farmer, merchant or manufacturer the fall in prices and slackened demand for goods very likely left you with a net balance in red ink to show for your year's work. Red was the fashionable color in 1921 profit-and-loss accounts. If you were a wage earner or an office man you might be out of employment. Incidentally a vast lot of paper war profits shriveled away, with an extensive dehorning of war millionaires.

All the same, nearly everybody drew one cheerful augury from the fall in prices. After a long, breathless and losing struggle with old Cost o' Living on the up grade it seemed that we were going to get him on a permanent down grade where we might reasonably hope to wallop him. A distinguished economist said that prices would continue to fall for twenty years.

But prices are not falling at present. In some lines they have been rising. Engaging in a minor building operation this summer I found that masons, carpenters, plasterers, plumbers and painters were rather hard to get at eight dollars a day for an eight-hour day. You cannot pay eight-dollar wages and have a general run of four-dollar prices on manufactured goods. Last July four hundred thousand railway shopmen struck rather than accept a moderate reduction in wages. Recently the Steel Corporation announced a 20 per cent advance in wages of common labor.

Only the other day Samuel Gompers declared that the reduction in wages from the peak, if spread over the whole wage-earning population, would amount to only 5 or 6 per cent. That statement accompanied a call to labor for last-ditch resistance to any further attempts at wage reduction. Looks as though the call would be heeded.

## *Paying for Needless Strikes*

PLENTY of engaging necromancers—mainly gentlemen whose personal knowledge of machinery is confined to the operation of a typewriter which somebody else oils and adjusts for them—will tell you how to effect a vast reduction in the price of manufactured goods without reducing wages. But in any sober discussion of the subject we must stick to the fact that the price of manufactured goods is mainly made up of raw material and wages; and if you want another big drop in raw materials ask the farmer who is the chief producer of them.

Of course here and there consumers' prices might be lower without reducing wages. For instance, three weeks ago, as a special favor, I got a ton of hard coal for the water heater. The price was sixteen dollars. I remember having heard it mentioned in Western Nebraska many years ago, as one of the disadvantages of living there, that hard coal was fourteen dollars a ton. That was two thousand miles from the coal fields. I could drive a truck from my house to the heart of the Pennsylvania anthracite fields in a day, and I paid sixteen dollars principally because miners had been on a strike since April. Paying for needless strikes is an item in cost of living that might conceivably be reduced.

(Continued on Page 124)

*A Foreigner's Impression of a Quiet Evening in an American Home as Formed by a Reading of Our Evening Papers*

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

*Supposing—That Henry Cabot Lodge Were Elected to Reform the Jazz Dancing in Our Country and Decided to Give a Public Demonstration of Æsthetic Dancing to Flappers*

## *Letters From a Self-Made Burglar to His Son*

MR. HOGAN, SR., discovers that his son is carrying on an affair of the heart with one of the season's débutantes.

May 16, 1922

*Dear Jack:* I knowed they was a moll in it somewhere when the old woman slips it to me as how you was nabbed. As the Eytalians say, Search the fems. Its human nature & so forth, Jack, to fall for a frail but dont let them go & make a sucker out of you. A lad your age ought to think of getting hooked soon & raise a family to grow up in the paths of rightfulness like his dad & his grandad.

I dont seem to remember this here Mollie Hartigan unless maybe she's old Beansy Hartigan's kid who the bulls croaked in that B. & Q. R. R. stick-up four years ago. If you can grab off a girl like your old woman, go to it, Jack, & she'll be a help to you in your perfession. But dont go & pull no bones like my old friend Moe Duffy done.

Moe was one of the smoothest con artists as ever hit the trail & knocking out his 200 per wk. regular like a bank president. One day he falls for a pasty-faced schoolteacher he meets, & she has the bracelets on him and drags him down to City Hall & they're spliced in less time than it takes to frisk a sailor. She says she done it to reform him & may I never crack another safe Jack if she dont. I meet Moe one day at Belmont Park where he's making book. He asks after the boys & what are they doing & when did I get out & all like that. Then he looks at me kinder sad like & says, "I'm doing a life stretch, Red, & nothing off for good behavior." Search the fems, Jack, search the fems.

Yrs. for the crime wave. DAD.

—*Newman Levy.*

## *Riding Backwards*

### *or The Making Good of William Guff*

FOREWORD

WHEN young men in my employ have come to me and said, "Mr. Guff, why don't you write the story of how you made good?" I have always replied "Tut, tut, boys," raised their salaries, and dismissed the matter from my mind. But when the same suggestion began to come from the advertising departments of several magazines I said to myself, "Well, these magazines must see something in it too!" And I know now that they did.

First of all, though, I want to repeat, what everyone already knows, that I have done nothing that other men could not do or, in fact, have not done. Except this: I know how to talk about it! And that, above all else, is what a man must know if he is to make good.

#### CHAPTER I

GUFF, THE BABE

OF MY babyhood I remember little. Neither did anyone else until I had made good, and then it was surprising how many people, applying to me for positions, recalled what a bright baby I was and how they had held me on their laps. But I do remember one day when I was just turned thirteen months. My parents—the customary Scotch, and even poorer than is usual in such cases—were watching me at play.

"How he grabs everything!" exclaimed my dear mother—God bless her! "Look, Angus,* he's standing on his own little feet!"

Never shall I forget my father's face. It was that kind of a face.

"Please God," he said solemnly, "he'll never let anyone else stand on them!"

And then and there I registered a childish vow to make good.

#### CHAPTER II

GUFF, THE BOY

OF MY boyhood I shall say little, not because it was uninteresting—for the mere fact of being uninteresting has never deterred me from talking about myself—but because making good had not yet become a reality to me. Yet the will to do—to be—was already stirring. My teachers suggested to my parents that my tonsils and adenoids be removed, little dreaming that the vacant look on my boyish face came from my striving after a vision that would help me to make good. For I knew from reading the autobiographies of famous men that I must have a vision—and have it before I was twelve years old or it would be too late! What vision could I have, I asked myself. You will notice, during this autobiography, that I have the habit of talking to myself. One of the greatest truths I learned in those boyhood days was that I should always be my own best listener.

And then, one bright Sunday morning, just the week before I was twelve, it came to me—the vision that started me making good!

*"Well, Boys, You are Brothers, I Suppose?" "No, Sir—Twins"*

#### CHAPTER III

MY VISION OF THE PRUNE

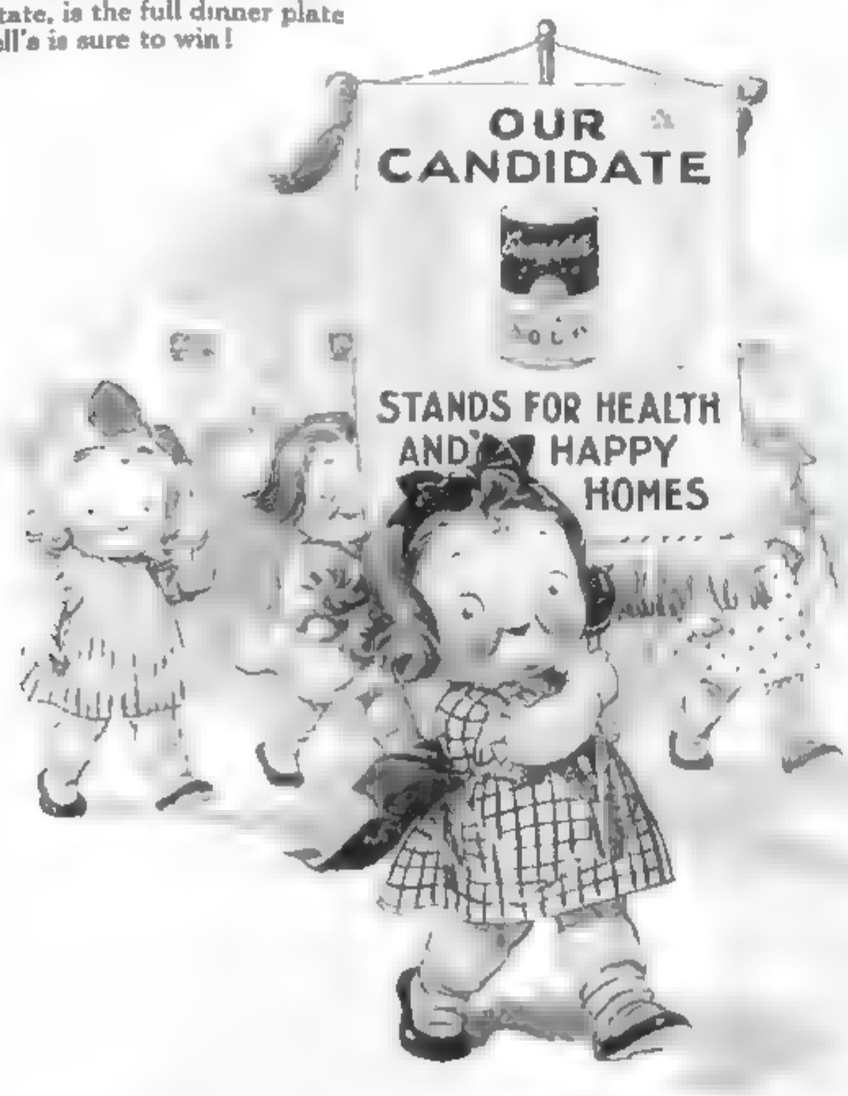
AS FAR back as I can remember we had always had prunes for

*Note: Angus was my father's Christian name. Our branch of the family came from Loch Lomond and are no relation to the Guffs of the Land o' the Leal

(Continued on Page 114)

GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—GOOD, HOT SOUP

We're the ladies aid in a big parade
Mid the shouting crowds and the din,
The issue, we state, is the full dinner plate
And Campbell's is sure to win!



# The Women's Vote

Stand in any grocery store for a few minutes and hear the other customers give their orders for soup. "Campbell's" is the name you'll hear practically every time—any day, anywhere. Order some Campbell's yourself and enjoy a delicious, hot plateful of

## Campbell's Tomato Soup

Campbell's famous chefs in the spotless Campbell's kitchens make this soup from their own exclusive recipe, with vine-ripened tomatoes, luscious and tempting. Golden butter is blended in the rich puree and delicate spices add their zest. "Real tomato soup," you will say, "and it will get my vote every time!"

**21 kinds** **12 cents a can**

**Wonderful Cream of Tomato in three minutes!**

Heat separately equal portions of Campbell's Tomato Soup and milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra rich, thick cream of Tomato.

# Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

# BACKBONE

## By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

XXI

JOHN THORNE rode over the mountain, and his pace was not that of a man who rides reluctantly into battle. The most friendly critic could not maintain with success that John was a debonair cavalier, but on this occasion he made a closer approach to that desirable characterization than ever before. For everyday uses John's face was habitually grave and, as has been said, almost heavy. But it was capable of higher tones. To borrow from the science of music, his face possessed a remarkable register, and could strike without cracking the notes from low C to high A. Today it quite overdid itself and reached successfully to A sharp

Restraint, restraint and more restraint had irked him for months past. Now for the first time he could take off his coat, roll up his sleeves, kick his heels together, and announce to the world that human flesh was his food and he liked it in large quantities. That was his mood. He was glad. Matters had reached, at last, a climax. The boil had come to a head.

He dismounted from his horse just before the road debouched upon the little tableland at the jaws of The Devil's Stairway, and proceeded cautiously to spy out the land. At his right was the unfinished dam, deserted now on this Sabbath afternoon. The sight of it gave John inward satisfaction, for it was a symbol—it represented his control of this magnificent valley with its munificent forest of virgin timber. That dam stood for something; it stood for the daring, the ability, the romance, the honor of a man, and that man was himself. It was visible evidence of his labors to redeem his pledged honor. Not a pledge to a living man, not a pledge made in words, but a finer more sacred pledge than that—one made in his heart and to his heart.

At his left the East Branch reached upward and away, gurgling, rushing, tumbling over its rocky bed—itself a pledge, a promise of energy to transport from rollways to mill the riches to be cut from those mountainsides. Perhaps a hundred yards away stood the portable sawmill he had purchased and erected, and close beside it the log storehouse for food and tools and supplies. These were alone, deserted, like the dam. In the doorway of the mill stood Paddy Skidmore, a cant-dog handle gripped in his fists. Thorne could not make out if Paddy were the sole guardian of his property, but judged other defenders to be inside the buildings. The place was in state of siege.

The sounds that came to John's ears were sufficient in themselves to make apparent that the Sunday afternoon was not being spent well and wisely by the men in his employ. They indicated men who have stimulated themselves past the balancing point of reason with the whisky of commerce. It was apparent they had not yet worked themselves up to the point of serious mischief; or else that they were being held back for some reason known to their leaders. John fancied it was the latter, and that he knew the reason. It was himself!

That he would come as soon as he learned of the state of affairs was a certainty. It was John Thorne who was wanted by Bracken and Gibbs—and Doc Roper. Therefore the serious business of the day would be postponed until he arrived. Well, he was here; there was no reason for further delay.

The men, shouting, each according to the ability bestowed upon him by his gods, surrounded the two structures. Occasionally an ambitious individual heaved aimlessly a rock which thudded against wall or roof. But for the most part the demonstration was vocal. It took the form of threatening wit, ribald, as was to be expected from such a crew. John estimated the number of the besiegers. He could count forty. That meant, at best, that Paddy Skidmore had fifteen men at his back. Fifteen!

*"Ma'm'selle," He Said, "If You Will Sing My Praises in Your Secret Heart, That Will be Enough for Me"*

With the boss and John himself, that made seventeen, which was not odds to arouse undue pleasure.

John paused a moment more, then walked quietly out upon the little tableland and strolled toward the mill. He was almost upon the fringe of besiegers before he was seen. Then a voice shouted "There he is!" and there was a general unfriendly movement in his direction. He did not pause or slacken his pace. As if he had no comprehension of what waited him he walked steadily forward. A large tow-headed man rushed forward and thrust fist and face close to John's nose. John did not wait for the man to speak or to act; he struck. It was a workmanlike blow, cleanly delivered, traveling upward from the hip, and the Swede ceased to be where he had been. Then followed what was beautiful to see—for a connoisseur in such matters.

One more man John struck before he was through the fringe. Then he turned and backed a pace or two that he might not be taken unawares from behind. A belligerent individual rushed upon him, whom John got cleanly on the point of the jaw. Then he turned to walk the remaining fifty yards to shelter. The rioting men followed in a mob at his heels, keeping for the most part just out of fist reach. John seemed to have eyes in the back of his head or else to be endowed with the sure instinct of your rough-and-tumble fighter. He allowed no man to approach nearer. One pace, two, three he walked toward the mill, then suddenly he would wheel with hardly a pause in his progress, to pick off some venturesome and dangerous antagonist. Then one pace, two paces again, swing, strike, and proceed as before. There was something singularly efficient and clean cut about the proceeding. There was a clockwork certainty. He never turned futilely, never when it was unnecessary, and delivered no blow that failed of effect.

Paddy Skidmore uttered a shout of admiration that was also a battle cry, and commenced to run toward John.

"Keep back, Paddy!" John said. "Stay by the door. I'll make it."

Paddy hesitated, but obeyed. John wheeled, picked off another man, advanced a few steps, sniped a man at his right who showed an eagerness to leap upon his back, swung catlike to catch another at his right. No waste motion, no excitement, no haste. It was the fight of a man who knew himself, and who understood the psychology of a mob. At last he reached a zone past which the mob dared not advance. Paddy met him with extended hand.

"Mr. Thorne," he said, "I've seen a lot of them in action, but, by Jerry, you skim the cream off the bottle!"

John smiled, and his face was boyish, excited; his eyes glowed with an eagerness that Skidmore had never before seen there.

"How many stuck by you?" John asked.

"I've got fourteen parked in the mill," said Paddy.

"When did it start?"

"This mornin'," said Skidmore. "They come out in the open. Tapped a keg right under me nose and dared me to stop 'em. I stopped a couple, all right, and then it got messy. I seen what was up, so I hollers for good men to make tracks for the mill. And here we be. They hain't done nothing but holler and trun dornicks, but they're working themselves up to it."

"They're waiting for me," said John, and one would have imagined from his tone that he rather felt under obligations to them on that account.

"For you?"

"For me. This isn't just a bust, Paddy. It's hard trouble. Not all of them know it, but it isn't boozy devilment. I've an idea," he said, "that murder's meant."

"Murder, is it? And who's to be it?"

"I am," said John.

"Then, for the love of Pete, what for did ye come walkin' into it?"

John had no reply to make to this. "Of course they mean to play around with the dam, and probably burn the mill here. But that's by-product. Let's see what's to be done. It'll be dark in an hour or so. I don't believe they'll get up the ginger to rush us by daylight. They may, but I don't believe it. It'll come after dark."

"Then," said Paddy, "we'll give 'em light. Run a wire from the generator yonder and hitch a bunch light. Shine it in the faces of them. Sure, we can have all the daylight we need!"

"If Joshua had had electricity he wouldn't have had to upset astronomy," said John.

"I don't follow ye, sir."

"How are we off for cant-dog handles?" John asked.

"Fine. There's two dozen of them in the storehouse."

"Serve them out," said John. "I've a preference for a baseball bat—a little shorter and lighter—but they'll do nicely. We've got all the grub too."

"They won't need grub this night. Whisky's meat and drink to them."

"We will," said John. "Nobody can fight on an empty stomach. Is the cook with us?"

"He is."

"Tell him to do his best with what he's got to do with. A crack on the head's not nearly so serious when you've plenty of warm coffee under your belt."

*Continued on Page 28*

So eloquent of quality has its emblem become that prospective owners are convinced that all they need to know about the car is that it is a Cadillac.

# CADILLAC

*Standard of the World*

(Continued from Page 26

"'Tis as you say," said Paddy

So the cook cooked, and men, their efforts complicated by a volley of stones, stretched a couple of wires and set up bunch lights on poles. The *status quo* remained unaltered, although the besiegers grew more and more vociferous. John heard himself mentioned in uncomplimentary terms, and was offered descriptions of what was shortly to befall him Since his arrival matters focused upon him. The slogan had become "Get John Thorne."

The light began to fail, but the buzzing generator gave artificial illumination in its place. This was added to in some degree by the burning of sundry shacks and sheds.

"I hope," said Paddy, "they don't touch the dam."

"Nothing but dynamite can hurt that," said John.

"And that's in the shed up the hill. I hope the whisky has made them forgetful of it. 'Twould be most distressin' to have them chuckin' bits of it on our heads."

Presently the woods merged into the blackness of a cloudy night; behind the illumination of the bunch lights a wall of blackness reared itself, lonely and impenetrable Men could be heard haranguing their fellows and working themselves up to the point of malicious recklessness, men picked and paid by Doc Roper to carry this matter off to his satisfaction. John could see them massing in the edge of the blackness

"Be ready," he said to his men. "I think they're on their way."

Then, even as he spoke, a tiny figure crept around a corner of the mill and stood up before him. It was Colonel Tip, dishevele[illegible] bare of head, with front [illegible] utterly devastated, and white cravat awry

"John," he said, "I've come for you. From her. You must come at once, for I believe it's life or death.

From her," said John.

"From her She's found her way into that room. She's shut herself in there God knows what'll happen."

"Into André de Marsay's room! Then she knows. And they know she knows"

He turned to his men again, but now his face was set and grim, not glad with the joyousness of battle. His eyes were black with anxiety, and upon his shoulder rested the cold hand of dread.

"Men," he said, "I need you now. Not for myself, but for a girl who, I believe upon my soul, stands in danger of death. I must go to her. Will you help me?"

"But the mill, the dam," said Paddy

"To blazes with the mill and dam," said John. "Paddy, you and Mike and I will walk out and lay into the middle of them before they can get started. As soon as we make contact, swing in five men from off to the right. Send them out of the back and have them cut in out of the dark. Hold the other eight until we're all at it, and then smash them home. We've got to drive through. I've got to reach St. Croix."

"So be it," said Paddy lugubriously, "but it was a hekin' fine dam."

"Are you ready?" asked John

Paddy and the man called Mike crowded close to him, cant-dog handles eager for the crack of skulls

"Then off we go," said John

Across the lightened area they advanced, and a surprised silence fell. They did not go slowly, but at a run, and before the drunken mob could pull itself together in realization of attack the three were upon them, spaced for the efficient swinging of their weapons, and the thud of ash against human flesh was heard by the listening woods.

It seemed presently that the three must be inundated, swept under by the press which swung together upon them, thoroughly awakened now, and hungry for battle. Each of the three was a big man and powerful, and each swung his terrible bludgeon with skill and steady intention. They kept clear a swath -a little circle around them, pressing always forward, cutting, pressing toward the road to St Croix. Now the five, the first of the reserve force, fell upon the outer rim of this circle with the factor of surprise fighting upon their side. Bedlam was unloosed. Shouts, oaths, cries, groans and the crack of seasoned wood upon skulls echoed and reechoed through the trees. The eight were surrounded as the three had been, but the odds were not so great now as in the beginning, and eight men in rude hollow square, swinging five-foot ash or hickory clubs, can make themselves highly disagreeable to an indefinite number.

Then came the other eight, and again the surrounding rim of fighting men was broken, again the enemy wavered under the shock of surprise. The course of the combat, moving toward the St. Croix road, could be marked by the limp and unconscious or groaning writhing bodies of men. It was no longer sixteen against forty. It was discipline against confusion

The enemy wavered, broke It was like the fraying of a rope, which after the breaking of the first strand goes with suddenness. A man cried out and ran, then another and another. Presently the enemy was in flight with John's men behind striking them down as they ran. It was a rout. The road was open

"Hey, Paddy!" said John "I have a horse up the hill You can make it now?"

"Make it!" said Paddy. "We've wiped the earth with them, and why I had to wait for you to come I don't know. They're done. We'll sweep up the rubbish, and what's left afoot we'll chase into the woods. Ye need have no fear of the dam and the mill, sir. What danger are you going into yourself?"

But John was already gone. Paddy stood looking after him ruefully. "'Tis love," he said to himself. "I had it myself one time. I had it bad, but not so bad as him. He's that in him that makes love the divil an' all when once it bites you. Runnin' blindfold into Gawd knows what. In the name of heaven, what's this?"

This was Colonel Tip, bursting with pride, coatless, bleeding, the complete wreck of the dapper little gentleman he delighted to appear. In his hands he gripped an ax helve which he brandished before Paddy's eyes.

"I was there," he said. "I fought. I could not reach their heads so I belted them upon the shins. I heard them howl. I, Colonel Tip, was in the hot of the fight."

"I'll say you were," said Paddy. "Will ye give me your hand, little man? It's proud I am to know ye."

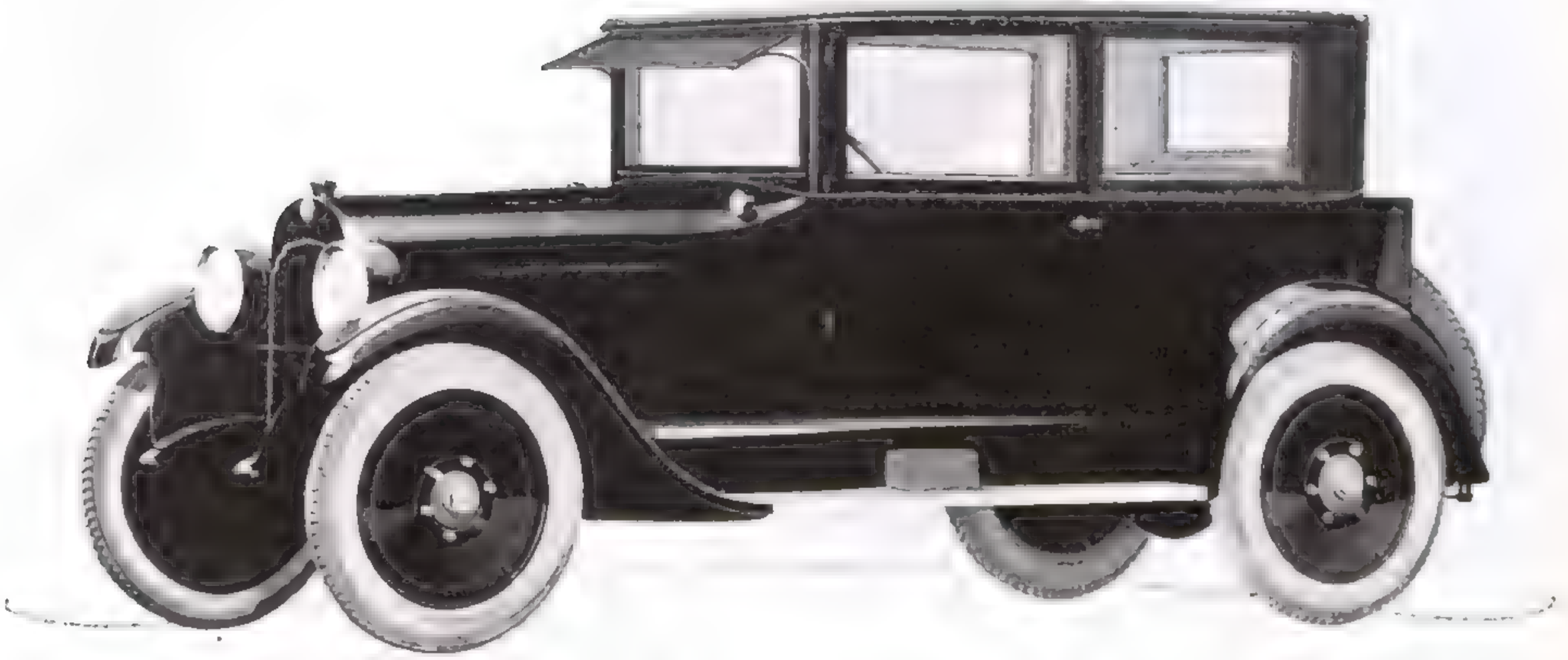
That, compared even with encounters with kings and queens and potentates, took rank as the high moment of Colonel Tip's life. He had fought like a man for his friend; had been recognized as a man, a fighting man by a friend of his friend. His bosom swelled as he lost his tiny hand in Paddy's grip.

I must be going now," he said. "He may have further need of me."

Continued on Page 30

*It Inspired New Strength and Courage in Him, and He Sprang to His Feet, Crouching*

# The CHALMERS SIX



## The New Coach

1 *A coach which seats five full-grown passengers in ease and without crowding.*

2 *A motor coach which, by reason of its wider doors and more practical seating arrangement, provides the rich comfort of the old-time coach.*

3 *A coach of distinction, in the beauty of its design and the characteristic Chalmers grace of its proportions.*

4 *A price so attractive that it re-emphasizes the luxuries, the conveniences, the generous size and all the other elements of greater car-value so readily apparent in this new vehicle.*

These are some of the outstanding features of the new Chalmers Six Coach. The body design, which provides real roominess for all the occupants, is perhaps its most notable improvement as a type.

The 32-inch doors, and the fact that *both* front seats *fold forward all the way*, make it easy to enter and leave the car from *either* side.

The wider side and rear windows afford an unusually open view, from both the front and rear seats.

All of these advantages are enhanced and emphasized by the wonderful Chalmers Six engine, whose sturdiness and economy Chalmers owners know so well.

Chalmers Six dealers are now displaying and demonstrating this new coach.

Its price is so attractive, its value so much greater, and its utility so pronounced, that it is well worth your time to go and see it.

***Details of the Coach***—Broadcloth upholstery. Satin finish hardware. Door windows and rear quarter windows adjustable. Wide passageway between front seats. Double-ventilating windshield, locking at top and bottom, rattle-proof and water-tight. Very large trunk with water-proof cover; trunk bars. Yale locks for doors. Heater. Windshield visor. Windshield wiper, rear vision mirror. Disc steel wheels and cord tires. Price F. O. B. Detroit, revenue tax to be added.

Chalmers Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan
Chalmers Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

# $1585

(Continued from Page 28)

"I wisht," said Paddy longingly, "I could go with ye; we'd make a pair to draw to. On the shins, ye said. Oh, little man, I would of loved to see ye smackin' them on the shins!"

### XXII

YVONNE DE MARSAY was stunned, bewildered, more frightened than she had ever been before in her bright life. It was not the fear of danger that assailed her, but terror of the unknown, the occult. André de Marsay's room was empty. The bed upon which he should have been lying—a sick man—had not been lain upon. It was neatly made. She glanced with fearful eyes about the room. It showed none of the signs of occupancy. An unused room cannot be mistaken. It bears evidence of disuse. André's bedroom had the appearance of a spare chamber—one kept in readiness for emergencies which never arose.

Instinct told her that room had known no occupant for weeks, perhaps for months. Where, then, was her grandfather? She compelled herself to raise the window shades and to let in a flood of late-afternoon sunlight. This only confirmed her instinct. She threw open closets. In them hung clothing of her grandfather, neatly undisturbed. They were closets that had been untouched for a considerable time. His dresser strengthened the evidence.

André de Marsay was not there. He had not been there perhaps for months. This thought somehow appalled her—the idea that he had not been under the same roof with her during the weeks that had passed since her return from France. She had been alone in the château with Anthony Bracken, with the unspeakable Indian, with Chow Chek Ken! What did it mean? Where was her grandfather? Whence came those notes of direction to her, written in his trembling hand? Whence came his voice—singing?

She pressed her face against the pillow upon which his head should have been lying, and strove for command of her soul. Panic stood at its portals, and she fought it back with the fineness of courage that was her inheritance. She made demands of her courage, for courage, when all is said and done, is a useless sort of thing except in emergencies. One may be the veriest coward three hundred days handrunning, and take no harm from it; but on the three hundred and first that seeming surplusage becomes the dominant, the all-important factor. It must be kept safe in storage, ready, undecayed, polished and gleaming splendidly for the hour of need. There was no spot of rust upon Yvonne's courage.

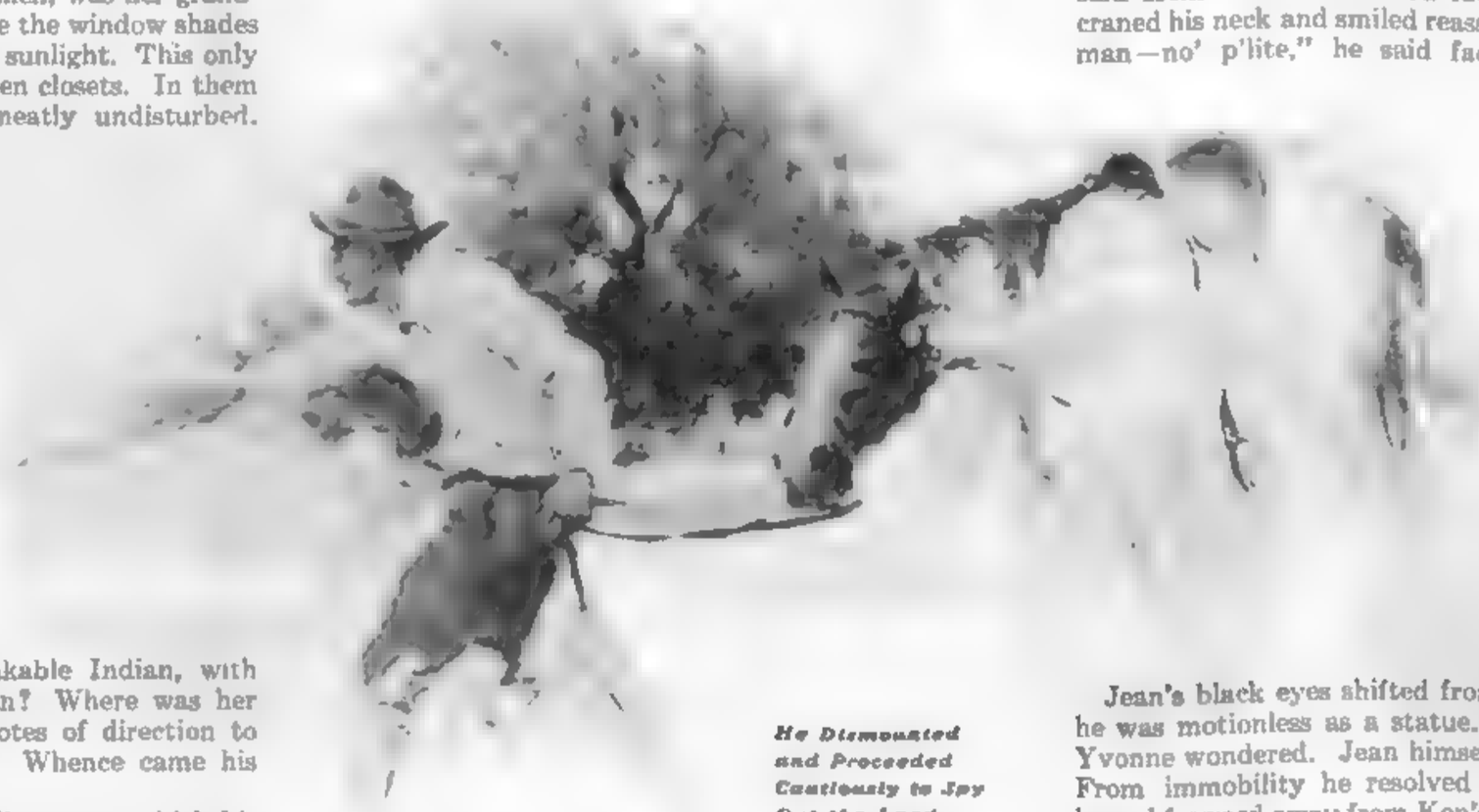
Why was her grandfather not here? Had he gone away voluntarily? Why had she been deceived about his going? Then came a more dreadful thought. Had he journeyed to that country whence no traveler returns? Had he been sent on such a journey? That—that would mean murder! Reason argued against this. Much as she despised Anthony Bracken she could not believe him capable of taking the life of a human being, much less a life of such importance as André de Marsay's. It was because she despised him so heartily that she could not accuse him of this high crime.

Strangely she had no fears for herself, no apprehension. She had penetrated this secret room, had torn from it the thing it concealed, but this gave her no uneasiness for herself. Her mind was wholly given to her grandfather. That it would prove dangerous to her to be found to know what she knew was a matter that did not trouble her mind. She did not well consider. In that hour her mental processes lacked that fine efficiency which might have discomfited Bracken and Roper without peril to herself. She did not leave the room after carefully shutting the door. She did not quietly withdraw with the knowledge she had gained, and go out of the château to seek for help and advice. She remained. There was something of stubbornness in her remaining. She wanted to face Bracken there, to point to that empty bed and to demand of him on the spot what he had done with his benefactor, her grandfather.

Then again came recollection of that voice, singing. What was that voice? Did it, perchance, mean her grandfather was wandering about, demented, hiding himself from her eyes, and singing only when his unreason was uncontrollable? If he were dead how could he sing? She recalled Anthony Bracken's face as it appeared on that day when first she had heard that ancient nursery rime sung outside his office window. She remembered its every line, and now, studying it with her mind's eye, read the sort of fear it mirrored. It was not a fear of the material; it was a superstitious fear, a terror of the supernatural. In that instant came to her a certainty that her grandfather was dead. Bracken's fear told her he was dead, and that his terror was of the voice of a dead man singing.

While she stood, considering these things and wholly thoughtless of herself, Anthony Bracken was pursuing that singing voice, pursuing it in a frenzy of terror that brought him to the brink of the abyss of insanity. With the Indian, Jean, at his heels he ran here and there about the château searching, searching. A voice told him he must find the thing that sang—that he must find it lest it become unendurable to reason. So he hunted with the spasmodic excitement of a terrier after a rat, eyes staring, hands opening and shutting, face drawn and pale. His terror at what he might find was less than his terror lest he should find nothing, lest the voice should prove to be nothing but a voice. The Indian kept by his side, the Chinaman lagged.

The voice did not sing again, nor could the searchers find track of foot or mark of hand. The place was still, deserted. The voice, so far as they could discover the agency that housed it, was nothing but a voice. Bracken staggered back to the château from the search, no man, but an animated thing, looking with wide eyes into the stark awful face of dread. He rushed through the halls, flung himself into the darkening library, covered his ears with his hands and hid his face in the seat of the great chair that had once given comfort to André de Marsay. Terror had conquered his soul; he was no longer a reasoning human creature; he had become clay animated by fear.



*He Dismounted and Proceeded Cautiously to Spy Out the Land*

The Indian, remembering his duty, ran with noiseless steps up the stairs to old André's door. Yvonne's ears did not warn her of his approach. The door was ajar, and Jean paused upon the threshold, his jet eyes glowing with savage fire. He crouched, listening. Yvonne moved and the sound reached him. Inch by inch he opened the door, softly, noiselessly. She stood at the window, her back toward him. A fire blazed in him which contact with civilization had not quenched, a cruel, primitive, elemental fire.

The white man who controlled his master had said to him, "Keep that girl out of the room, Jean. Keep her out. If she gets in, Jean ——" Doc Roper had paused there, but the Indian fancied he could complete the order for himself. He was not thinking of orders now. There was the girl he hated, the woman who had struck his face, the woman who had circumvented him and done what he had been set to prevent her doing. She had surprised his master's secret.

He advanced across the room, catlike, his shoulders crouching, his long dusky fingers corded and clutched like talons. His ember eyes did not wink, but rested with fearsome steadiness upon the nape of Yvonne's neck. Her throat was in his thoughts, and his thoughts communicated themselves to his fingers!

Inch by inch, foot by foot he advanced, and still she did not turn; he was almost upon her; his hands lifting to that tempting spot where her neck disappeared in the beauty of her hair. Yvonne turned!

She cried out once, then backed swiftly away. She dared not take her eyes from Jean's, but as she slipped her feet backward along the carpet her outstretched hands felt hopelessly for some weapon, for something with which to protect herself. She read his eyes. His lips parted until she could count his strong white teeth. Then she could back no farther; her grandfather's huge dresser was at her back, immovable by her. Her hand fumbled behind her. It encountered the handle of a heavy silver hand mirror and she snatched it up. Jean's teeth were gleaming closer now. He did not hurry; indeed he seemed to delight in delay, in protracting the moment. His hands lifted, drew closer. Yvonne braced her back against the dresser, gripped the mirror with all her strength, and as those lean dusky hands darted toward her she struck between them, crashing the mirror into his face.

Then his hands were upon her and she was struggling in his grasp. Civilization was dropped like a useless veil, two primitives, antedating history, fought. Yvonne fought as her foremothers must have fought in the mouths of their caves in those dim distant days when impossible monsters browsed the earth; when there were no commandments except the one which read "Thou shalt preserve thy life." Blindly, with eyes shut, she struggled. Then suddenly the Indian's grip relaxed; she found herself released, and heard the voice of a third person in the room, a soft crooning voice.

"No can do, Cabbage Face," said Chow Chek Ken, and for some reason unperceived by Yvonne the Indian stood very still and erect and unthreatening. "No good," said Ken. "Catchum hard luck, you hurt missee." He craned his neck and smiled reassuringly at Yvonne. "Bad man—no' p'lite," he said facetiously. "No be flaid. Ken stickum knife in rib."

Then Yvonne saw and understood.

The Chinaman stood close behind Jean; in his hand was that knife which he carried so efficiently somewhere below the nape of his neck, and its point was pricking the Indian's skin. She swayed and leaned against the dresser for support, wordless, breathless.

Jean's black eyes shifted from spot to spot; otherwise he was motionless as a statue. What would come next? Yvonne wondered. Jean himself answered that question. From immobility he resolved into sudden action. He leaped forward away from Ken's pricking knife, nor did he turn, once he had leaped, but bounded toward the door, snatched it open and slammed it behind him again. He was not an instant too soon, for Ken's knife flickered across the room, piercing the door until its hilt rested against the panel. The key turned in the lock.

"Thank you, Ken! Thank you!" Yvonne said breathlessly.

Ken smiled. "Missee no flaid," he said. "Cabbage Face come back he catch hell plenty." With that he went to the door and wrenched free his knife, which he replaced in its so-accessible scabbard between his shoulder blades. "We go away from here—mebby," he said. "No likee house; no likee room."

He walked to the window and gazed out. Yvonne, a trifle more composed, arranged her hair and garments and stepped to his side.

"We can get out on the balcony and climb down the vine," she said. "Then I'll go to Mrs. Whidden's and you run to get Mr. Thorne."

"Me catch Boss Thorne? All light. Boss Thorne knock eight bells outa thees Boss Bracken. You bet."

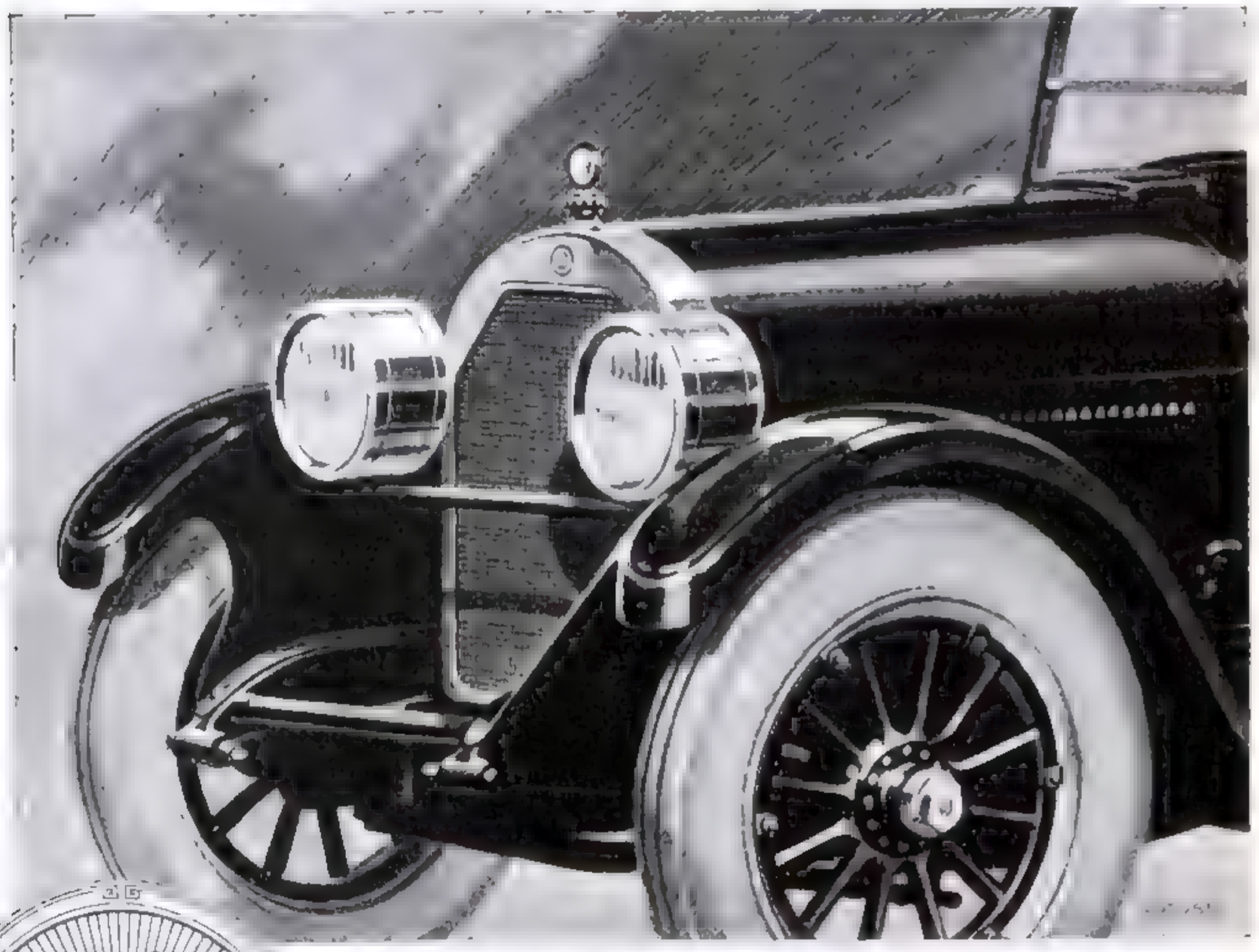
He lifted the window and stepped out on the balcony. Yvonne, as she made ready to follow him, paused and frowned. She had instinctively turned to John Thorne for help; it was to him she was sending Chow Chek Ken; not to any other. Thorne had come first to her thoughts—but why? Why did she know he would lay aside his several concerns to come at her call? She knew it, but how did she know it? What was this singular feeling of trust and confidence with which Thorne inspired her? He did so inspire her; she knew he would be adequate if she could but reach him. And, aside from the succor he might bring, she wanted to see him, to speak with him, to feel his nearness. This she admitted, and admitting it accused herself of disloyalty to her family and her name. Was she in love with John Thorne? It was the first time she had asked herself that question, and now she knew she was asking it too late. The mischief was done. The day had passed for hesitations, evasions, questionings. She did love Thorne, and with that honesty which was characteristic of her she admitted it.

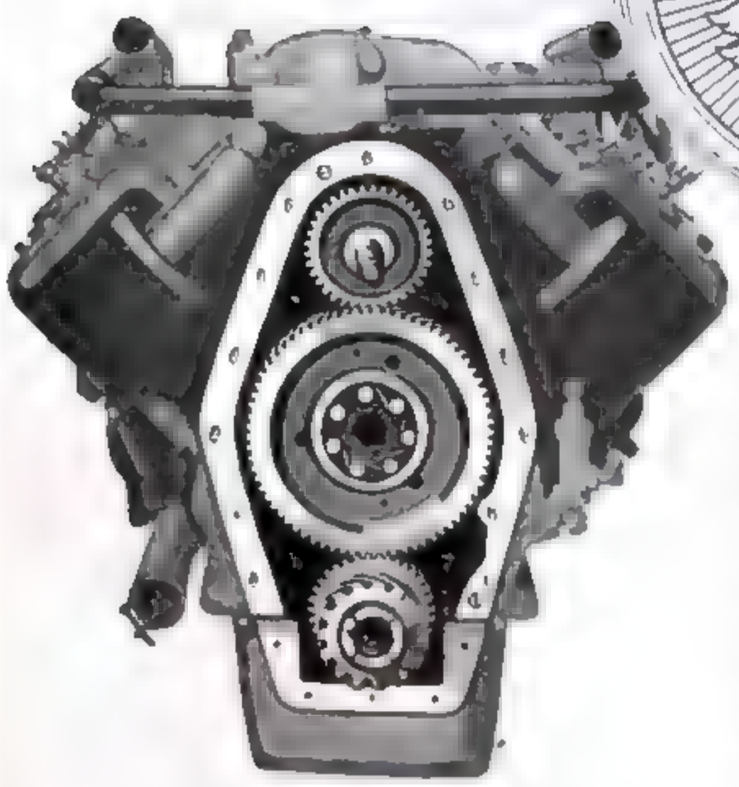
What then? She did not know. Did John Thorne love her? She was sure he did so—but he was only John Thorne, while she was Yvonne de Marsay! Besides, there was that resolution of hers that the family name should die with her, and the family blood dry up and vanish from the earth.

"You come quick," said Ken from the balcony.

She climbed through the window and stood looking down into the garden, which her grandfather's care had made so lovely; her eyes traveled off to the range of hills

Continued on Page 129





## *Timing Gears*

Peerless timing mechanism excels in two cardinal virtues:—It is silent. It requires no adjustment.

The gears are of the helical spur type with wide face. Housed in the front gear case, they run in a constant spray of oil, delivered under pressure.

Silence is insured by the fibre insert in the camshaft gear [the large one in the illustration], which operates between the crankshaft and the fanshaft gears.

# Things in Which Peerless Excels

The new eight cylinder Peerless does not ask you to rest content with results *merely equal* to the best you have hitherto known.

On the contrary—we hope that you will approach the car with your expectations keyed to a higher pitch than ever before.

The things in which the Peerless excels bespeak an unmistakable superiority, and that superiority *swiftly makes itself known.*

The Peerless *begins* to excel from the very first moment—that delightful moment when you learn that its equipoise is so perfect that it almost *guides itself* under your directing hand.

From that time forward one thrill of deep satisfaction follows fast on the heels of another, until you have run the full gamut of greater motoring enjoyment.

The culmination of it all is the proud satisfaction of knowing that *the road is yours*—that Peerless will never ask you to lower your colors in any call for speed or power which you may make.

On the way to that realization you will have other deep gratifications—the realization, for instance, that Peerless power is not a thing to be laboriously "built up" when you see a hill, or an emergency, approaching, but a prodigal source of energy which releases itself *instantaneously and at the full flood.*

From time to time we shall try to point out in these announcements some of the practices which contribute to the *greater* things in which Peerless excels—but you will get more in half an hour of Peerless demonstration than we could tell you in a year's time.

*Peerless Eight Types—Four Passenger Touring Phaeton; Seven Passenger Touring Phaeton; Two Passenger Roadster Coupé; Four Passenger Suburban Coupé, Five Passenger Town Sedan, Seven Passenger Suburban Sedan, Five Passenger Berline Limousine, Four Passenger Opera Brougham*

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

# PEERLESS

Pattern No. 388 is a reproduction of a rich Persian design. In the 9x12 foot size the price is only $16.20.

***Look for this Gold Seal***

There is only one genuine Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal protects you against imitation floor-coverings, and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. It is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug and on every two yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard.

***"Daddy, when Jack and I get our home fixed up, we're going to have Congoleum Rugs on all the floors. They make housekeeping so easy."***

It's their real beauty of design and coloring that makes everybody like *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs. Then, too, these artistic rugs are so inexpensive and labor-saving.

To clean them you merely whisk a damp mop over their firm, smooth surface. One, two, three—and they're as bright as the day you bought them. They "hug" the floor tight without fastening.

There are patterns appropriate for all the rooms of the house; for the kitchen and bathroom, neat tile and woodblock designs; for bedrooms, delightful, flowered patterns; and for dining-room and living-room, richly colored Oriental motifs.

Your dealer will gladly show you these popular sanitary rugs. Don't fail to see them today.

***Note the Very Low Prices***

| | | | | | | | |
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| 6 | x 9 | feet | $ 8.10 | The rug illustrated is made | 1½ | x | feet $ .80 |
| 7½ | x 9 | feet | 10.10 | only in the five large sizes | 3 | x 3 | feet 1.00 |
| 9 | x 9 | feet | 12.15 | The small rugs are made in | 3 | x 4½ | feet 1.50 |
| 9 | x 10½ | feet | 14.15 | other designs to harmonize | 3 | x 6 | feet 2.00 |
| 9 | x 12 | feet | 16.20 | with it. | | | |

*Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.*

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
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Philadelphia Minneapolis · New York Atlanta · Boston San Francisco · Chicago · Dallas Pittsburgh · Kansas City Montreal

# Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

# SIN VIGILANT

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

## "Only a Dead Snake is Straight"

"I Peel Potatoes — and Dream of Lovely Ladies in Hongchow"

THURSDAY began like any other kitchen battle for Jim Sin, except that a prowling yellow jacket, seeking relief from the early fog which lay over San Francisco, had invaded the temperate domain whose only regular occupant, besides the old cook, was a petulant parrot that seemed forever on the verge of molting himself naked as a fish.

A straight line is the shortest distance between Jim Sin's gas range and a parrot's wishbone, and over this direct course, humming like a miniature Liberty motor, the hungry insect winged his flight, freighted with an overdue appetite and a whetted lance whose red-hot tip yearned for a ration of parrot meat.

The parrot's residence in Jim Sin's personal territory was a comparatively recent invasion, dating from the day when the feathered Columbus had discovered that the yield point of the wires of his cage was somewhere between the instant of metallic fatigue and the elastic limit of hard-drawn brass. Five dead goldfish had marked the investigator's trail immediately subsequent to the first moments of his new liberty. The unraveled remains of the goldfish and of a silk-tapestry mandarin robe which had been beaked into shreds as a chaser for the goldfish orgy were the evidence upon which the feathered destroyer had been convicted of conduct unbecoming to a resident of the sun porch of Doctor Holland's house and sentenced to an indeterminate hot spell in the kitchen under the observant eyes of the sovereign ruler thereof.

His new surroundings had not improved the parrot's temperament to any marked degree, but all the bitterness that had marked his past was as the sunshine of his soul, loveliness, the good, the true, the beautiful, compared to the sudden streak of meanness that developed from his reception of the buzzing humdinger.

At the moment when the air was full of passion and pinfeathers, when the two-foot cage seemed to contain a cubic mile of activity, old Jim Sin returned from the dining room with the remains of Doctor Holland's breakfast and the morning paper. Mrs. Holland and the maid were for the time being at Pebble Beach, and in the refreshing freedom occasioned by their absence the cook allowed himself to shuffle along at a holiday gait. He accorded the caged whirlwind an incurious glance.

"Old man catch um talk-polly liver gland he all same prize-fight man."

He set the tray with its cargo of dishes upon the drain board of the sink and then with a scowl of disapproval and a curse directed at the feathered gladiator whose superheated satellite was still going a million, he began his accustomed perusal of the financial pages of the Chronicle. His vision roved until the expanded paragraphs of generalities had condensed from gaseous literary matter into the concise tabulation of selling rates of money and exchange. Pounds and francs, drachmas, florins and pesetas were passed with the sweeping eye of indifference until through the amethyst lenses of his horn-rimmed goggles leaped the quotations on Hong-Kong local currency at .58 for draft checks and a quarter point increase for cable transfers. With these sheaves of data reaped, he reached deep into the flour bin that bellied from under the kitchen table and retrieved a well-worn abacus, and then into the mill of wires and beads he cast his harvest of figures.

He began to thresh out a complex problem based on his bank balance, the rates of exchange and a variable composed of how much a dried up old Chinaman could live on in China, and how long he could live on a princely scale which included three meals a day of pork and pineapples.

The verdict, as usual, drove the calculator back to the routine business of earning money by sticking to his job. A sigh of resignation marked his discovery of the factor of necessity which balanced the equation of escape, and then at the instant when the victim realized that the only key to his prison was work his sighing suffered a transition into a grunt wherein petulance and physical distress were mingled in intimate equality.

The yellow jacket, gorged on parrot meat and drunk with power, had essayed an indiscreet attack on the lobe of Jim Sin's left ear. At the moment of the attack Jim Sin stood facing the kitchen table, while behind him, hooded with a heavy sheet-iron coping, the gas range waited to play its part in the series of events which followed. The yellow jacket landed and received immediate attention from the swinging left arm of the old cook. The wide gesture of defense missed by a mile, but Jim Sin's left wrist, adorned with a mottled gray bracelet of jade which he had worn since the days of his youth in China, banged heavily against the hood of the gas range. Echoing upon the impact of the blow there came the clinking of fragments of the bracelet falling upon the range, and then after a moment of silence a chatter of violent Chinese criticism which was presently subdued under the calmer phrases of two quotations from the Four Books.

"The will of heaven is not written with ink. Life is but a link in the chain of existence."

He picked up the pieces of the broken bracelet, and without so much as a glance of regret or interest in the talisman which had guarded the long years of his life he consigned the débris to the ash can. He turned and looked about him, searching with roving eyes to discover the yellow jacket. Failing in this, he seemed suddenly to relax under the new freedom which had replaced the strictures of protection that the bracelet had imposed.

"Hai! On the wide seas of life every man is his own pilot!"

A new energy seemed to mark his movements when, with kindly words and a little chuckle of affection, he bestowed upon the gargling parrot a choice segment of sugared orange. Leaving the vicinity of the parrot's cage, he held his thin old body erect and straight as if a heavy burden had suddenly been removed from his narrow shoulders.

"Man, unto himself, is a small heaven! Now that the shackles of the past have been severed by the knife of fate, I am free to plumb the depths of this black well of destiny which men call life!"

He turned for the second time that morning to the financial pages of the newspaper; but now, instead of confining his investigations to the tabulations of conservative operations in the world of finance, he deliberately sought the field of high adventure, where prowled the wildcat stocks and the record of the activities of experts in human nature whose principal equipment, besides a lust for large quick money, is a hatred of truth, and clear titles to holes in the ground

Some of the old gang were A. W. O. L., guests of Uncle Sam, and some had bequeathed their sucker lists to the post-office inspectors after embarking on the more profitable sea of bootleg likker; but there still remained enough operators in oil and silver and gold, pineapple plantations and air-line railroads to afford a bewildering array of baited temptations to the seeker after easy money. And to these Jim Sin gave his attention, centering finally, in answer to an unguessed elemental instinct, upon the printed sales list of an auriferous opportunity which dangled above the name of J. Bullen Tapp, the captain of mine finance, who for the moment stood firm at the wheel of the Gold Hook mine, which was being developed on a platoon of typewriters by forty-four gum-chewing gold diggers on the twelfth floor of the Roach Arcade.

On the previous day Gold Hook had moved from three cents to nine, closing at eight, with eighty thousand-odd shares involved in the activity at the local exchange.

At ten o'clock, after reenforcing the door of the talk-polly's cage with two pieces of steel wire borrowed from the coronet of an egg whipper, Jim Sin sloughed his stiff white coat and his starched duck trousers for a loose-fitting golf coat and a pair of pants that sagged and wrinkled at all visible areas. He crowned his gray head with a hemispherical black hat whose discouraged brim gave no hint of the plane which it had paralleled in the long-gone days of its youth, and with a final word of cheer to the parrot he sallied forth, free at last of the conservatism imposed by the jade bracelet and bound for battle in the sea where the Gold Hook barbed its victims.

He felt like a twelve-year-old orphan whose guardian had died on Christmas Eve, and first of all he sought counsel from those whom he considered qualified to advise him. Straight to the rendezvous of his chosen cronies he sped, and as he trotted down the Jackson Street hill to Van Ness Avenue, for he was saving a nickel car fare on this enterprise of large investment, he wondered whom he might find in the Cavern of Wisdom and Delight on the street that bisected the colony of his people. He was relieved, when he at last arrived, to discover in the cavern six of his close associates, idle for the time being and seeking the balm of communion and kindred interests to apply to the wounds of contact that they suffered from their service in the houses of the white residents of the city.

"Politeness is an air cushion," Jim Sin reflected. "There is nothing in it, but it eases the jolts along life's highway."

He greeted his friends with elaborate phrases from the Book of Perfumed Words; and then, having gained the attention of the company, he flourished a squat brown earthenware jug and poured into the several glasses that sat upon the Mah Chong table generous portions of a clear amber liquid not so impetuous as lightning but boasting an after effect almost as potent as the reactions of a thunderbolt.

"I am about to embark upon a new venture," he announced. "The jade bracelet that held me to the Perfect Way is broken, and now I am free to seek, as I will, the one ambition nearest to my unworthy heart."

He paused for a moment, and then with a wide-swinging gesture that was a duplicate of the bracelet-destroying action which had been directed to the ear-craving yellow jacket, he lifted his glass to the company, pledging his trust in return for the compliment of their counsel and advice in the matter about to be presented for their attention.

"I peel potatoes—and dream of lovely ladies in Hangchau. I wash the grease from Doctor Holland's porcelain dinner service fired at the Kwen Lin kilns, and my mind is host to visions of a marble palace up from Kwang-si, peopled by scholars who can direct my feet along the Perfect Way, and by singing maidens whose voices rival in sweetness the perfumes of their silken robes, and by a son-bearing wife whose beauty could lure an emperor through forbidden gates to where the tiles of my courtyard might drink his hot blood, flowing from the blades of my guardsman."

"Hai! Dream on!" A chorus of encouragement greeted Jim Sin. "There is dust in your glass; clear his glass with liquid gold that his vision be not clouded!"

At the sudden outburst of vehement compliments How Quah, the fat cat whose residence in the Cavern of Wisdom had dated from the day the rat guards slipped on the hawsers of an infested liner of the China Mail, leaped from the stool he occupied in the circle about the teakwood table and sought sanctuary behind a high porcelain cuspidor.

Jim Sin continued, dismissing the interruption with a regal gesture whose subconscious motive guided his hand to the neck of the jug wherein reposed the liquid of inspiration.

"I have dreamed of wealth and all that wealth could mean; but until today, when freedom came with the destruction of the shackles of moderation, I was tied to the kitchen sink with a rope of monthly wages. Now I am free; and now, if you so advise, I shall stake the savings of my years of labor on a single bet. A mine of gold—Gold Hook, a white man's mining tong, Gold Hook to win!"

Lapsing into a varnish of pidgin to gloss the dream paintings of the East with the sordid operations of the Western grafter whose gifts of enterprise had turned to this latest venture, a member of the assemblage, versed in local gold stocks, offered the first bit of data.

"One piece big man, he name Jay Bullen Tapp, Numbah One man Gold Hook mine. My cousin he boy Palace Hotel, where he all time live."

"He leave hotel. Palace Hotel man say you go," interrupted a member whose information carried a later date than that offered by the first informant. "Long time he no pay bill, now he live 'par'ment house on Posy Street. Epry night play um poker—all time lose. Ying Lok, he cook he house."

Jim Sin, addressing the two members of the circle who had spoken, sought to inform them of his immediate financial program as a compliment in return for their information.

"It is eleven o'clock," he said. "Before the sun halts his climb to the peak of the day I shall stake a hundred pounds of silver on the Gold Hook shares. In your whispered communion with Milo Fo and the fleet of gods who sail the seas beyond the realm of earth, invoke their smiles for me; for if they frown upon me China and eternal sleep in an honored grave will not be mine."

At twelve minutes after eleven, following a visit to the San Francisco branch of the Canton Bank, Jim Sin presented a certified check for seventeen hundred dollars to the poker-faced cashier at the wicket through which drained the flow of easy money that made the Gold Hook a paying investment for its promoter, whose only contribution to the enterprise, besides his time, had been the classic slogan, "Find 'em, frisk 'em and forget 'em."

Gold Hook was on the board at ten cents when Jim Sin's check went under the wire, and he received a certificate of sale covering seventeen thousand shares.

The noon papers quoted the sales of the moment at twelve cents, but the reckless investor was just then too busy in his kitchen, fighting with an obstinate problem in colloidal chemistry covering an emulsion of olive oil and the yolk of an egg, to pay any attention to the details of his luck. By the time the mayonnaise had been cut down with lemon juice and a piece of the lemon peel fed the talk-polly, Gold Hook had moved to thirteen cents, and Jim Sin, cackling about the business of preparing luncheon, was ahead of the game more than five hundred dollars.

At the close of the day's trading Gold Hook stood solid at twenty, and Jim Sin had doubled his money, while throughout the territory of local stock reports a snowball group of eleventh-hour coin cravers resolved that the earliest possible moment of the next day should see them knee-deep in the trough.

In his apartments on Post Street, J. Bullen Tapp projected a probability curve over three spaces on some squared paper, and after the tense lines in his forehead smoothed and the tight lips flexed enough to permit normal speech he called the Southern Pacific ticket office and reserved a drawing-room on the Shasta for one of his engineers, northbound from Oakland after the arrival of the ferry leaving the foot of Market Street at four P.M.

"This is Thursday," he said to the ticket agent. "Date it Saturday. The name is Tanner—J. B. Tanner"

He turned from the telephone and looked around the room.

"Seattle Monday night; Vancouver by motor Tuesday morning. Find 'em, frisk 'em and forget the sons o' guns!" He repeated the last compliment half aloud. "The sons o' guns!"

At the sound of the man's voice Ying Lok, his Chinese cook, stepped from the door of the kitchen.

"You call me?"

"No. Serve supper right away, and get a lot of hooch on the sideboard and get some wine on ice. Big party tonight—maybe all night."

"Sir, yes!"

Ying Lok bowed, but his recovery was quick, for the bow was profitable hypocrisy and its inspiration was selfishness and not respect.

## II

ON FRIDAY morning Gold Hook, opening at twenty, suffered a decline that followed the activities of a horde of unloaders; but when the noon mails were milked of their contributions the cooling pulse of the stock again became feverish under the dry poultices of cash and it resumed its climb so that the evening papers noted its close, following some artificial but spectacular trading, at thirty flat.

At this hour, as usual, true to the laws of the herd, in marched a long column of conservatives, rallying to the flag of financial freedom and abandoning those principles which had bound them to sanity and safety first.

"The bigger they are the harder they fall."

In his Post Street apartment J. Bullen Tapp smiled a crooked smile and checked his probability curve with the cold facts developed by the day's transactions in Gold Hook. And at the same hour Doctor Holland, enjoying the unusual pleasure of an evening free from both social and professional engagements, wallowed down in a big leather chair in his library and drifted through the evening papers until his somnolent interest was quickened by an eight-column head blazoned across the top of the page. He read the frenzied finance with the deliberation of a man accustomed to weighing every element of life problems; and then, careless of the contrast between the sheaf of Liberty Bonds representing half his savings which he had sold the week before and this wildcat mining stock, he resolved to invest his top-heavy bank balance in a long shot.

Gold Hook had caught another fish, and this was almost a record catch, because the check that the doctor filled out was for thirty thousand dollars.

At his desk over against a wall of his library the doctor blotted the check and reached for a sheet of note paper. Before he began to write he called for Jim Sin. At the summons Jim Sin, hearing the doctor's impatient voice and sensing something of importance in the tone, abandoned his momentary pursuit of the talk-polly, whom he had released to permit the bird to enjoy the wider freedom of the kitchen after his day of unrest in the restricted limits of the cage and, after donning his linen coat in some haste, responded to the summons as fast as he could shuffle along in his evening sandals.

"Him talkee fast; maybe house ketch fire on cigarette match."

Jim Sin, taking his place at the doctor's elbow beside the desk, noted first the blue check, then the amount of it and finally the address of the letter the doctor was writing.

"You call me?"

The doctor signed his name to the letter, blotted it and folded the check inside the envelope. He sealed the envelope, and as he wrote the address upon it he answered Jim Sin's inquiry:

"I called you. Take this letter to the mail box at Fillmore Street right away."

Without replying, for a reply would have imposed an obligation which he had instantly decided he might deliberately avoid, Jim Sin received the letter, bowing a quick acknowledgment of his instructions, and withdrew to the kitchen, where before he departed upon his trip to the mail box he donned the baggy golf coat that customarily drooped about him when the affairs of life demanded his appearance on the streets of the city.

While he was absent in search of his street coat he laid the doctor's letter on the drain board of the sink, on whose rim, gargling a long and incoherent list of familiar telephone numbers, punctuated with brief and professional salutations in the doctor's voice, sat the talk-polly. When Jim Sin had returned, adorned for the street, the roving parrot had already begun to investigate the letter, but beyond a shredded corner where the stamp had been eaten the missive seemed to Jim Sin to be able to withstand its short journey; and so with a final word to the feathered genius of destruction, in which approval mingled with reproof, the old cook flopped along on his way to the mail box.

He returned five minutes later to Doctor Holland's house, still carrying the letter in his pocket. He made his way to the library, where the doctor was dreaming along on a hazy trail where thirty-thousand-dollar bushes grow overnight into towering giants of the forests of finance.

"I go mail box like you say," the cook reported. "You likee late sandwich you find him on slideboard. Beer, ice box. I go downtown now."

"All right. Good night."

"Good night. Better you go to bed ten o'clock. You tired all time."

Mentally the doctor dismissed the advice, but it lingered with him in some sublevel of his mind, for presently, realizing the fatigue of the day, he sought his bedroom and at ten o'clock he was asleep.

Jim Sin, meanwhile enjoying the communion of his kindred in the Cavern of Wisdom, essayed a wild attack upon two of his companions in a game of Mah Chong and his recklessness cost him forty cents before he could check his run of hard luck. From the depths of a skinny leather pouch he fished out two nickels, a quarter and five pennies, paying with a characteristic reluctance, while from the circle about him critical voices lifted in phrases of ridicule.

"A rich man has strong fingers—from pinching coins!"

"He squeezes gold interest out of silver dollars!"

"Wisdom finds no room in mouths choked with folly," Jim Sin returned. "I am not a rich man. Think you if I were rich I would linger in this circle of vagabonds? Rotten wood cannot be carved and my words are wasted."

"Your claim to poverty finds no place in our ears. They are filled with the news of your success. The shares in the Gold Hook mining tong have trebled in value in a day. You are rich!"

"I am worth five thousand dollars, and that is but half of what I need to create my visions—to realize my dreams of life as I would live it."

"Half a dream is midnight, and tomorrow is midnight's child. Maybe the new day will see your fortune doubled, child of poverty!"

"And maybe not." Another member of the circle, silent until now, contributed to the discourse. "Ying Lok, who cook for the Gold Hook boss, told his master of a bargain in bootleg champagne this morning. The wine is good wine and is in some casks of oil that will come ashore from a Japanese liner tonight."

The speaker paused long enough to pack some shreds of tobacco into the little silver bowl of his pipe. He lighted a sulphur match and waited until the wood was well afire above the sulphur tip. He lighted his pipe and enjoyed three long puffs at it; and then, assuming the compliment of continued interest in his remarks, he continued:

"The Gold Hook boss told Ying Lok that he had champagne enough in the house; but there are only four bottles left out of thirty cases. . . . Enough for what?"

Old Jim Sin blinked his eyes three times; and then, expressing in a sentence the company's understanding of the speaker's words, "A wise man understands a nod," he returned. "Ying Lok, by the way, can be trusted. This afternoon he telephoned to me the same story of the four bottles. The round ear can hold more wisdom than the pointed tongue. It is noon by the moon. I bid you good night."

## III

LEAVING the city early Saturday morning, and beating the moving barrier of southbound Saturday traffic down the peninsula, Doctor Holland parked his car at Pebble Beach Lodge in time to have a brace of cheering cocktails with his wife before they ate lunch. At one o'clock he left Mrs. Holland to sail her independent course and greeted three fellow golf addicts at the caddie house across the gully from the first tee of the Pebble Beach course.

The Lumberjack, prefacing his drive with a gesture of assurance, sliced, true to his best golfing traditions, into the wooded rough. He boosted the ball on its flight with a few red-hot gobs of impromptu profanity and beat upon the tee with his driver.

Doctor Holland, holding the honor at the fifth tee on the strength of what his opponents figured was rank injustice in the distribution of bad luck, drove with his mashie and contributed three lost balls to the intervening ravine before he took time out to join the suppressed laughter that was bursting its bonds in the participating gallery behind him.

His partner, Rocken Rye, unsmiling now and in deadly earnest, inspired by a resolve to do or die, topped a pair

(Continued on Page 72)

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# EUROPE REVISITED

## By Princess Cantacuzène
## Countess Spéransky, née Grant

IF YOU want to plunge into France and get the most satisfactory results for the amount of strength expended I recommend the trip I've made and the method of it as part of a good experience worth trying. It all happened in the most delightful manner. At seven o'clock one misty morning, when the atmosphere had all the qualities of one of Cazin's perfect landscapes, I landed from the Paris on the quay at Havre, to find my cousins awaiting me with welcoming smiles and a powerful motor snorting to be off. It didn't seem like a strange land to put my feet on European soil, with familiar faces near, home news to exchange and the scenes of old Europe spread before my eyes. My large baggage had gone through to Paris, my smaller bags and cases found their place in the machine and soon we were bowling along anywhere from forty to eighty kilometers an hour, with the motor barely whispering, so well did it do its part.

Those first hours between Havre and Paris were a most exhilarating experience. I love France, with its gay-colored homes and graceful rolling slopes of fertile fields, its well-kept woodlands and its trim, gay gardens. One may like the people or dislike them, according to one's sympathies; but I defy anyone with taste to dislike France, and the charm of the country's pictures holds one from the first hour.

It is the quaint, high, two-wheeled cart, with its round roof of heavy linen, dark blue or green, and the peasant in his bright blue blouse framed in the front opening of it that attract the eye at first perhaps. Against the grays of the dunes, and the sea and the houses, he stands out a rosy bit of color, as sturdy as his horse or his tandem of them. They make a typical picture of Normandy.

The horses seem to be gray, generally, to harmonize with the background, and their dark harness adorned with bright brass and scarlet tassels adds just the right high notes to the soft tones which might otherwise seem dull. Somehow I soon realized the changes which have occurred in France in the lapse of ten years since I was last here. In the fields, in the villages, everywhere along our route, the lack of men in their prime was marked; but somehow the work was being done, the fields tilled, the villages kept neat. Yet there is a sense, today, of poverty in the landscapes. Houses in parks are closed and not kept up at all; walls once freshly painted are peeling, while roofs are patched where new ones before would have replaced the old.

### The Old and the New

I saw quantities of manors and châteaus set back in perfect ancient parks that made my heart ache for them. They look abandoned, and quite evidently there is no one to pay for a life of hospitality within their walls. Yet even in their shabby days one wants them. They have a dignity and gentle perfection of form and setting that no other land can boast of in its homes of the same type; something of elegance and tradition, of calm simplicity which outlasts their fall. Great trees, alleys of them, no longer trimmed to even shape, still give a grand air to the approach. High walls and graceful grillings of wrought iron add the proper note of privacy one loves. I am always reminded by these old French country homes of the equally old French proverb that the perfect test of woman's charm is to attract no attention, but to retain all the attention once given. Between Havre and Rouen the châteaus have that trait of perfection, one wants to linger and get to know them well.

Modern creations have less of taste, for along the same roads I found a lot of so-called villas, recently built, which are real monstrosities; in crude colors, cheap materials and hideous shapes; blatantly flaunting themselves on one's notice, bad construction, red and green and yellow, painted with flowers and silver balls and cheap statues, tiles of blue and brown, everything a heap of inharmonious mixing. I was told they were the product of the *nouveau-riche* profiteer's desire to lodge himself to his fancy. If this is the true answer to the question I asked about those horrid houses it is proof that the new rich of France aren't worth the old, and that one group of French have really bad taste.

We whirled into Rouen at noon, and having had our breakfast at 6:30 A.M. were glad to stop at a pretty old hostelry and devour omelets and fresh crisp bread, with salad and cold meats, before we wandered over the old town to see its sights. Some pretty houses there are, and quaint narrow streets; the ancient tower in which Joan of Arc was held a prisoner before her execution, and the beautiful cathedral, slender and delicate, with its fine lacy work of early French master builders; also an old doorway to the city which makes one take a quick deep breath of pleasure as one comes upon it unexpectedly.

### At Montdidier

Two weeks in Paris barely gave me time to make arrangements for the trip I meant to take beyond the frontiers. To our party was added for this trip the Count de Maupas, who was attached to us by the Ministry of the Liberated Regions. The count promised to show us over the reconstruction work which is being done by France on the lands where war had razed so many towns and destroyed so much of France's riches.

We left Paris early one morning, and our first stop was at Senlis, where a charming Romano-Gothic cathedral attracts one's attention.

We lunched in a pretty restaurant at Compiègne, just opposite the palace—a lovely palace, with a splendid façade in the grand manner of Louis XV, who built it originally as a hunting lodge.

After Compiègne we had a sudden change of scene, for to that point we had scarcely felt the weight of war. Only here and there we saw bullet marks on walls which had withstood these scars of the First Battle of the Marne. At Montdidier we had a new impression, though one that hits us squarely between the eyes, as it were, and left me at least rather dazed. It was a village destroyed—picturesque ruins in soft white and gray standing roofless and gaping to the sky, and the people living among these in such rough shelters as they could put up in the emergency.

The fields also showed that war had swept over their once fertile surface, and as far as the eye could reach there were no healthy trees; only gray stumps standing rather high, with loose tassels of splinters turned up; something like a painter's brush which had been stuck into the ground. Fallen trunks, with a few naked branches, were either lying about dead or were still turned upwards like ghastly arms. We passed Amiens next. At a distance the immense cathedral there stands up like a great mountain, but neither its proportions nor its finish pleases me, and I found the rest of our party felt as I did. So we passed it by in the dusk with hardly more than a glance, and hurried on to sleep at Arras.

This town was a real surprise to me. It is first cousin to the Flemish cities of Belgium, and it belonged to that group in old days, I am quite sure. There is a delightful ancient market place with old arcades and a most lovely hôtel de ville, which has been destroyed.

We spent the night in a quaint little hotel, simple, but extremely clean, where the hostess made us welcome amid much bustle and excitement. Her house had been rebuilt since the war, together with many others, and she was doing a roaring business. Amiable maids cared for us. There was but a single bath, in which each tourist splashed in turn from dawn on till I wondered, as it was next my room, how many people madame had really lodged. As compensation for the lack of tubs we found in the hotel pantry a lovely table with a plain deal-board top, but with legs recalling the best type of Louis XV furniture. When I exclaimed in pleasure madame shyly explained, "*Mais oui*, it ees not very new." In fact it was her grandfather's, she said, brought from his old farm elsewhere in France because the need of haste in furnishing was so very great; and she made excuses, quite useless ones, for what was by far her greatest treasure, had she only known it.

On our second day we drove from Arras out into the mining region, or the beginning of it, at Lens. Before the war this had been one of the most powerful districts in all France, with numbers of mines of the richest coal and all the most modern machinery to work them. Thriving cities had grown up in the narrow space, which made of this province of France a second edition of rich Belgium.

Lens and its mines had been so completely wiped out of existence that for a long time the French Government wondered if the effort to restore would be worth while at all. Two years before not a wall stood upright anywhere, it seems; not a shaft existed, and the mine corridors had been filled with the débris of explosions or were broken down. Yet the people had returned. Both mine owners and miners were determined to renew their city, and the mayor, clear-sighted, brave and steadfast as he was, had led in this wonderful reconstruction movement. Lens has borrowed money. It has taken its share of the indemnity from the French Government, like many other towns we saw later in our trip, and it has undertaken to reconstruct from the ground up, and from the ground down into its mines as well.

### The Adopted Towns

Now dotted all over the seared plain, which is still covered with barbed wire and iron chevaux-de-frise, are the shafts of mines—new ones, or old ones cleaned out and renewed. Machinery stands high in several spots, and there are chimneys smoking where manufacturing or mining plants again give employment to many workmen. The streets have been laid out, and all along the main ones are signs, "This is the future location of the Blank Bank," or the future location of some restaurant or whatever it may be. All over the rest of the city the people are busy; so busy it is hard to believe they can be Europeans at all. They are working feverishly, the old and the young, those of middle age, and even children. Small shacks are thrown up, generally of material the near-by battlefields have furnished—corrugated iron, rails with barbed wire, now used for the fences, broken bricks from the ruins, and the like. Poverty is smothered as best it can be. Now and again some small shack door, left open, shows an interior to be as attractive as two rooms can be made in such conditions; and there are flowers and vegetables planted about each little home. All the people look rushed and strained, but cheerful and determined, and they waste no single moment of their time.

Some of these devastated towns have been adopted, I find, by other cities of France; some have been adopted by English or American groups, and everywhere there is an effort to rebuild and mend thus the dreadful breakage of the war. The industrials of France have helped very much in the reconstruction movement and have often undertaken to house all of their workmen who were coming back to work in the devastated regions. We saw several of these settlements, or *cités*, as they are called. They are generally made up on an attractive plan, with a green park or square in the center, around which the *mairie*, or town hall, the school, the church and a theater or club are arranged. Branching out are gay little streets, with gardens and small standardized cottages, generally built of wood. One of these *cités* at Tergnier, belonging to the Compagnie du Nord railroad people, was especially attractive. It was delightfully colored and designed, with

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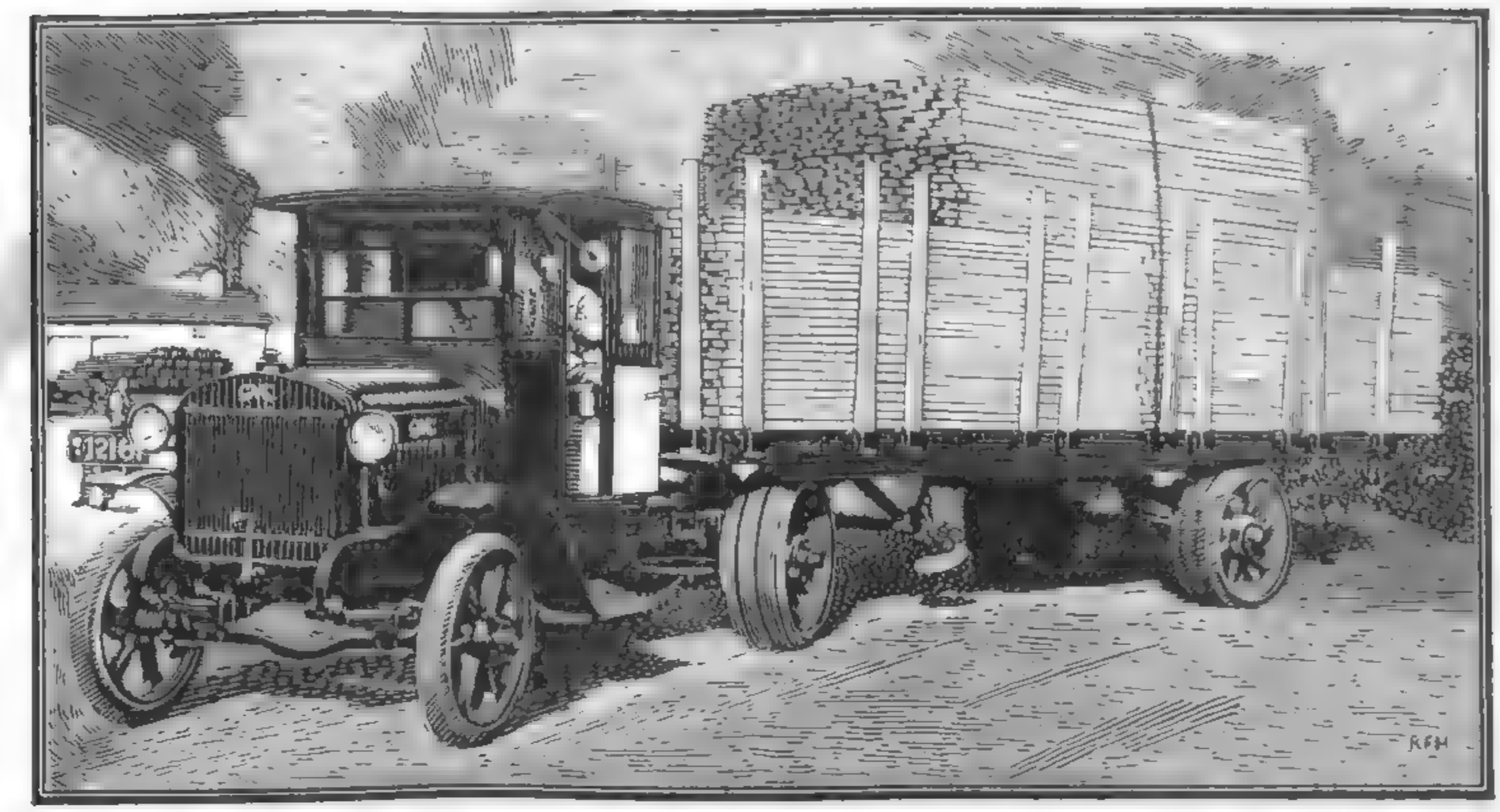
"GMC TRUCKS ARE SEVEN STEPS AHEAD"



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Can be applied one day and the car used the next.
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The immaculate enduring white enamel of distinction.

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little stucco homes for the workmen's families and small cages or shelters for the pig or dog and the poultry of each household.

I asked what system the Ministry of the Liberated Regions followed, and Count de Maupas was very interesting on that subject. I gathered that the government waited for the people who had been evacuated from this zone in the early months of the war to signify their desire to return to their old homes; then if they asked it, and had no other means, the government advanced to them the money from the German indemnity which would be the share of that particular town or village. This sum is taken over by a committee of the mayor and various prominent citizens, who are elected by the inhabitants, I fancy. The committee hands out sufficient means for each peasant to cover his personal need, and perhaps the committee keeps a right of control or veto on expenses. De Maupas gave me to understand that these loans did not cover reconstruction of church property, as a separate and quite large sum has been appropriated for that; of course, not half enough to cover the expenses of restoring the great cathedrals. Rheims, for instance, has two or three million francs to spend in strengthening and repairing the cathedral's ruins, but it would take eight or ten times that to put it in anything like its old condition.

Only about a third of the villages are in process of reconstruction. Some, like Fleury, are wiped out so thoroughly that a white flat spot of what seems chalk or ashes on the grass is all one sees. Others have lovely, graceful ruins, like Montfaucon, of which the government of France means in time to make a monument. Still others, generally larger towns, like Verdun or Lens, show piles of ugly twisted ironwork and masses of plastered walls. Gustave Doré's inferno pictures are suggested all along the line of our route as the varied horrors present themselves. One keeps saying to oneself as one rides by that the man who said war was hell expressed the case quite feebly, and one's admiration grows for these people who have come back, giving their enemy the lie, by making their fields bear crops and their gardens bloom.

Roses and geraniums, sweet peas and carnations, besides all the simpler flowers, grow over and around the temporary miserable shacks. A riot of gay color smothers war wounds, and the women cook, and tend their children, build the homes and establish the vegetable gardens, raise chickens and do the family wash. They look cheerful and calm, or feverish and strained; but whatever mental state is reflected in their faces, they are very great in these years of trial and tribulation. The men work and work and work, just like the women. Humanity must always, even in great moments, show some comic weakness, and I had the sudden relaxation of a laugh over De Maupas' story of the French clergy's way of receiving the loan their government had made for them. The papers for this loan were prepared, and as the minister was absent on a tour of inspection, they were signed for the minister by his *chef de cabinet*, or chief of bureau. The old cardinals and archbishops distrusted the validity of this signature and refused to touch the money they had been anxiously awaiting till the minister returned two weeks later and reassured them.

### The Cathedral at Rheims

We stopped at Courcy-le-Château—a castle of the Middle Ages, considered to be one of the best and most beautiful architectural productions in France. It stood high up on a hill overlooking a fertile lovely valley.

The view from the heights is well worth the difficult climb over débris. We scrambled up and I felt foolishly helpless and old doing it, but was well repaid for the effort.

We swept into Rheims quite late at night on our second day out.

The people are as busy in Rheims as elsewhere, and there is building and hurrying on every side; but one's interest centers in the cathedral, which stands against the sky, transparent and delicate, a lovely graceful tracery of perfect proportions. The Germans tried to destroy it both by bombardment and by fire, but they missed the towers, and the fine outline is unimpaired. It is only a fragile shell of its old self, however—roofless, windowless, wounded everywhere. Comfortable, fat, middle-aged tourists come with mere curiosity to gaze at this injured beauty of olden days, and suddenly they are deeply moved and rush about, putting quite large bills into the great iron box which has written on it "Contributions for the Cathedral's reconstruction." They give beggars money and even buy a scrap of stone or take a German shell from among the débris as a souvenir. I think it is the romantic beauty of the place that appeals to their emotions. It is like some lovely womanly invalid one loves and spoils, knowing there is no hope of her recovery.

At Ville-sur-Tourbe we turned into a rough road, where the car was put to it to carry its heavy load over the dips and rises of trenches filled in temporary casual fashion. This road runs through No Man's Land, where the enemy and the Allied lines cross and recross it. We came out after several kilometers at Vienne-le-Château, and we lunched there at an old hostelry which for a time was an American headquarters for a small unit. Signs and names in English are posted on the doors.

### Through the Argonne

From Vienne-le-Château we went through the Argonne Forest, or rather through a wilderness of its stumps, which a charitable Nature is beginning to cover with green bushes. As the road turns we got to a point where the Gruerie forest hides the headquarters occupied by the German crown prince during the early period of the war. These *abris* of his are different from all the others we saw. They are linked up by pretty walks, with plank flooring to save one's feet from mud when wandering about under the thick overhanging branches. The walks lead to a variety of well-built concrete one-story houses, half sunk into the ground and roofed with a thick layer of earth above their tiles—this for better protection. The rooms are fairly large, and there were open fires as well as stoves. First we saw the quarters of the crown prince and his staff, with a fine kitchen and the mess *abri* near by.

It was at these smart headquarters that the crown prince dated a picture of himself in khaki, "in the trenches," which he sent me for the New Year of 1915. That message had made me so angry—and might have done me such harm if my Russian compatriots had not known me well and believed my explanation—that I felt hot all over again, after seven years, as I recalled the incident.

"Oh, yes, it was typical! He refused himself nothing," De Maupas commented when I told my tale.

At Varennes, among the ruins, stands a small, pretty, square building called the Tower of Louis XVI. There, I think, in 1791 the unfortunate King of France and all his family were recognized, stopped and held for a few hours, and from there they were turned back to Paris during the Revolution. This tower changed the train of our thought and conversation, and we sighed a little over Louis and Marie Antoinette's sad fate. We reached the Romagne battlefield soon, and the great American cemetery where thousands of graves of American boys are spread out in even lines. An American mission, its head officer in Paris, looks after this spot and three or four more like it. An American officer, quite young, wandered past us as we stood gazing at the well-kept gravel road and the fine beds of flowers. It seems a noble resting place for these men, among the fields on which they fought and died to save a great cause, and if my own boy or husband had fallen here in France I should like him to sleep in this friendly soil.

The French have a fine sentiment in such things, and they show a great respect for the dead. On all sides the small as well as the large cemeteries are well tended. Crosses have been put on the graves and bouquets or wreaths of flowers here and there show a woman's touch. Even the German dead have been decently buried. On enemy graves there are always black instead of white crosses, and I saw no flowers. Generally a part of the cemetery is given over to the German dead. Occasionally, with a feeling easy to understand as one looks about the ruined land of the war zone, the people have buried German dead just beyond the little graveyard's walls, as if they were considered fallen angels, well outside the pale. But even then each one has been given a cross and is treated with respect. In the German cemeteries we ran across here and there, established while they held these provinces, there is no Allied grave to be found, or at least I saw none; and there are heavy swaggering monuments of stone bearing the insignia of the Iron Cross.

We passed lovely broken Montfaucon, between Romagne and Verdun—a place completely deserted—which is to be made into one of the war monuments of France. There is a fine view out over the valley, and though completely wrecked, the white stone remnants of the buildings make beautiful ruins. A little farther on there is a sign, "Here was Fleury," but no trace of this village is to be seen, and we hurried on our way to the fortifications of Verdun. We visited only one—Vaux, but it made a deep impression, hard to shake off. Dark, damp, deep corridors run far into the ground. The Germans took it, alone of all Verdun's defenses, and held it for several months in 1916. During that time they put in electric lights and a pump to supply their drinking water. They had reached it by tunnels of their own, appearing suddenly in the outworks. After they had got inside they fought five days and nights with bayonets and hand grenades in the dark corridors against the French troops. The walls are bespattered with blood, the air is oppressive but cold, and one shivers at the thought of living in such a place even without a battle raging. I asked how the moral strain could be stood by troops, and the young soldier showing us through said:

"I don't know, madame. I was fighting in the north, not here; but I know they had to change the men in this fort often, as the strain was great, indeed, and the shock of the continuous bombardment told on one's nerves."

The greatest difficulty seems to have been from occasional lack of water. The fort's supply came from a distance through a single large pipe laid underground. Once it was torn open by cannon shots which hit it somewhere outside the fortress walls, where all the ground is torn and seared by craters. The men were suffering greatly from thirst. The commander called for volunteers, and nineteen offered themselves to go for a supply of water. Sixteen of these were mowed down by German shells just outside the fortification and were buried by the Germans where they fell after the enemy had taken Vaux.

### A Stroll Through Verdun

"And the German did not even give them a cross," the soldier added. "He put them four in one grave, too; four graves for sixteen men. Three of our men succeeded, though, in getting back, and they brought in four quarts of water to the thirsty garrison."

More than ever, war seemed hell, in Vaux and in Verdun, and one cannot but be impressed by the energy, courage and faith which held the city even when for months one of the strongest outside fortresses was in the Germans' hands.

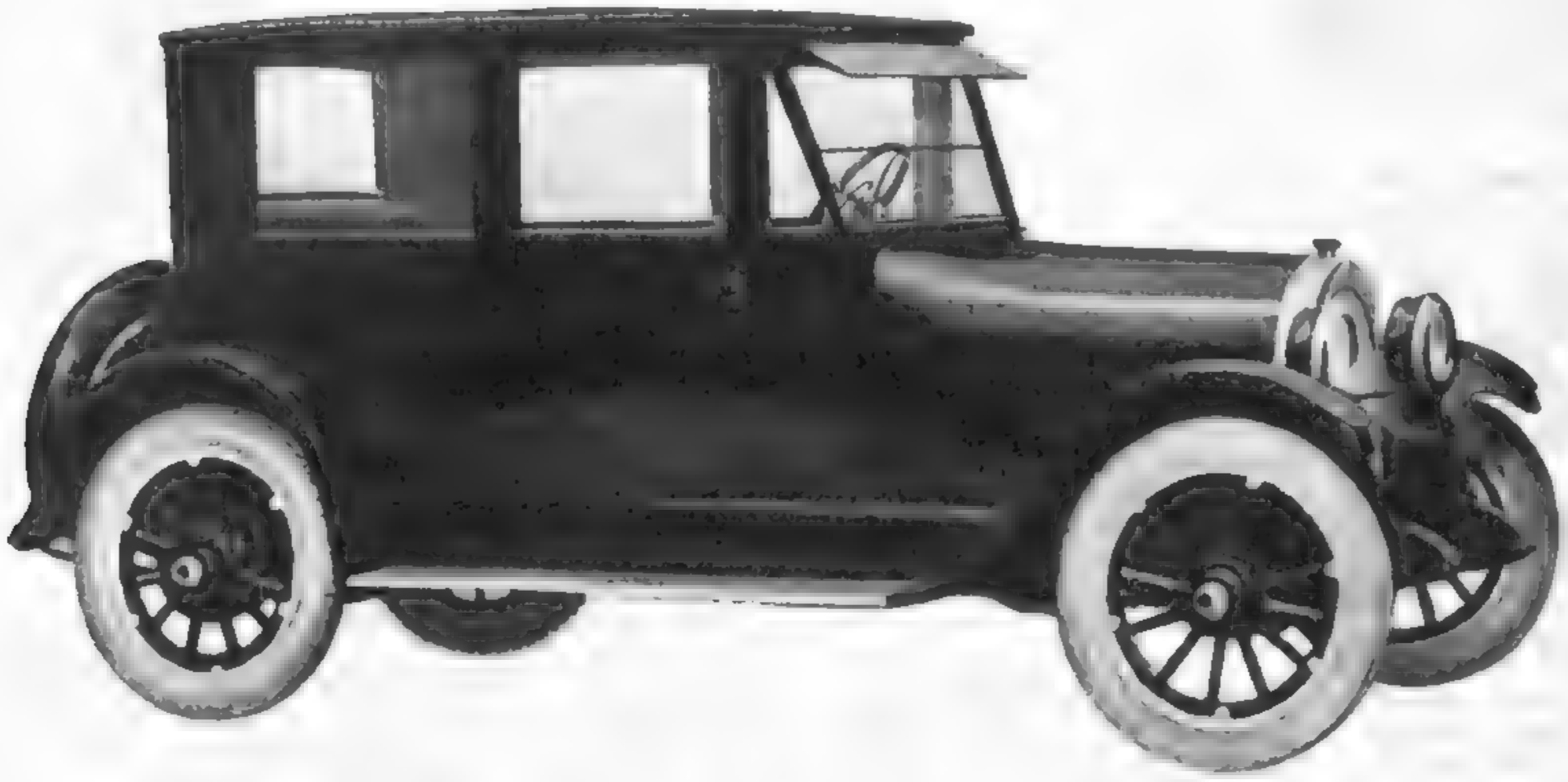
Verdun, barring its ruins, is a lovely little town, with a fine old citadel to crown its heights, and quays along the river that make one want to stop and lounge along them and dream. There are old churches and old façades, quite charming streets and a clean, comfortable, cozy hotel to rest in overnight. One feels the drama of its siege, though on every side buildings are rising from the ruins. The people are as busy as proverbial bees, setting their town in order again.

Petain's proclamation to the troops is quoted on all sides—"Courage! We shall get them!"

The inhabitants of Verdun feel that they did, and they seem not to complain of their troubles. We spent our third night at Verdun and the next morning a short drive took us over the main battlefields of the American Armies, by St.-Remy and Les Eparges to St.-Mihiel. There also the scars of war remain—the Germans' dugouts and their heavily defended trenches, their concrete *abris* and their caves dug deep into the hillsides. But none of these held out against Pershing and his armies of grim-faced American youths, with their steady eyes and firm-set chins.

Everywhere there are traces of our Americans. A fine monument thanks them, "From their brothers in France." Small post monuments mark the spots where one or another American unit fought. Here and there a few scattered graves hold American boys not yet brought into the great garden

(Continued on Page 40)



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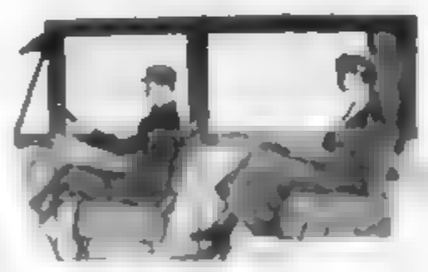

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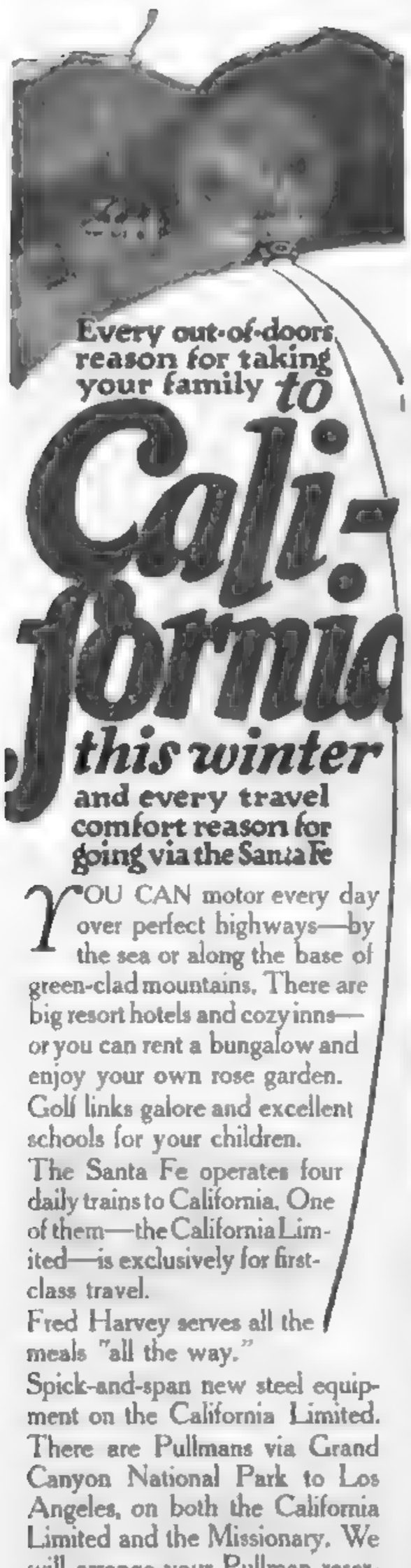
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cemetery of Romagne. I like to see this mixing of American brothers with their brothers of France, and to think of the good understanding which existed in the war during the years they fought together. The Americans who wander about here now seem to feel as I do in these matters. They appear to consider the battlefields are theirs, all up and down the lines, and gladly to confuse their European Allies with themselves. They all feel Germany must pay. None of them argue about this. If anybody chooses to say Germany has not the money a lot of the Americans going over these devastated regions are willing to admit that no country can be expected to hand out in a lump sum the huge indemnity. But with all due reservations as to the length of time Germany shall be given in which to pay, all the tourists in this region feel that pay the enemy must.

There is strain and anxiety everywhere in Europe today. In greater or less degree this feeling exists in every mind, and it crops out in conversations. Bankruptcy, Bolshevism, war again between the nations, or between the classes, lie within the possibilities of the near future. Constantly people inquire what Americans think on all these subjects. Everyone turns to America with a vague hopefulness in face or voice. It is a curious attitude, flattering doubtless, but also a great responsibility for our United States to face in the years just ahead

I'm inclined to believe America does not half realize her power yet. Some of my compatriots feel it in the air, and they want to rush in and vaguely do things here and there to help the world. Others believe Europe is after America's dollars and are for beating the Old World off as they would a rapacious dog. They want to buy from Europe just so much luxury and comfort, paying cash. A certain few close students of the situation seem to have quite a different idea from either of the groups above mentioned. I talked with a few of these in Paris, merely in a casual way—a member of the Reparations Commission, some Americans, an Italian and some French officials.

I don't think I quite followed all the things they said. To be able to follow their ideas presupposed a certain knowledge of the developments they had been watching, and this I lacked completely because of my absence from their countries for four or five long years.

Still, they have had a finger on Europe's pulse for a long time, and they, and even we who know so little, can see something is seriously wrong. I mean to take the trip into the Central European states and see the new conditions there as I had planned, so when I return to Paris I can take up these discussions anew, with my background better laid in.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The next will appear in an early issue.

# THE CAPTAIN OF HIS SOUL

(Continued from Page 7

Who could have spoken more kindly or with greater thought for the rights of others? Yet Willie's words had a curious effect. It gave him a twinge of self-pity to see how the other took them. He had asked him to be a comrade; and instead of being like a pleasant stimulant, his proposal was like water, cold water.

"Good Lord!" gasped the other. "Good Lord! What do you mean?"

Willie felt a glow of righteous indignation. He knew it was time to act now, and that righteous measures were of no avail.

"So that's the kind you are?" he demanded scathingly, bitten by the virus of class and stung by professional antipathy. "Oh, I know—one of those highbrows who won't speak to an honest hard-working second-story guy. Well, you don't put anything over on me with your upstage stuff see? I'm wise to guys like you."

"Look here," demanded the other hoarsely. "Would you mind telling me something?"

"Brother," said Willie, "I'm just starting in."

"Do you mean to insinuate," the stranger asked in a shaking voice, "that I am about to rob this house? Is that what you're trying to say?"

"Ras'berries!" said Willie tersely. "Of course you wasn't! Of course you wasn't! Maybe you just came here in that rig to dance with the dames. Ras'berries to you, Henry."

The stranger took a step backward, and suddenly he seemed very sober indeed.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "Look here. If you didn't come to dance, what in thunder did you come to this party for?"

"What I always come to parties for," said Willie steadily. "And I've been to enough not to let any high-toned crooks pull it over me, either—see?"

For a moment the other seemed bereft of words.

"Maybe a cheap skate like you never met a regular guy," continued Willie. "Say do you see the sign over that case? Well, come over here and read it."

The stranger moved nearer, quiet and steady on his feet now, and looked at the verse in the frame.

"That's me," continued Willie. "The captain of my soul—see? And it's wise for a fly sport like you not to forget it either."

The stranger stood perfectly still for almost a quarter of a minute, and then he turned toward Willie and spoke almost with wonder.

"Well, I'll be damned," he murmured. "You must be the one. Yes, you must be the one."

"I thought maybe you might of heard of me," said Willie.

"And now," said the stranger, "you think you're going to rob this house?"

"You win," said Willie.

"It happens," said the other composedly, "that this house belongs to a friend of mine, and that you're not going to rob it. Did you come in that window? Well, you'd better be going now."

"Kiddo," said Willie firmly, "do I look like a hick? You'd like to pull this alone, wouldn't you? Well, you won't."

"Get out of that window," said the other in measured tones, "or I'll throw you out."

Willie was always quick on his feet. Before the stranger could suspect, Willie had done it. They fell to the floor together in a heap with Willie on top, and Willie had drawn his automatic from his pocket.

"You don't get fresh with me," said Willie.

Willie reached into his pocket again and produced a ball of heavy twine. A minute later, slightly out of breath, but as calm and as nonchalant as a plumber who has mended a leaky pipe, Willie stood up and rubbed his hands. At his feet was a recumbent figure done up as professionally as a bundle from the jewelry store. In Willie's pocket were five new one-hundred-dollar bills, a silver flask and a cigarette case

"That's what happens to white-collar guys who get gay with captains of their souls," said Willie.

Any embarrassment, any little diffidence that he may have felt at first, was leaving him now. His pulse was beating faster, almost synchronizing with the music below. It had been a simple little matter, but, after all, it is the familiar routine bits of work that lie closest to our hearts. The sight of a figure bound and gagged was strangely stirring. New eagerness, new ambitions were surging up within him. Was he not back again at the good old game? A long settee with twisted legs was standing at the far end of the room. Willie grasped his bundle by the collar. It wriggled slightly, but nothing more. Willie drew it across the polished floor, and deposited it beneath the settee.

How he would have laughed then if anyone had told him that he was on the verge of an adventure as strange and fantastic as any in his career! There was the case of jade. There was the quiet room with its pictures and twisting gold furniture. A sweet blossom-laden breeze was being wafted through the window, cooling Willie's brow. Nothing was ever easier. Willie looked up at the pictures of the men without any pants, and grinned; and then all of a sudden he stopped grinning, and gave a little jump. Someone else—yes, someone else—was opening that door.

IV

WILLIE did one of those instinctive things which the best of us do sometimes in spite of ourselves. His leg was already across the sill of the window before he stopped, before he knew that he could not go, obvious as were the reasons for his going. Others might have thought it was a small matter which prevented, others of a coarser grain. He had halted, with ruin and doom moving to his side. He had pulled his leg back hastily, almost with an air of guilt. His heart was pounding in his throat. Over his forehead his mask was limp and moist, but he stopped, stopped dead at the clarion call of conscience. He had forgotten for a moment that a brother craftsman lay bound and gagged beneath the gold settee. What if they had fallen out over a technicality? Matters like that meant nothing now.

The door was opening wider. Willie glanced hastily at the settee at the far end of the room.

"Hold hard, buddy," said Willie firmly. "I won't let 'em get you."

His heart was beating faster, and his eyes were taking on a cold glitter. In his speech was that thin pure note of pride of the man who has been tempted, yet who has lived up to the last letter of his code. And then the door opened wider still, and Willie's mouth opened also.

A pistol shot, the shrill summons of a whistle, a blow from a blackjack—and he would not have been surprised; but even in his most fervid visions he had never pictured what he saw. Four men were entering the room, but what sort of beings were they—what kind of men? Willie felt a tremor running down his fingers. Something somewhere was wrong.

Those four men looked exactly like the pictures on the wall. Each had on a shirt made out of silk, with fluffy sleeves, with the shirt tails waving about their legs. Each had on a little velvet hat. Willie discovered himself dazedly hitching at his waistline.

Not one of them—no, not one of them had on pants any more than the pictures themselves! Nor was that the worst of it.

When they saw Willie they uttered a cry—not a cry of surprise, but rather a glad, genial cry. Could it be—yes, there could be no doubt. They were glad—yes, glad to see him. Willie started, and in spite of himself moved nearer the window.

His panic-struck sight perceived one of those four men advancing toward him—a big fat man with the dark plump skin of a ripe olive, who waddled slightly, and who puffed and chuckled as he walked.

"Well, well," he was saying. "How very nice! Oh, yes! How very nice!"

And before Willie could even summon his wandering faculties the fat man was patting him gently on the back. For a vain second his mind juggled with a dozen possibilities, and then cold certainty turned him pale. Of a sudden it came over him. Only one thing could be wrong with that house of music. Even as the fat man touched him Willie quivered with the horror of it.

"Well, well," the fat man was saying, "if this isn't a treat! Oh, dear me, if it is not! You may not know me, my dear boy, but I know you."

Willie glanced at him attentively, his eyes darting up and down, from right to left. No, it could not be, for the apparition before him was sane enough. There was nothing wandering or vague in his glance. Rather, it was as keen and restless as Willie's own.

"Surely, surely you will recollect when you hear my name," continued the fat man in a renewed burst of confidence. "Your dear old father must have mentioned it."

Willie looked at the fat man more keenly and rubbed his nails softly on his sleeve.

"How much you are alike!" the fat man was saying. "I could note the resemblance at once. Ah, yes, indeed, I could! My boy, I am the Duke of Bocco!"

Groping vainly through past experience, among the things he had heard and seen, Willie's recollection came on something solid, and stuck. A duke! Yes, somewhere, somehow, he had heard of folks like that. He cleared his throat, and earnest search for knowledge made him forget for an instant his present perils.

"Say," he said, "don't dukes wear pants?"

There was something delightfully, contagiously humorous in his question, for the duke began to laugh and choke himself,

(Continued on Page 42)

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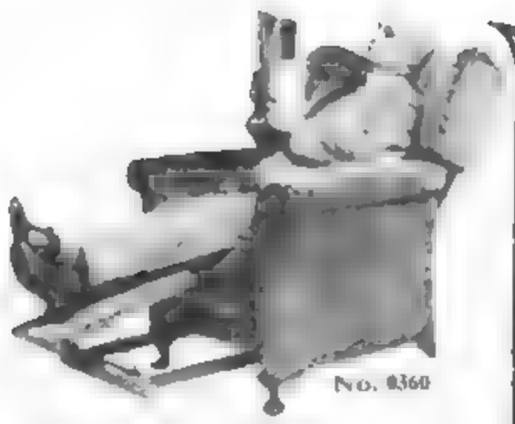
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(Continued from Page 40)

and laugh again. For a little while it seemed as though he could not stop laughing.

"How good!" he cried. "Ha, ha! How you make me laugh! The American humor! It is so refreshing! Oh, my boy! Just like your dear old father. Oh, dear me! No wonder he is so rich."

Dazedly silent, Willie hitched again at his waistline. There was something phony somewhere. He knew it now, for his old man's riches were not laid up on earth.

"Gents," he said at last, "tell me something, and tell me quick! Are you bughouse, or am I?"

Again he must have said something very humorous, for again the duke laughed, and the three others laughed also.

"Ah!" gasped the duke. "Ah, your exquisite American country! Ah, your wonderful American fun! Ah, my boy, how good it is to see you! My friends, come here!"

The three others, still laughing, hurried forward. One was a pale little man with a dry hacking cough. The two others had close-trimmed mustaches and lustrous brown eyes.

"The Count of Bolo," said the duke. "The old Roman Bolos; but, of course, you know. And here is the Marquis of Fizzi, and dear old Baron Carlo. Ah, what a pleasure for us all to meet!"

There they were, all three smiling at him in friendly, facile welcome. Quick as he was to understand most things, Willie was still at a loss. There was something vaguely familiar and homelike in those faces, in their nervous, strained attention; but what it was eluded him entirely.

"Gents," said Willie simply, "now we've met, maybe you wouldn't mind telling me what's the big idea. I guess I'm just an ordinary guy. I don't seem to grab it off the way I ought to."

But they all smiled most reassuringly, and the duke patted Willie's shoulder in a most paternal way.

"My boy! My dear boy," he said in a grave, limpid voice; "as though there was anything ordinary about you—as though one could not at once perceive ——"

He paused and Willie gave a slight start.

"—— the delicacy," continued the duke, "the breeding, the true American culture. My friends, I ask you as men of the world—is he not your beau ideal of an American gentleman?"

Willie felt himself blushing modestly beneath his mask.

"Ah, yes," said the count gently. "Ah, yes, indeed!"

Instinctively Willie knew he was amongst persons of culture again, and that he must make some graceful reply, and he made it.

"Hell, gents," said Willie. "It don't mean nothing. Why, back home, gents, every guy's a gentleman."

"Ah," exclaimed the duke, "that wonderful democracy! Ah, yes, of course. Ah, you are thinking—I know what! You are wondering why we sought you out?"

"Mister," said Willie politely, "the beers are certainly on me."

And indeed they were. He was not used then to the nobility of that strange land, and there were so many things he could not understand that evening. Like another Alice Through the Looking Glass—one in trousers frayed and worn—he darted hasty, furtive glances about him, and in vain. There was no doubt of it—he was in a land of wonder, a land so strange that not even the rumors of it had reached the normal plane where once he lived. The duke sighed sympathetically and rubbed his fat palms softly together.

"We are here, you dear fellow," he said gently, "because we know and appreciate the melancholy which comes over one when he is far from home. We watched you. We saw you wander off by yourself."

Again Willie gave a slight start.

"And we came to cheer you," said the duke. "We thought you might care to play at the cards—some friendly little round game—some game which is gay—cheerful."

Again, in spite of himself, Willie's mouth fell open, and his head began to reel.

"Hey!" he gasped. "Say it again! You say you wanna play cards?"

The duke tickled him jovially in the ribs.

"Aha!" he laughed. "Aha! Did I not know? All the dear Americans, they always love the jolly game!"

"You mean you wanna play cards—with me?" asked Willie hoarsely.

For some odd and inexplicable reason the duke's manner became almost meek and pleading.

"Come, come," said the duke. "Just some merry little game between gentlemen. Perhaps that beau ideal of games of your dear America—the poker! Aha! Aha! I thought you would like the poker!"

There was no doubt about it. He was in Wonderland all right—far, far behind the Looking Glass, sailing on an uncharted genial sea.

"Cheest!" murmured Willie almost prayerfully, tearfully almost. "Can you beat it?"

There was something irresistible in the duke's manner, so bland, so cordial, so friendly. Without even awaiting a definite reply they were dragging up a marble-topped table and five twisty gold chairs, and the duke was saying something in that odd language of the land.

"All right," sighed Willie. "I oughtn't to, but I don't mind if I do play, I guess—only ——"

"Only what?" asked the duke.

"Only you'd better close that door."

Again the duke rubbed his hands and smiled.

"Of course," said the duke. "And now shall we play for a little stake, perhaps?"

Willie looked modestly at the ceiling.

"Gents," he said, "don't mind me. The lid's off, gents. I don't get it. You got me guessing, but when I say yes—the lid's off—only ——"

The duke, who had been on the verge of smiling more broadly than before, checked himself.

"Only what?" he asked anxiously.

"Only all the money up on the table," said Willie diffidently. "The cold stuff—see?"

The duke's smile converted his face into little wrinkles, so that his very eyes became narrow slits peeping out through olive furrows, and the others became more effusively genial than before. A latent sense of sportsmanship made Willie hesitate a moment longer. It was sad to see them so happy.

"Say," said Willie. "Think it over, gents. Are you sure you want to?"

"Want to?" exclaimed the Duke of Bocco. "A game with an American gentleman? Ah! If you only knew the pleasure ——"

"The very great pleasure," said the count in a soft voice, seating himself at the marble table.

Willie looked at the count more attentively. There was something cool about the count; yes, something unpleasantly cool.

"And you shall play beside me, my dear fellow," said the duke.

"All right," said Willie; "I'm willing if you are, mister."

And again he hitched at his waistline. Sometime, sometime soon he would find the answer to it all, but what was the answer? The count was looking at the duke with a peculiar expressionless look. Willie seated himself gingerly. There, alone in a strange house on a professional errand, without shoes and with frayed pants, he was sitting down to play poker with four other gentlemen, who had no pants at all. Yes, what was the answer?

Long ago lots of people had learned that Willie had a gift for games. It was a peculiar thing. No matter how the cards ran, they seemed to leave him unperturbed. Many had noticed that no matter who won it was Willie in the end who came out ahead, and no matter whom he played with either. Sometimes in unguarded moments attempts had been made to investigate just how Willie did it, but at such times, as at others, there was only one answer. It must have been skill, because no one had ever pulled anything on Willie, and no one had ever found anything on him either. Often in the past Willie had taken a modest pride in his accomplishments, but he had never taken a greater pride than he did that night. Something told him that night that he would be at the top of his form.

They were looking at him now, and it made him socially alert to little amenities. He pulled down his cap to keep the light from his eyes and rubbed the tips of his fingers carefully on his sleeves. There was a sound of muffled music from downstairs. He rubbed his fingers again very carefully. He was not sure, but it seemed to him that the duke was looking at him a little anxiously. Willie reached swiftly in his pocket and drew out a hundred-dollar bill.

"Well, gents," he said, "let's put up. Maybe you could give me some change?"

Just then they were interrupted in a singular manner. From the far end of the room there came a noise, almost like a stifled groan.

"*Carissima Madre!*" whispered the count. "Now what was that?"

Willie laughed loudly.

"Say," he cried gleefully, "what's hittin' you? Don't you know music when you hear it, mister?"

And now there were other things to think about. The duke had drawn a pack of cards and a roll of bank notes from the recesses of his silken shirt.

He had taken Willie's hundred-dollar bill, and was counting the bank notes carefully. The others were producing bank notes also, until the table bloomed with heaps of colored paper.

"Perhaps you will deal?" the duke inquired politely.

Willie's fingers became of a sudden as swift as fluttering wings. There was a whir as he shuffled the deck, and a soft flutter of cards upon the table.

"You seem to have played before," said the duke. "Two cards."

And that was the way it began, that wonderful evening. No matter who they were, Willie found right off that they weren't pikers, and they found that Willie was not either. Of all the games he remembered, none had been so beautiful as that. Right at the very beginning things began to move. Nearly all the bank notes were piled in the middle of the table, and Willie was asking for more change when the duke called him. There was a moment of polite excitement. The count and the marquis and the baron leaned forward.

"Four kings," said the duke blandly.

"Cheest!" said Willie. "Now what do you know about that?"

Evidently it was all over. The duke was reaching out with both hands.

"Ah," said the duke, "but you will have better luck next time!"

For answer Willie dropped his cards face upward on the table. There was a slight intake of breath. Staring up at everyone were four aces.

Something seemed to be puzzling the duke. His fat cheeks were glistening in the yellow light, and his eyes seemed glassier than before.

"*Carissima Madre!*" he gasped. "I do not understand! There must be something wrong!"

Willie looked at the duke politely, and the duke seemed even more confused.

"No offense, of course," he said hastily, "but it seemed to me—perhaps the cards are not quite right."

"Oh, all right!" said Willie cordially. "Look 'em over! Maybe they wasn't quite perfect."

But in spite of everything, when they gathered the cards together, the pack did not seem at fault.

"Cheest!" said Willie. "Now what do you know about that?"

And it was remarkable, but it was only the beginning of a remarkable evening. He seemed to be having an exceptional run of luck. Again and again his cards ran high, almost too high to be pleasant. The duke fell silent, and the count kept looking and looking at Willie.

The count and the duke exchanged meaning glances, but still the tenor of the game continued. It was his luck, unshakable and unshaken. It carried him over all opposition, while he remained blandly calm, seemingly disdainful of the pleasant things that befell him.

He was an opportunist, as we all must be who pursue the adventurous modes of life, but he knew too well how soon the leaf of the present turns sere and yellow, even in a gentlemen's game where gentlemen behave as gentlemen should. Somewhere on some strange Olympus of its own some special deity was watching. Perhaps it was that deity who whispered to him finally in that bright and quiet room. For finally, even though he played with steady, persistent cheerfulness, a slight restlessness began to seize him—as though he realized at last that the sand was still running in the glass and that the sand was running low.

"One card," said Willie.

He had just said it when the count gave a slight start, and the duke uttered a foreign expletive. Their eyes were glued on the table at his side. He looked down; and he also gave a slight start. A card—the ace of diamonds—had fallen from his sleeve.

▼

THERE it lay among the bank notes before him, a last addition to his startling accretion of wealth, a mute testimonial that somehow something had

(Continued on Page 44)

# DODGE BROTHERS
# BUSINESS COUPE

To know how the car is built is to recognize its exceptional fitness for years of hard work.

The body is rugged in a new and special sense. Every pillar and rib and panel is steel. All parts and sections are welded together into one sturdy unit.

There are no bolts or screws to get loose—nothing to shrink or warp or rattle. The windows fit snugly in their steel frames. The doors snap neatly shut. Unvarying accuracy and precision are attained throughout.

Because there is no wood to char, the body is enameled in an oven under intense heat, resulting in a hard, durable finish that retains its lustre for years.

The non-rumble top and rear quarters are done in fabric after the current fashion, and heighten noticeably the smartness and grace of the body lines.

Cord tires were selected as standard equipment for the same reason that the seat is upholstered in genuine leather. Every detail has been determined on a basis of comfort and service.

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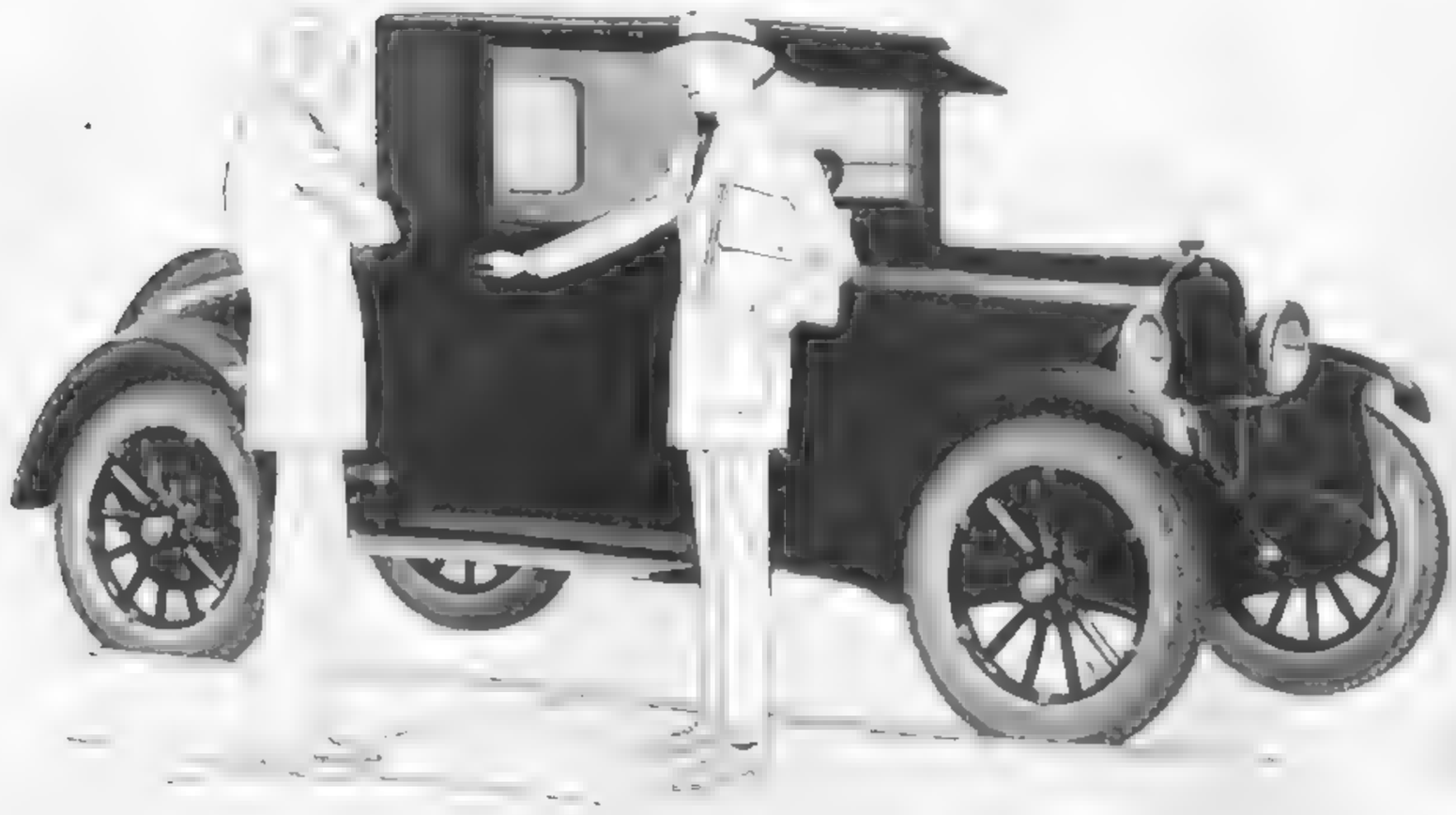

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You needn't hesitate about offering Clicquot Club Ginger Ale to anyone—man, woman, or child. *They all like it.*

The taste for ginger ale is almost universal—the liking for Clicquot just as general.

Clicquot Club is made from spring water, Jamaica ginger, pure sugar for sweetening, fresh fruit juices, and other ingredients as good as we can buy. The happy blend, which pleases people so much, never varies; so that every bottle of Clicquot is as good as the last and the next.

Get it by the case for home use. If you prefer variety, you can buy Clicquot Club Sarsaparilla, Birch Beer, or Root Beer.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB CO.
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Clicquot Club
Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE

(Continued from Page 42)

happened which shouldn't have happened at all.

It was not the embarrassment of the affair that disturbed him so much, high-strung as were his sentiments. It was rather surprise and wonder that it could have occurred the wonder that the juggler feels when the billiard ball falls from his nose, where he had placed it in perfect balance. Willie picked up the ace of diamonds. In the painful pause which had ensued he was examining it with an almost scholarly interest. The count, the duke, the marquis and the baron were all leaning across the table, as though waiting for wrath and indignant denial. The silence was becoming oppressive when he finally spoke.

"Cheest!" he murmured sadly. "Now what do you know about that?"

So wrapped was he in his own reflections that he was the last of them all to become aware that something else was happening, and when he did he gave another slight start.

It was the door again. Someone—yes, someone -was opening it. Nor was that all. He had no sooner pushed back his chair than he saw the duke staring across the room with a look of superstitious wonder. The duke was looking at the gilded settee with the damask cushions. It seemed—though it was hardly credible—that the settee was oscillating slightly, and that its legs were scratching upon the polished floor.

But Willie gave it scarcely a glance. His eye was back at the door again. The door was wide open. A figure in white was standing on the threshold. Willie pushed his right hand forward and leaned heavily against the table. Again his senses were reeling in a dizzy dance. His breath left him with something like a sigh. A girl was standing there in the doorway, dressed in flowing satin.

She was standing very straight and quiet, framed by the gold woodwork, grandly, as in a picture. Her arms were bare and very white, and her neck was bare, and on it was flashing a necklace of diamonds, bright and sparkling as the wavelets on a hundred summer seas. Her face had a calm proud look. Her eyes were steady and reproachful. She was looking at Willie, looking seemingly right through his black mask.

"Albert," she was saying, quite as though she were remarking on the weather—"Albert, didn't I tell you what would happen if you persisted in playing cards with people like this?"

And then she looked at the duke, and something in the way she looked made even Willie turn cold and think of thick stone walls and iron bars.

"You say you came here to see me," she continued. "Albert, you act as though you were still in college. Hasn't everyone told you that the duke always wins?"

The duke pushed away his chair so violently that it fell backwards on the floor. All trace of good fellowship had left him, but a grand manner remained, a very grand manner.

"Signorina," said the duke sternly, "may I ask what you imply by that remark?"

She shrugged her shoulders, but only a very little, and her voice was like the sound of soft bells—on a January evening.

"I mean to imply," she answered, "anything you think."

Then Willie found his voice, or perhaps it was only a part of it, for it was hardly more than a whisper.

"Lady!" he was saying. "Lady!"

"Ha!" cried the duke. "So you think it is I who cheat at the cards? I? Ha! Suppose I tell you who it is who really is the cheat? Signorina, you had better close the door and listen to me. Someone might be coming. Someone you might not care to have hear."

At first it hardly seemed that she had heard, for she was not looking at the duke at all, but instead at the narrow-shouldered professional figure leaning against the table. As she looked, her expression became blank and almost startled; and then all at once it almost seemed as though she were going to laugh.

"Well, I never!" she said slowly. "Well, I never!" And she turned swiftly and closed the door.

Willie leaned against the table. He knew that the threads of drama were around him now, invisible, uncomprehended and compelling. He could feel psychic waves of emotion beating against him, which made him think confusing thoughts. He was in Wonderland still, but it was a more wonderful Wonderland than before. The strange clothes, the strange room and the music confused him still, but he felt better now, as though he had taken a drink, only it was more than a drink. Something inside himself made him calm and steady.

"Lady," he said courteously but sadly, "didn't I tell you, lady, you had ought to keep them diamonds in the safe deposit? Imagun now—what if it was some other guy than me?"

"Ha!" cried the duke, rudely interrupting. "You have said quite enough, young man; quite enough. Now perhaps you will listen to me, and the lady will listen also."

He pointed at Willie with a stern accusing finger, and his body seemed larger and rounder than it was before.

"I and my friends," said the duke, "have seen a terrible thing. We have seen you cheat at the cards. Do not speak. It is I, the Duke of Bocco, who speak now. What will they say downstairs when I tell them—when we all tell them that we perceived the ace of diamonds fall from the sleeve of an American gentleman?"

There was a pause, one of those melodramatic silences. Willie seemed to be making a panic-stricken effort to speak, but apparently he could not.

"Ah!" said the duke. "You turn pale! You perceive the disgrace! You shrink! You shudder! But listen to me—listen to me still."

A certain softness was coming into the duke's proud face, something almost kindly was twinkling in his eye.

"Ah," said the duke, "is it not pleasant that we are still gentlemen? It is still not too late, my boy. We understand. It was the temptation, the high stakes. Suppose we should say no more about it? Suppose we should give our words of honor as gentlemen to leave it all buried here in this beautiful room?"

It was a beautiful piece of generosity. As the sun shines triumphant through the clouds of storm, so the duke's broad smile appeared once more.

"Ah," he said, "now you feel better. Of course you all feel better—now that you may be so safe on the word of honor of gentlemen! And you can be safe, my boy. There is only one thing—one little, little thing. I am sure a generous American will understand it."

The duke puffed out his cheeks and looked slowly about him.

"It pains me to say it," said the duke sadly, "but we are all poor gentlemen, very poor, who, much as we should wish, can do nothing for nothing. Ah! I can see already the light is beginning to dawn! We only ask for a little—just some reward of a grateful young man who should have known better—that is all. And what are a few thousand dollars to a rich, grateful young man, who has made a mistake! Ha! Ha! They are nothing! We will not even allude to it now. Tomorrow at the bank—you understand?"

And he smiled so brightly, so generously and contagiously at Willie, that it seemed incredible that he should not smile back; but Willie still looked hurt, and sad, very, very sad. His shoulders sagged beneath the disgrace. He seemed lonely and bedraggled in that great room as he made his one appeal.

"Lady!" he cried hoarsely. "Say—listen—you don't believe it, do you? Honest now—I'm not the kind of a guy to do a thing like that!"

He paused for another attempt, and tried the while to rally his despairing thoughts. If only she had not come in—if only she had not been there to see him brought so low!

"Listen," he cried desperately, "listen, lady. You don't think a guy like me would drop an ace out of his sleeve? You don't think I'm that soft, lady?"

They were listening to him now—all listening. Save for an inexplicable sound somewhere in the background, everything was very quiet. Of a sudden his voice rang out proud and strong with the innate pride of a great man who knows full well his prowess:

"When a guy like me puts an ace in his sleeve it stays there till he wants it. And that ace—say, folks, do you take me for a boob? Pipe it for yourself, lady. The other one's still there!"

Before their astounded gaze he was reaching in his sleeve. He was pulling something out. It was a card. It was another ace—another ace of diamonds! The duke had given a slight start, and Willie was looking at him now with the cold hauteur of righteous indignation.

"You big fat stiff!" said Willie. "Didn't you think I saw you—what? Didn't you think I saw you pull that double cross? Say, you better blow on your fingers before you sit in a game with a hard-working guy like me!"

The duke uttered a meaningless choking sound. His whole frame was quivering with anger.

"Prove it!" he cried. "I dare you to prove it!"

"Mister," said Willy, "you must be nutty."

And then he did something—so quickly that the duke did not perceive it till it was too late.

With a swift sinuous motion he had reached under the lace collar of the duke's silk shirt. When he drew his hand away there were five cards in it.

"A flush," said Willie, and tossed them on the table. "You don't believe it now, lady? Look him over. Why, that old bird's got cold hands tucked away all around his shirt tails!"

Then from the far end of the room came a sound, a sound which made them all turn about. The gold-legged settee had tipped over, but that was not all. A figure was emerging from under it—a figure in dark clothes with a mask.

"Damnation!" a strained voice was saying. "Damnation! I might have been playing with them myself!"

There was a stifled scream. The girl had taken two steps farther into the room.

"Albert!" she cried. "Why, whatever's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," said Albert. "But I'll get this string off my legs in a minute, and then maybe something will be."

"Buddy," said Willie coolly, "I gotta be going, buddy, but I wouldn't sit in if I was you. It takes a captain of his soul, buddy, to play cards with guys like those."

Yes, instinctively he knew it then. It was time to be going—time to be leaving it all. There was something strained in the atmosphere about him which called for quick decision, but at the last his conscience smote him still, and at the last he made one final appeal.

"Lady," he said gently, "you don't believe it now—about that ace?"

And then his heart beat faster. She was looking at him, still calm and aloof, but smiling, smiling very kindly.

"Of course I don't," she said in a low soft voice. "Of course I know you wouldn't ever be so foolish."

"Cheest!" said Willie. "Now what do you know about that?"

And it seemed to him that bells were ringing in his head, sweet melodious bells in joyous tune. And why should they not have been when justice and honor had come to their own again? He was moving toward the window now, and in the room was a strained and painful silence, but all of a sudden Willie stopped. She was saying something more.

"Oh, don't go!" she was saying. "Oh, please don't go! Don't you hear the music? Now that you're here and have finished your game, you'd better come down and dance."

He paused, irresolute, but only for a second, for outside the door he heard a loud voice calling, which brought back vague and unpleasant memories.

"Alicia!" it called; "Alicia!"

"Mercy!" she cried. "Here comes father!"

"I guess," said Willie, "yep, I guess I gotta be going."

His voice was sad as he said it, sad with vain regret, but even as he spoke the door was opening. An old bird was coming into the room, dressed in a sheet such as one wore in the Turkish baths, with a wreath of laurel around his head.

"So long, lady," said Willie.

"Oh, don't go!" she was saying. "Please don't. It's only father."

But already a cry had interrupted her, a cry of a man in pain.

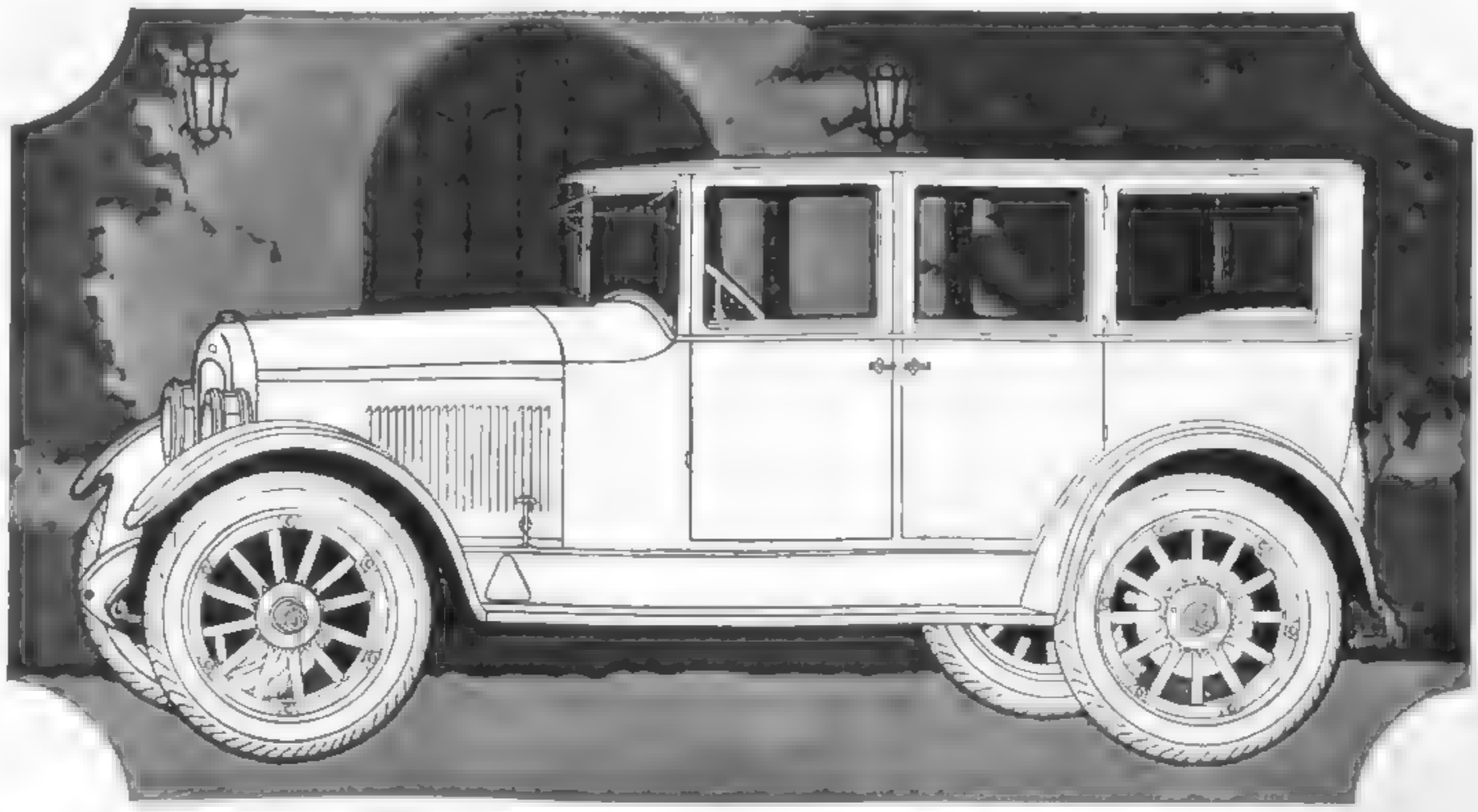
"The money!" shrieked the count.

He was pointing to the marble table, and the table was quite bare.

"*Camorrista!*" roared the duke. "The money!"

Yet even as he spoke Willie's last leg was disappearing through the window. He was leaving, leaving as a captain of one's soul should when it is time to go, sliding softly down the waterspout, but in his head it seemed as though bells, pleasant bells were still ringing.

# A Six of Excess Strength



## Sedan $1465—Touring $995 *F. O. B. Detroit Tax Extra*

The appearance and general equipment of the Jewett Sedan speak volumes for themselves. Here, very briefly, we call your attention to the mechanical elements which make this car a truly fine engineering achievement.

*The Motor*—A six-cylinder power plant with 3¼-inch bore and 5-inch stroke—a total of 249 cubic inches of piston displacement. Compare this with the piston displacement of any other five-passenger car and you will realize the immense power advantage. And, remember, it is an improvement of the same motor that sold in last year's Paige 6-44 Models for nearly $2000.

*The Frame*—The especially designed frame is 6 inches deep, with five sturdy cross members that assure the soundest foundation.

*The Clutch*—Here you find the latest development in smooth, flexible action. It is a distinct improvement found in no other cars of the popular price class.

*The Transmission*—A new and highly efficient transmission makes gear changing a delight on the few occasions when it is necessary. One finger on the lever and the gentlest of pressure is all that is necessary for immediate action.

*The Universal Joints*—Here is a splendid improvement—Universals that do not require frequent oiling. They retain their lubricant tightly sealed against dust or grime, reduce wear and eliminate backlash.

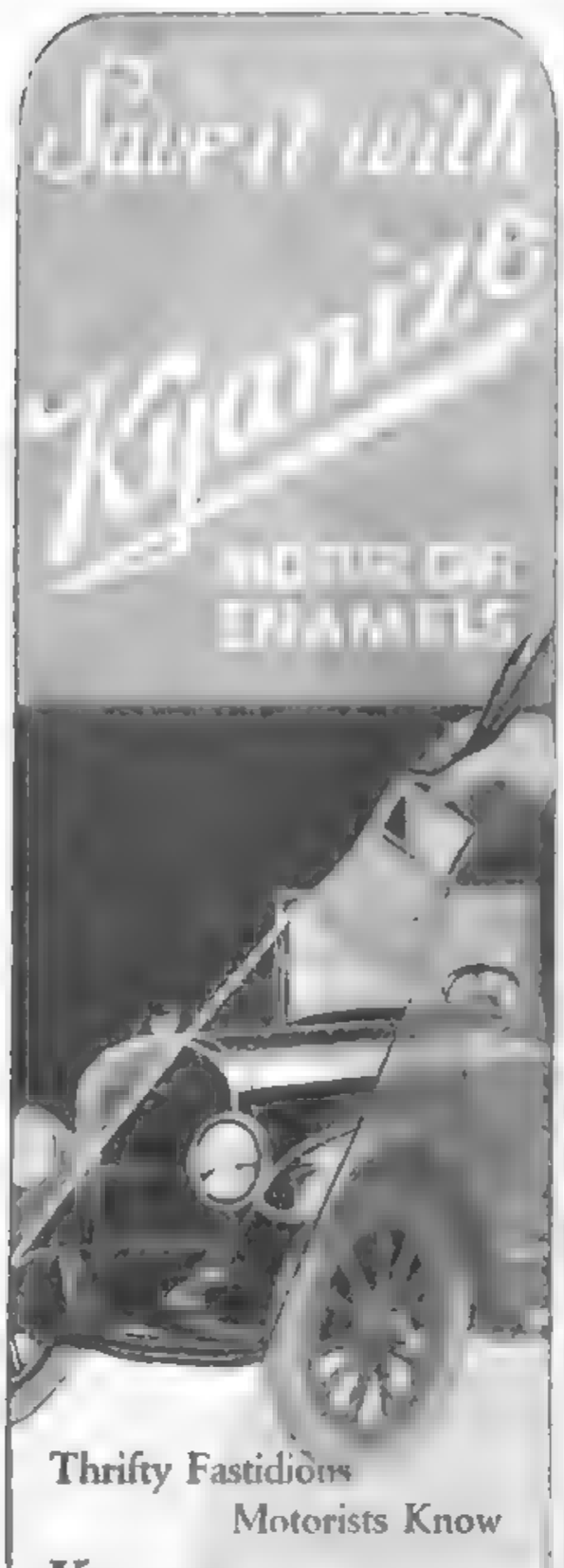
*The Springs*—36-inch front and 54-inch rear springs mean a total of 90 inches of spring suspension on each side of the car. With perfectly balanced construction, it must be apparent why the Jewett rides so easily and smoothly.

*The Axles*—Both front and rear axles are Paige-Timkens with all that this combination implies. Ball bearings in the steering spindles—a type of construction not found in other cars—insure the easiest of steering. Front and rear the Jewett carries the best axles that money can buy.

*The complete Paige-Jewett line of six-cylinder passenger cars offers a selection of thirteen models priced from $995 to $3350. The complete line of Paige trucks meets every haulage need. They are sold and serviced by Paige Dealers everywhere.*

# JEWETT

*A Thrifty Six Built by Paige*




Thrifty Fastidious Motorists Know

KYANIZE Motor Car Enamels flow with ease, level out to ridgeless smoothness and dry with a rich lustre that is absolutely waterproof.

Begin with a clean surface, apply as instructions provide. Keep dust away, and your car takes on added youth and beauty.

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Satisfaction! We guarantee it or "money back for the empty can."

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# THE SECRET PEARLS

(Continued from Page 4)

favorite investment of the underworld! A diamond, value in a small compass, a currency without depreciation, a letter of credit, requiring no embarrassing credentials, good to the far ends of the earth.

Yet on the other hand—in this very thing, for instance—suppose they took a notion to go after him on general principles, have some of their thugs hold him up and go through him! They would get it—and with it him! With the evidence of the double-cross on him he would be through, busted, picked up most likely some morning in some back lot, a thing with a crushed head

No: going over it all again, there was nothing but that one bet—the variation of that old plan of crooks with jewels; the use of a woman, as they often used her; but not in the old haphazard way the ordinary crook worked; a variation that was new.

As he was reviewing his play again, staring with his gambler's face at the gilded arabesques on the opposite wall of the magnified jewel box where he sat, the man he was waiting for, the senior partner of Paillot & Cie., stood silently in the curtained entrance. He was a tall, cadaverous, carefully restored Frenchman of sixty-five who retained the old-time elegance of an imperial and wore the black clothes of an exceptionally dressy undertaker.

"What will it be today?" he asked with a ceremonial politeness which faintly indicated both hate and fear

He felt, as a matter of fact, both. For Diamond Mike held in his possession intimate information concerning the private life and adventures of the elegant gentleman before him—information so valuable that he considered it a concession approaching actual kindness that he used it only to secure the jewels that he had from time to time invested in here at cost. And yet to him, at times like this, it was worth much money to be sure you were buying gems at actual cost and dealing with an expert who dare not cheat, betray or double-cross you.

"You know that necklace—those phony pearls you sold me here three weeks ago?" inquired Diamond Mike, starting on his business without delay.

"I do, yes," replied the stiff, precise voice, with the faint intonation of aversion and fear.

"Didn't you tell me it was the copy of a real one that you had in stock?"

"The exact copy, yes."

"Is it here now—the real one?"

"It is."

"Let me see it, then," said Diamond Mike Flynn.

He sat when the other went out examining his game for the last time before he was finally committed to it. It was a change for him—in jewels—this plan. But so much the better—the less expected. And pearls, even more than diamonds, brought value into small compass.

He sat without visible motion until he saw the cadaverous form of the jeweler appear simultaneously in the entrance and the gilt-framed mirror opposite. He came in with the stiff motions of his kind and placed the costly case of pearls, with the gestures of the performance of a sacred rite, on the frail gilt table before the mirror; opened it and showed the iridescent gems against the dark richness of the interior

"They ain't so big, are they?" asked Diamond Mike suspiciously. For he was not much of an expert on pearls.

"No; but they are unusually perfect, unusually matched."

"And that would make them more regular, huh? More even, like artificial ones would be?" said Flynn, thinking of the duplicate.

"Perhaps—in that particular," conceded the dealer.

"Well, how much?" asked the hard voice of his visitor.

"One hundred and fifty thousand dollars," replied the high, querulous tones of the jeweler

"Aw, go on! Come through!" said the curt voice of the labor grafter, a dozen threats in its colorlessness.

"I cannot! It will be impossible! I have all my expenses—my interest, my overhead. And other customers will now examine besides also," said the high voice, hurrying on alone, lapsing slightly into an earlier use of English as it hurried and stopped, in the other's stolid silence.

"Come on! How much?" asked Diamond Mike Flynn again, keeping his steady eyes still on him, and brought him by scornful silence and eye-play down toward cost values.

"One hundred and twenty thousand dollars," the other man conceded in the end. "Not one cent less. It costs me that today. I will show you the bills of sale—to me."

"Come on, then! Let's see them!" responded Flynn, indicating that the bargaining was coming toward its end

"All right," he said when they were shown, and pushed them back upon the table. "And now how much for these?"

Turning away, he brought out from the hiding place he had made in the lining of his clothes his own accumulation of diamonds in their little chamois bag. There was less chance for discussion there. He had bought them from this man. They both knew each stone perfectly. But it was some time before they had reached an agreement on the stones needed to produce the added twenty thousand dollars which their transaction required.

"That's all I'll give," said Flynn at last. "And that goes!" The other gave a Gallic groan. "I'm getting done, at that. You know and I know that some of these stones are worth today plenty more than I paid for them. And now," continued Flynn, closing the talk and taking out his bill fold, "here's the rest of it. Count it."

The eyes of the expert in values scrutinized the bills with a first gleam of apprehension.

"The banks are all closed," he suggested.

"Forget it!" said Diamond Mike Flynn. "You've got your own safe. You don't think there's anything wrong with them that they're phony?" he continued menacingly.

"No," replied the other, his scrutiny apparently satisfactory.

"If there is," said Flynn, "I'm right here. I'm not leaving town—yet, and I'm not likely to."

"Very well," said the jewel merchant, running his long, white, apprehensive fingers through the sheaf of bills again.

And now Diamond Mike Flynn, looking at the iridescent baubles against their dark background for a last time, closed the costly case and looked it over with care.

"I'll want a bill of sale for this at your first price—one hundred and fifty thousand dollars," he announced then, looking up.

"Very well," replied the other after a slight hesitation.

"And another thing," said the labor grafter, looking up once more: "Have you got another box like this here?"

"No, no! Not the same!" returned the jeweler, shrinking from further demands.

"Well, as much like it as possible," directed Flynn, and eventually got the thing that he wanted; and that might be necessary for his plans—a second costly jewel case for a necklace, stamped with the name of Paillot & Cie. Having it, he nodded satisfaction.

"Have you got a way out—in the back here?" he asked.

"Why, why, yes"

"Show it to me," said Diamond Mike, starting instinctively—on general principles now—to cover all his moves

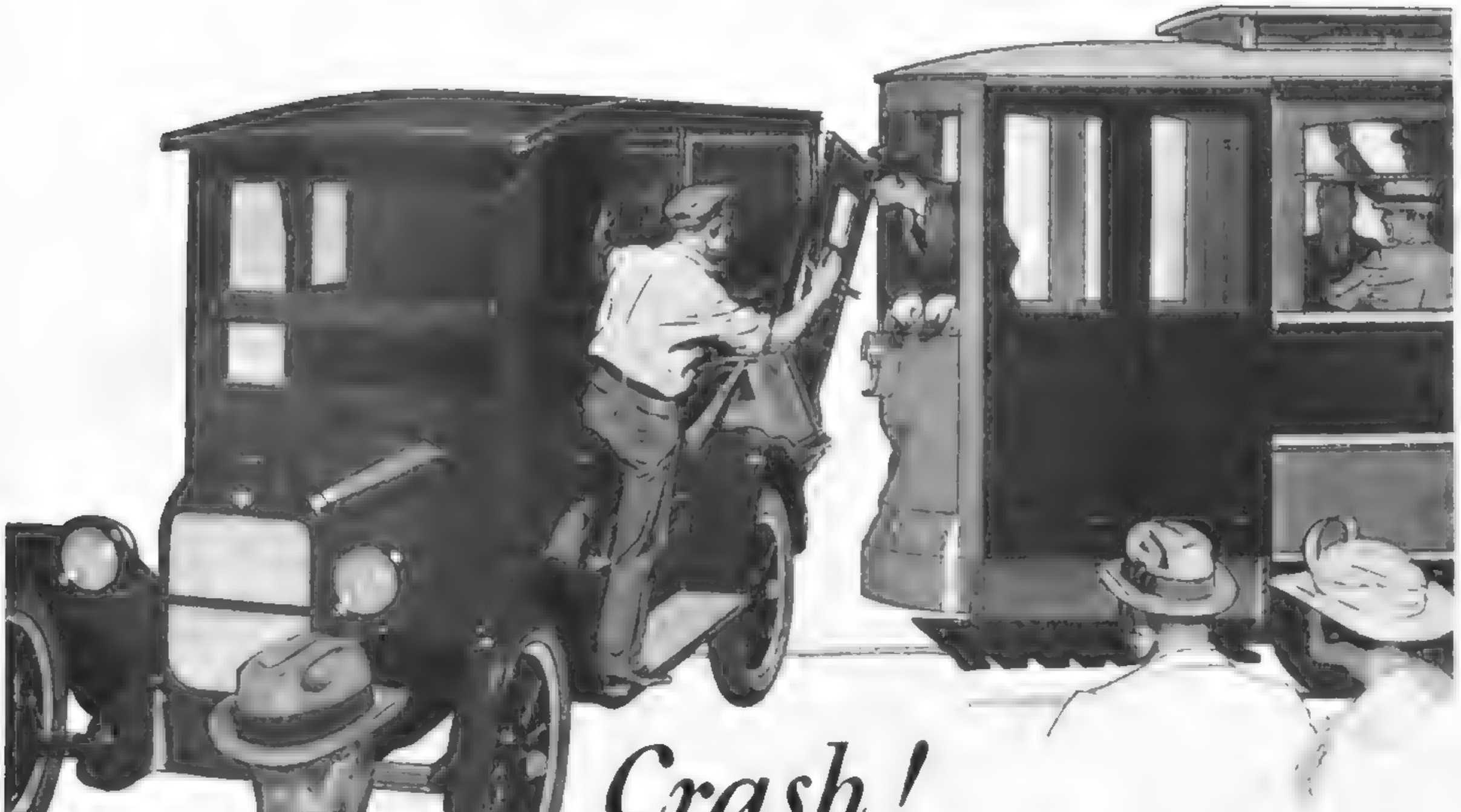
Outside, across the street from the front entrance, the man with the shell-pink hand waited in vain, consuming endless cigarettes, for the man who had slipped him.

III

AT SEVEN o'clock Diamond Mike Flynn came into the main entrance of the restaurant and cabaret he had been frequenting lately and cast his level glance

(Continued on Page 48)

Back of Flynn and Before the Others Came the Shadow of a Hand Upon the Door



# *Crash!*

## -Repaired and back on the road in exactly 2 Hours and 7 Minutes -

IT was a rainy day in St. Louis. The streets were wet. The car skidded. *Smash!* Regardless of how staunchly a commercial body is built, something must give way when it strikes a trolley car.

The side panel and door of this one were badly damaged.

The driver phoned the office and they told him to take the car over to the Martin-Parry Assembly Plant. In exactly two hours and seven minutes after the accident happened, the car was back on the road completely repaired.

*How Was It Done?*

Martin-Parry bodies are an engineered line, made up of completely standardized parts which permit rapid, economical manufacture and quick and easy replacement. All similar parts are interchangeable—damaged units may be repaired at minimum cost.

The Martin-Parry organization has recognized the necessity of building commercial bodies in the same manner that other automotive products are manufactured—that is, to design them carefully for economical volume production and to distribute, sell and service them for the best interests of the dealer and user.

*Standardized Construction Means High Quality*

The fact that Martin-Parry Bodies are built in separate units at our factories and assembled in any of thirty Assembly Plants located in all parts of the country, demonstrates conclusively the unvarying accuracy with which they are made.

When you buy a delivery car, remember that Martin-Parry Standardized Bodies and Martin-Parry Assembly Plants give you the utmost in Commercial car Service.

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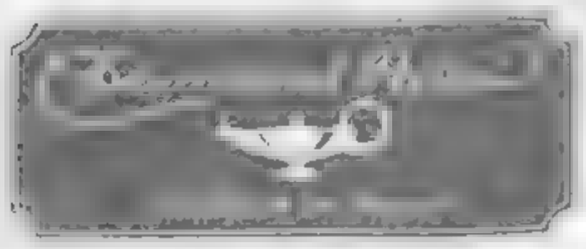

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
*E. W. Hammons, President*
EXECUTIVE OFFICES—NEW YORK


*(Continued from Page 46)*

around the half-empty room, looking for the girl he had planned to use as the hiding place for his jewels.

It was the restaurant called Rose Palace, owned by a man named Jacob Rosenberg, who now called himself Jake Rose. The time was early yet for the real crowd, the dancers and the spenders, and the place had still the dead, unhealthy air of a pleasure market out of hours.

The eye of Diamond Mike, not finding what it sought, was caught at once by that of the proprietor, a round-bodied, round-eyed, round-headed man, whose brown, loose, bilious face was surmounted by an absolutely bald head of an almost startling whiteness.

"You're in early," he said to his customer in an exaggeration of the brief hard manner of those who know much and say little.

"I've got a meeting on tonight. Where's Mary?" responded Diamond Mike Flynn.

"She won't be in for half an hour anyway," said Rose, extracting a watch from his rounded vest.

"Ah-hah," said Flynn. "Well, I've got just about that long. What you got to eat?"

Reaching out for the menu, he ordered his meal from the waiter whom the proprietor had beckoned up and left with him, and waited for it to be served, glancing through his evening paper and looking every now and then around the room.

It was a place where quite a number of the labor grafters came in; easy money with them, as with other members of the underworld, meaning night life—food, drink and women. But it was early yet; the time for dancing and excitement had not yet come. The eyes of the diner did not see one yet in any part of the floral room.

The farther corners of the place were not yet fully lighted; at one end the painted lattices and roses on the wall were still in deep gloom. And the water from the fountain in the center splashed over the marble bodies of the nymphs and into the little pool below quite loudly in the dispirited and intermittent talk of the few early comers. The negro orchestra had come now, but was still occupied with preparation. And no one greeted Flynn until the bareheaded proprietor came back beside his table again.

"Gladys's in," he told him now. "She don't know anything about Mary—I don't think. But she says she's coming over to see you. She's got something to string you about."

"Is she with Mary much now?" asked Diamond Mike Flynn, looking up.

"She's got a pretty good line on her all the time," Rose answered in a lowered voice. And the two looked up to watch the girl herself come toward them—a slender, wiry, blond girl, with an extravagant hairdressing like a basket of matted gold, an extravagant display of flesh-colored stockings and an extravagant buoyancy of manner.

Sitting down abruptly, she projected herself forward on her sharp elbows across the small table at which Diamond Mike was sitting.

"You want to know where Mary is?" she asked shrilly. "I'll tell you where she is—probably. She's out with that gassed guy, that dying gladiator, she dug out at that army hospital a week or so ago—mothering him some more."

"So you say," broke in the round proprietor, who had taken the third seat at the end of the table.

"Well, I'm liable to know, ain't I?" the girl demanded, staring rigidly. "Something?"

"Do you know—right now, tonight, where she is?" asked Rose, persisting.

"Say, you want to keep your eye on that," she went on, turning and addressing Flynn, without answering him.

"Don't worry," said Diamond Mike, looking up at her, catching the gleam back in her eye.

"For you might wake up and find you've lost her some bright morning," she went on, bantering him with her sharp voice and rigid face. "That's how they get that way."

"Which way?" Flynn asked her.

"When they see they're sick and they get to mothering them—it's all off."

"Aw, how do you get that way yourself?" Jake Rose asked her.

"That's all right," she answered, starting now to back up what she had said at first just to get Flynn going.

"You know yourself she never noticed him till he chased her here, after she was over singing that time in the hospital."

"That's all right," she repeated.

"You know yourself she's tried to shake him a dozen times."

"That's all right."

"If there is anything like that on with you skirts, you can't fool me. I can see it coming for days," said the proprietor. "I ought to. I've seen it enough. But all there is here—he's got a bad case. She's got him hypnotized—singing. And she don't know how to lose him, try as hard as she can. Why wouldn't she try? What's he got to hand her but the con? He's starving to death, without a dollar, and dying at the same time."

"That's all right," said Gladys Gay, smiling the sudden smile of a successful josher, but going on still. "I didn't claim anything else, did I—not yet?"

"Yet!"

"Yes, yet! All I said was," she continued, sobering again, "that it was the first step. When they're sorry for them and start mothering them they are on their way fast."

"He'll be dead by next month," said Jake Rose.

"He's dead now—from the feet up," said Diamond Mike, for he could see this whole talk when it wasn't josh was bunk for his consumption—the way those girls try to work the men for one another. "So forget him. What I want to know now is if you can tell me anything about my chances of connecting with her in the next fifteen minutes," he said, pulling out his watch with an unusual gesture of interest and impatience.

"I don't know," said the girl, letting down. "You might, but I don't think so. What's the hurry?"

"No hurry," said Diamond Mike, the mask dropping down over his features once more. "I just thought I'd take a look at her before she went on."

"She's got you going, hasn't she?" commented the girl.

"Sure! You all have," said Flynn, a slight touch of contemptuousness behind his banter. "But if I don't see her now you might tell her I'll be in later—if you can't send her out now."

"All right, I'll tell her when she comes. I've got to go now. I'll be on in half an hour," said the girl, getting up and passing back in the direction of the improvised dressing rooms off the corridor behind the little cabaret stage.

"She's full of hops," said Jake Rose, regarding her lithe, lean back, her legs beneath their dark-fringed draperies, marching away with exaggerated suppleness. "Mary never thought twice about that guy."

"If she did, he'd 'a' been dead before she thought a third time."

"He's a dead one—more ways than one," said the proprietor.

And Diamond Mike devoted himself to his dessert, dismissing the subject from the conversation. She couldn't fuss him about that other girl, so far as any proposition like that was concerned. He'd seen too many of her kind to think she'd fall for that.

"Listen," said the cabaret proprietor, after a sidewise glance at him and another about the room. "What's the idea of this thing they touched off night before last?"

"What thing?"

"That bomb that blew off the porch of Svenson, the business agent of the painters."

"Just a little wheeze for a warning, maybe," answered Diamond Mike, looking around the room with careful indifference.

"For what?"

"For getting gay—butting in and trying to pull down too much graft on his own account. He needed some discipline—probably."

"Are they going to knock him off?" asked the rounded proprietor with intense but furtive interest.

"Why wouldn't they if he don't straighten up? And you can tell him I said so," added Diamond Mike suggestively.

"Tell him! How should I tell him when I don't know him?" asked the round proprietor in hasty denial.

"I didn't say you did," replied the other man briefly, his meal practically done.

"Anyhow, a man makes a big mistake—going up against this present combination now," commented Rose, disregarding the awkward break in the conversation. "They get them almost always—these double-crossers."

"You're right—probably," said Flynn, unmoved by his statement.

"Who's doing it all—probably?" asked the other man, still persisting.

"Doing what?"

"Who's blowing up all these dumps now—Soup Kelowski?"

"No, not that poor Hunk. He's through, they tell me," said Flynn, pushing back his chair.

"Who is it then—that One-Fin Feeney?"

"It might be, at that."

"He's bad."

"You've said it," agreed the other.

"I'd hate to have him out with a few sticks of that stuff to spatter me around with. They say he almost always gets them."

"He's all right, so they tell me."

"He's bad," repeated the restaurant keeper, "and yet he's a comical guy, at that. Did you ever see him fooling with that thing of his—that educated hand, he calls it? He can move the fingers, do you know it?"

"They got them now so they can move them—in some cases—sewed on somehow to the flesh."

"It gives me the dollies to look at it," stated the bald-headed proprietor. "And yet it's comical, at that, to watch him and hear the cracks he makes about it when he gets lit up a little, showing what he can do with it."

"They have to keep practicing up with them," said Flynn in a matter-of-fact voice.

"He's worst—he's funniest with the thing when he's lit up just a little, getting tuned up probably for another job. He has all the gang howling over it just before he's ready to go out on something extra wild—the way I get it."

"What does he care for anything—dead or alive?" asked Flynn. He looked at his watch indifferently. "Well, evidently she ain't going to be here," he observed; and glancing around for a last time in vain got up, and looking neither right nor left walked out of the place.

His gambler's face showed no emotion. It would not. But he was out of luck. The very first move in the play had gone against him. However, all life is a gamble in the world he lived in. If the first trick falls wrong the next one may come your way.

At any rate, the cards were dealt, the game begun, without any possible turning back. And Diamond Mike, with an impassive face, turned out of the Rose Palace on his dangerous enterprise—to double-cross the other members of the big three who ruled the labor grafters—with his pearls still on his sleek person.

## IV

THE big three, or so-called murder trust, to whose headquarters this man was going, was one of those grotesque developments of modern city life which will probably seem incredible fifty years from now, but are perfectly natural outgrowths from present conditions.

The so-called labor skate, or labor grafter, sometimes a business agent for some of the unions of the building trades, has long been known as one of the slipperiest and most versatile criminals in the underworld. A creature like no other; part demagogue, part blackmailer, part murderer; a Jack-of-all-trades among crooks. He lives partly on his salary from the union he controls, partly by work in crooked city politics, but largely from the blackmail he collects from employers by his ability to call strikes.

Now the calling of successful strikes depends fundamentally, quite often, on violence; on being able to beat up and drive away scabs or strike breakers; and for this purpose the so-called wrecking crews were early formed from the more burly and pugnacious members of the unions; and to them were added later thugs hired from the slums and paid, like the union sluggers, out of secret funds.

It was the development of these systems of paid thugs which eventually brought about such combinations as the big three, the so-called labor terrorists, made up of the men who commanded the most effective of them. Their little bands of mercenaries and adherents beat down in succession the scabs, the opposition to them politically in their own unions, and the power of hostile and competing leaders in the other unions, until in the end they terrorized all parties in the situation and

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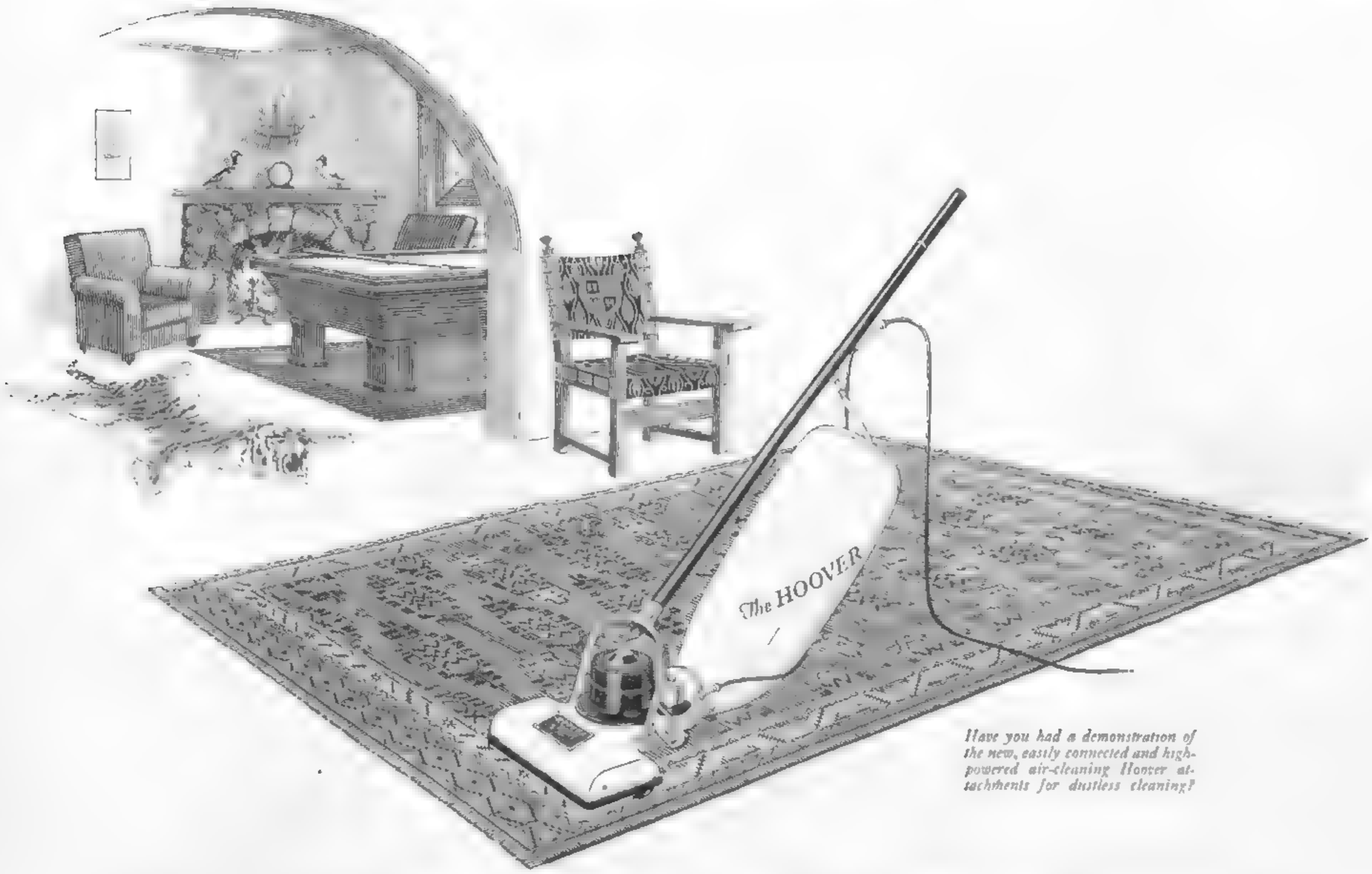


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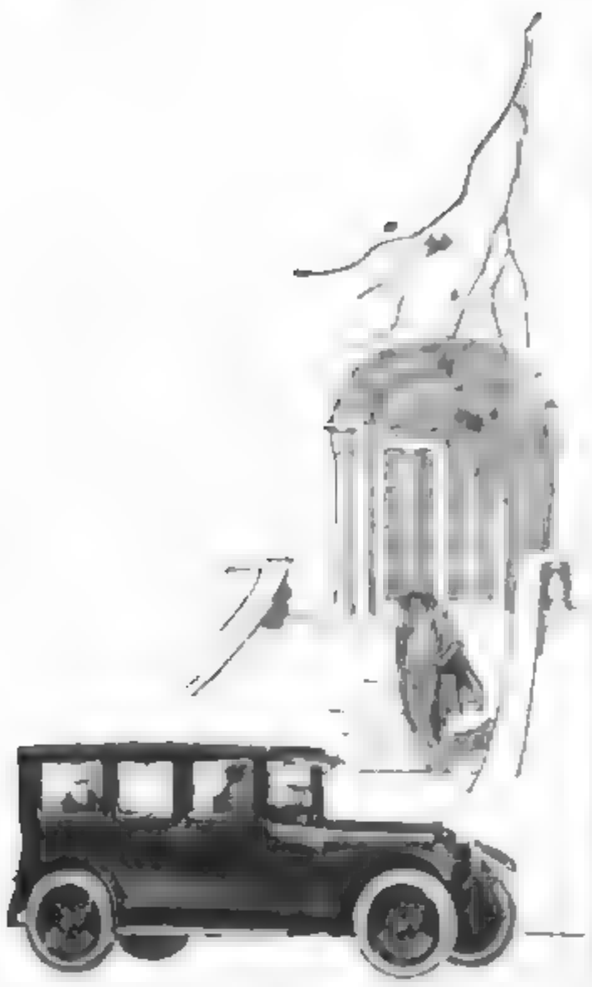

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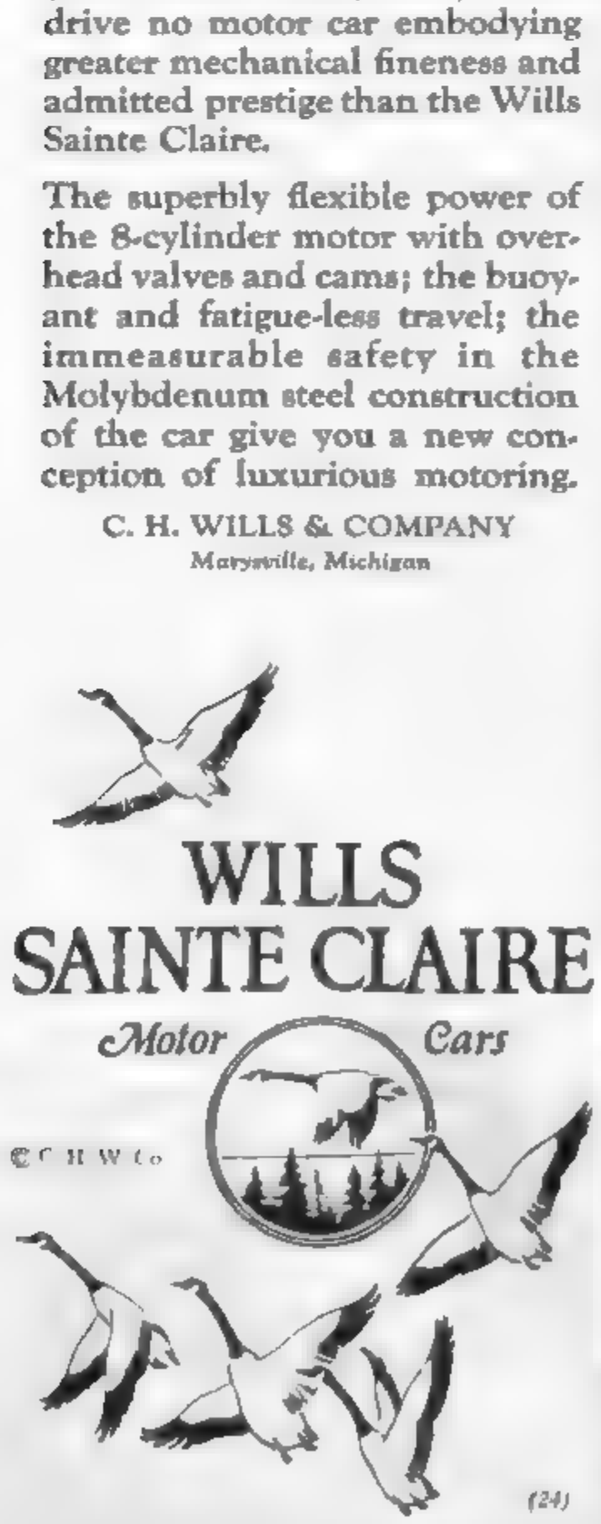


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controlled for themselves and their dependents the blackmail to be gathered from the hundreds of millions of dollars a year which can be effected by the threat of strikes in great cities, especially in the building trades.

And so by a perfectly natural process had grown up this apparently grotesque and impossible thing—these strange rulers of the labor grafters, the three; men of leisure and lavish expenditure of great incomes, assessed from hundreds of millions of capital of which they own not a cent; white-handed princes of labor who never work and never will; dressy and highly manicured master murderers who direct a private force of professional sluggers, dynamiters and assassins for their own purposes, defy the law with corps of highly paid retained lawyers, and hold in ridicule the police power of the city through the city politicians—obedient to the wishes of a greater power of the underworld, which holds at once money, murder and votes in its close control.

The member of this curious council who was on his way to double-cross it in one of its most important transactions turned from the Rose Palace in the direction of its headquarters, compelled by an unexpected chance to retain the proceeds of his double dishonesty upon him.

As he passed along a close observer might have noticed the slight swelling made by the thin box of jewels where they lay in the inside pocket of his buttoned coat, and also perhaps the two other little bulges—the one in the left-hand lower coat pocket made by the second jewel box which he had secured for possible use in the carrying out of his trick of hiding the jewels, the other in the right-hand lower pocket of the coat made by the automatic pistol which always lay there as a necessary equipment for his trade.

The bearer of the doubly stolen fortune passed out of the small highly lighted section of the city where its night life centers and soon was traversing the now desolate and deserted wholesale district—a solitary figure in a very lonely place.

It seemed more lonely, more strangely and unnaturally deserted, because, on account of daylight-saving time, the light of day still lingered faintly on its emptiness. The dark, old-fashioned wholesale business blocks, grimed with smoke, stared down on him from their vacant eyelike windows with the threat and mystery of late twilight. His footsteps resounded loudly in the silent street. It was a somber and depressing way of approach to a dangerous enterprise. But if the man concerned thought of this he gave no sign of it either in his face or manner.

He turned his last corner and saw that the motor cars of the other two members of the three were already there before the entrance to their headquarters—the robin's-egg blue roadster of Smiling Jack Geegan, the bright yellow-and-maroon limousine of Black Hand Joe the Italian. Of the three, Diamond Mike alone, older and more cautious than the other two, stuck to jewels. For the others—like the rest of the labor grafters today—it was automobiles.

So there they were, upstairs, talking together already, waiting for him and what they hoped he might be bringing them. He could see a light up there in headquarters. Seeing it and turning his eyes down again, Diamond Mike walked deliberately by the highly colored automobiles into the soiled and disreputable entrance of the building, the headquarters of so many of the labor grafters of the city.

It stood between the wholesale and political centers of the city, a shabby structure which had passed into dilapidation and decay with the startling rapidity with which such changes come in fast-growing American cities. By an extension of the grim jocularity which bestowed the name of murder trust upon its most distinguished tenants, the old building was quite generally known in the conversation of the street and the underworld as the morgue—in allusion to the variety of murders and violent assaults which had taken place there.

Inside, the place was even more forbidding than out. Shabby, dingy, out of date, the offices that did not contain labor grafters or that were not empty housed second-class advertising agents and canvassers, hangdog private detectives, more-than-questionable lawyers. But principally, more than all else, it housed the labor grafter, from the hatchet-faced men in wrinkled gray suits, picking a precarious living from some little craft, to the prosperous, brilliant-plumaged ones like the membership of the big three.

The elevator was not running at this time of night, and Diamond Mike, forced to walk, trudged unhurriedly up the dingy stairway to the offices. A decrepit old black-walnut banister guarded the stairs and top of the stair well; along the walls a very high soiled dark green dado ended in a smudged strip of lighter wall above. And one lonely incandescent light, swung at the end of a common insulated wire, threw its insufficient light on the gloomy green-blind-ended corridor extending down into the block, and the still gloomier and more suggestive dimness of the next flight of stairs which went above.

Turning at right angles to the left, the steady progress of the footsteps of Diamond Mike Flynn resounded down the empty corridor to the location of the next and last electric light. There he stopped, and, pressing his full hand against the ground glass of the door of the only lighted office in the hallway, gave the customary signal for admission to those inside.

For a moment he stood there waiting, an oddly ornate figure in the sordid and shabby hall, like an actor waiting for an entrance in the bare ugliness behind a stage. Then the door swung back and he passed in, prepared with the skill of long experience for his opening play with the other members of the three.

The door was opened by the tall, shambling figure of Smiling Jack Geegan, showing the usual quick grin set on a long grotesquely humorous face, the face of the youthful jester who is hailed on the street corners of cities as a comic. He was dressed as ornately and much more floridly than the man who entered.

"Hello, Mike, you old crook!" he greeted him with a humorous grimace of welcome on his wide, long-upper-lipped mouth.

"Hello," Flynn answered in a curt and surly voice.

The Italian Cattaio, Black Hand Joe, he saw, sat at the other end of the long table in the center of the room, facing the entrance, his yellow-shod feet on the table's edge, his chair and body tipped back, his hat down over his eyes, staring out with his usual surly air, smoking his cigarette. Both fixed their eyes on him with a significant earnestness.

Realizing this and for what they were waiting, Diamond Mike came on across the room in a purposely protracted silence, putting up to them the disadvantage of starting.

"Let us in on it!" called the voice of the tall jester, Geegan, back of him. "Have you got it in your kick or not?"

"What do you think?" asked the newcomer with an ill-natured glance.

"I dunno. What do I?" responded Smiling Jack Geegan, waiting in continued good nature, his comical smile still on his face.

"Didn't you see in tonight's paper where he dropped dead?"

"What—before you got there?"

"Before I was due to get there—by an hour!"

The sudden silence he had looked for filled the room. The smile of Jack Geegan stood frozen on his face, a forced crafty leer, far more cruel and sinister than any possible expression of frank anger. The Italian moved his legs and showed his bright green socks as he shifted his yellow shoes where he had them cocked up against the table, but he did not speak, and his eyes and upper face remained concealed beneath the shadow of his hat brim.

"You missed your calling," said Smiling Jack after a moment more.

"Yeah, in what way?" returned Flynn with an answering threat in his voice.

"You should have been a train dispatcher—and everything would always start on time."

This was just the opening that Flynn was playing for.

"Yeah—just like you were in that taxi-company touch!" he came back, taunting him, starting up a jawing match, getting their minds off the main thing.

The young Italian at the table's end till now had merely sat staring suspiciously. But now, in place of speaking, he burst into a strangely sudden strangling cough, which he broke off finally, apparently trying to speak.

"Or you either," said Diamond Mike, anticipating him, forcing the fight on him in turn, "when we were on that new station job!"

The Italians are easy to start. He had this one on his feet, catching at his throat, trying to talk, when the thing took another turn.

"Forget it!" said the voice of Smiling Jack. "Forget it! We all break an egg now and then."

He stepped between Flynn and the Italian, smiling the smile of the streets and the underworld, which reduces all things, good and bad, fortunate and unfortunate, to absurdity.

"Forget it!" he said with a crooked grin. "What were you, out on a date with some Jane?"

"Like hell I was!" said Diamond Mike, still forcing the quarrel on him. "I don't mix my kidding and love scenes with business, like some I could mention."

"Sit down, anyhow," said the tall jester, unmoved from his good nature, placing a long, conciliatory hand upon the shorter man's shoulder, "long enough to tell us how it was. Sit down! Go on!" he urged, forcing him with friendly pressure into the seat at the long table next to the Italian, only facing away, not toward the outer door, and himself took an extra seat beside the Italian—and facing Flynn and the door behind him. "Go on! Tell us!" he directed.

"What is there to tell?" asked Flynn ill-humoredly, still planning to get them ugly and fighting and off the main issue. "I was due there in his office at four o'clock, and I went there. And when I got there he had croaked over an hour before."

"'Pit it all out in mamma's hand!" urged Smiling Jack Geegan, his comical mood of good humor still unchanged, the clown's smile on his flexible mouth with the long upper lip. "Let's have it all from the beginning."

They sat there while Flynn put out his story with impassive face and planned how they could start over again; by what new tricks or threats of violence and terror they could hope to lay their hands again upon that bribe which he told them had slipped through their fingers, when the carrying out of that contract that the dead man held fell into other hands. Their voices sank, they went over step by step the details of new plans. And Diamond Mike had reason to believe now what he had questioned once or twice earlier—that he had them fooled.

They sat there, a strange crew for this monotonous matter-of-fact talk of blackmail and violence; all carefully, even foppishly dressed, according to their individual ideas of the mode; all carefully groomed and highly manicured; and one at least—the Italian—heavily perfumed. A crew of freebooters of a strange new type grown up in great cities; soft-handed pirates, well-manicured murderers, dressed and perfumed for the night life of the city—the lights and rich food and the numerous amours with the cheap young girls they were always hunting there.

"Well, Mike," said Smiling Jack Geegan finally, in the tone of one closing up a discussion, "we're out of luck this play, but we'll clean up on that job yet."

Reaching forward from where he sat, he placed his long, friendly, almost affectionate hand upon the older man's shoulder—not six inches from where the pearls were buttoned inside of his smooth coat. The other man, as he felt it there, wondered behind his still mask if his eye could catch the slightly noticeable swelling made by their case, a little bulging like a sheaf of papers or a bill fold.

His attention was suddenly taken away from this idea by the Italian. Starting to speak now, he again broke into a totally unexpected paroxysm of coughing; a strange-sounding cough, certainly forced and false, it seemed to Diamond Mike as he listened to it now and waited.

While the two others of the big three waited and stared at the cougher, back of Flynn and before the others came the shadow of a hand upon the door. It was not the ordinary impression of a hand which shows a yellowish pink through ground glass; but a shadow, from directly opposite the electric light in the hall, of a hand against the glass which did not show the usual contours of flattened flesh; an odd rigid-looking shadow, with bony artificial-looking fingers, more like an X-ray photograph than the outline of ordinary human fingers upon glass.

The Italian's furious coughing came to an end at last—some little time after the shadow on the door had disappeared.

*(Continued on Page 52)*

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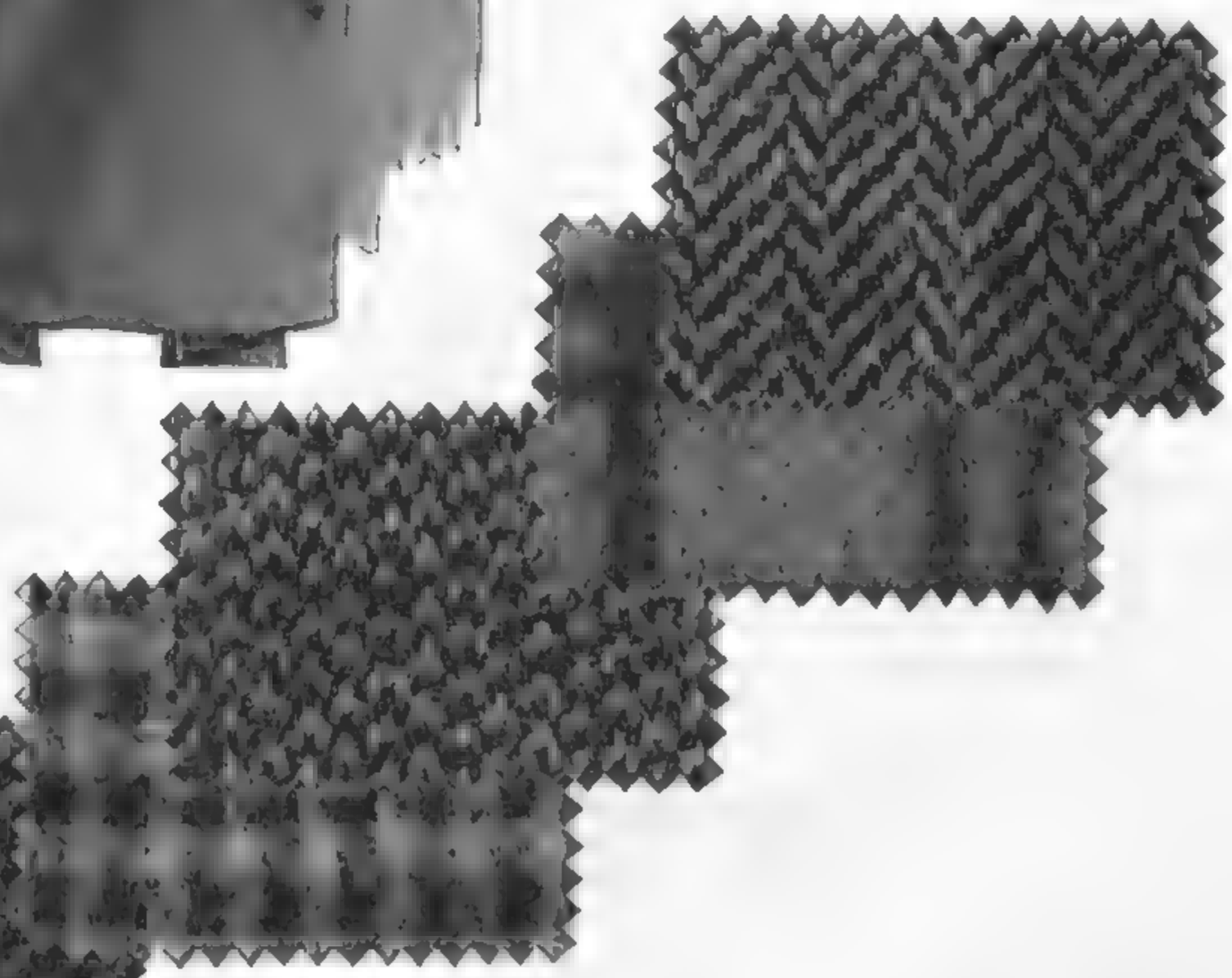

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*The Trademark of the Hartford Fire Insurance Co*
*Engraved by* TIMOTHY COLE

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company offers indemnity, backed up by ample financial strength accumulated in more than a century of fair dealing. The Hartford will sell you safe insurance and, without extra cost, will safeguard your property by a complete inspection by trained engineers who co-operate with you in eliminating fire hazards. Look into this. Call in a Hartford agent. He may save money for you or keep you free from loss by fire.

*There's a Hartford agent near you. Write for his name and address.*

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.

*The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life.*

*(Continued from Page 50)*

"I guess I'll drop into a drug store and get something for this," he said in a hoarse voice. "And then I gotta go on over to the Building Laborers' Hall. There's a hot meeting on there tonight."

A few minutes after he was gone, leaving Geegan still smiling and putting out some more of his comical cracks. A few minutes later and the telephone rang, and was answered promptly by Geegan, from where he happened to be standing quite near to it.

"Listen," he now said, putting the telephone receiver back and turning with a humorous and engaging smile. "She claims I had a date with her. She lies, but I've got to see her for a minute or it's all off. You wait on here, will you, Mike?" he continued ingratiatingly. "Just ten minutes, till I see if I can get back. For I've got some more stuff I want to talk to you about. Wait just ten minutes. If I ain't here then, come along."

His wheedling, long-lipped smile disappeared through the door. Diamond Mike heard his footsteps go down the empty corridor. He waited, outwardly unmoved but inwardly alert, in sharp doubt as to what he should do next. For he had heard the light footsteps in the hall supposed to be covered up by that last paroxysm of coughing, and had caught out of the corner of an eye, in a rapid glance, a glimpse of the shadow of that clawlike hand on the glass. He knew it was some sign or other from that dynamiter, One-Fin Feeney.

They were wise to him. They were after him—with that murderer. And he still had on him that doubly stolen fortune, those pearls with which he had planned to double-cross them.

▼

THE labor terrorists, when once they control an organization of their own, rarely kill or maim their enemies themselves. This is the work of specialists—bad men whom they hire. And the big three, like other combinations of the kind, obtained a great share of their power from these thugs under them.

The surest man with Diamond Mike was Jokes Duggan, a tall, cadaverous young man with bad lungs, nicknamed from the fact that he never cracked a smile. The most useful was Ike the Kike, whose specialty was incendiarism. But Flynn was the weakest of the three in gunmen. His strength came more in mental action than in physical.

The strength of the Italian, Black Hand Joe, came from the number rather than the quality of men he could command, an apparently inexhaustible reservoir of low-class Italians who, when it was needed, brought endless patience and perseverance to a campaign of assassination. Their specialty was the sawed-off shotgun, used most often from a passing automobile.

The specialty for which Smiling Jack Geegan had been best known was the use of dynamite in his fights. In the handling of this most important weapon of the labor terrorists, men of both unusual recklessness and intelligence are needed—and are very hard to find. And Smiling Jack had been in luck to run across after the war this one-armed machine-gun man, Feeney, who in a very short time had earned the reputation—prized highly among the labor grafters and their followers—of being the most dangerous man in town, and the name throughout the underworld of always getting the job or man he went after.

It was this man that Diamond Mike Flynn—alone in the headquarters of the three and the deserted office building of the labor grafters—believed to have been signaled by the coughing of the Italian and to have answered by a variation of the usual signal of a hand against the ground-glass office door into the hall. If so, it was time for him to watch himself.

One thing was sure: If what he suspected were true—that the other two members of the three had gone and left him to be hunted and possibly killed—then the quicker he moved the better. If he were to make his get-away the time to start was now, before they would quite expect it. He passed into an adjoining room—the smaller room which the three used for themselves in the times when the other members of the council were in session in the larger one—and standing on a chair and carefully lowering the transom of the outside door peered out into the dark-green hallway. It seemed utterly empty, filled with a stagnant and sinister silence.

It was an ugly hole, with a bad history, this second-story hallway of the old office building—the so-called morgue where the labor grafters had their quarters. At least two men had been killed out there in his memory—Foggy Grogan by another labor skate over some disputed piece of graft; and Hunch Kennedy in a mix-up over a woman. And one reason they had died there, no doubt, was on account of the peculiar construction of the crazy old block—the four exits, which made a get-away so easy after a crime had been committed.

From the standpoint of Flynn at this moment the matter of get-away, however, was not so simple. The place in fact was more like a trap. To his right the green hallway ended in a blank wall. The exits were all reached through the other end—the top bar of the T-shaped hall where the stairs were. Listening, he heard no sign of life or habitation anywhere. The block was still with the imminent and suggestive stillness of a great human gathering place emptied by night.

There was only one question in the mind of the man peering out: Would he better take the chance now—go at once—or stay there and wait for what might happen? He decided on the former step, got down and passed back into the larger room, snapped off the light behind him, and stepping briskly out into the hall closed the door loudly after him. His next move planned, his right hand in his right coat pocket, he walked steadily down the empty hallway.

The light before him by the stair well gleamed dully against the dark paint along the wall; the black letters of names stood out from the pale ground glass of the doors of the empty offices; the vacant corridors seemed full to bursting with the sound of his deliberate footsteps as he went on steadily, alert to all the possibilities of the situation.

Ready for them, Diamond Mike Flynn walked steadily on, keeping always close to the right-hand wall. He passed down two-thirds of the distance to the corner and the black-walnut balustrade beyond it. It was just about here that his unknown murderer had got Hunch Kennedy in the back. Diamond Mike himself had helped to pick him up and seen the fresh paintlike scarlet spots that later turned to dull mahogany on the walls and the frayed cigar stub that had fallen from his lips.

But if he recalled this he showed it neither in his face nor manner. He kept on by the spot, his walk steady, his face unmoved, ready to play his first trick—that old one he had learned as a boy in alley fights, at the corners, when the weapons were cans and bricks.

He tried it at this corner now. Taking off his derby hat and holding it by the extreme edge of the back brim as he came to the turn, with no slackening of his steady footsteps, he pushed it before him by the corner at the proper height, a bait to a possibly nervous opponent, overanxious for action. He had done it as a first move, a possible chance. But it worked! In an instant the thing was beaten from his thumb and fingers by a blackjack, the wielder's arm and shoulder following. The trick had scored, the turn of Diamond Mike had come.

In his early days, from his start as a newsboy on the street, Diamond Mike Flynn had risen quite largely through his ability as a rough-and-tumble fighter, a wrestler rather than a boxer. As his hidden assailant's arm came out all intention he might have had of using his pistol vanished. With the surprising quickness of the trained wrestler he had the extended arm in his grasp, the hold he wished, and the body of the man with the blackjack turned over the bent body of Diamond Mike, over the black-walnut balustrade and, hands clutching helplessly at the sloping bottom of the ascending second staircase, fell with a dull bump against the descending stairs below—and lay still! Diamond Mike had won, he thought now, observing him, an opening for his get-away.

The four entrances which the builders of the block had provided, and which had been so appreciated by many of its occupants, were arranged in an unusual way. The building stood at the corner of two streets, with an alley back of it. The stair well had consequently three faces for exit.

These faces, however, were used in a manner not commonly seen, owing to the fact that the ground of the side street on which the building lay rose sharply from the level of the front street to the back alley. The direct entrance to both streets was upon the first floor, with a third one through a small café, whose use was largely restricted to the labor grafters. The fourth and more unusual entrance went down from the second story to the alleyway.

It was this way of escape, as well as the main stairway, which the man with the blackjack had commanded and which Diamond Mike Flynn had now, he hoped, gained.

His guesses up to date had been correct. He had recognized this man he had thrown as he had seized him. It was Fingo the Wop, one of Black Hand Joe's gunmen; a big brute, a slugger, suited to the weapon they had selected, as the slight dynamiter, One-Fin Feeney, was not.

The whole thing opened clearly to Diamond Mike's alert mind. In some way, he did not know what, they had a suspicion, he could not know how well founded, that he might have double-crossed them. They had taken the chance, reasoning no doubt from his habit of carrying around his diamonds that he might have the proceeds of the dead man's bribe still on him. They had worked it out, apparently in advance, to smile and smile, accept his explanations of what had happened, and then bump him over the head and take it from him—if he still had it!

If there was nothing on him, the two most concerned would be out of it. When he told them what had happened it would be a shame! But if they got the loot, double-crosser, it would be just another hold-up—which had been so common in the city lately! And when the stuff was once gone, could he make a holler—complain in any way? To whom? The police? Of what? The theft of the gems he had himself secured by a double crookedness.

The quick mind of Flynn had caught that much the moment he had seen the face of that big curly-headed Italian ruffian. But he saw another thing at the same time: They would not have trusted that lowbrow alone with such an enterprise. Somewhere—perhaps in the empty corridor above, perhaps in any one of the many lightless offices to which they could have access, perhaps outside the door where he was going—was someone of more brains and consequence; without a doubt that one-armed bad man, probably one of the leaders, was near him, still waiting.

But one thing was almost sure: There would be some of them on the ground floor of the block underneath him. So there was just one obvious chance for him—that they had relied entirely on this Italian to block the way into the alley.

Breathing hard from his unusual exercise, but turning with a quickness which might not have been expected of him, Diamond Mike slid down the narrow back staircase, out of the trap of the hallway, and pulling back the rear door stepped out into the black alleyway with his automatic in his hand.

VI

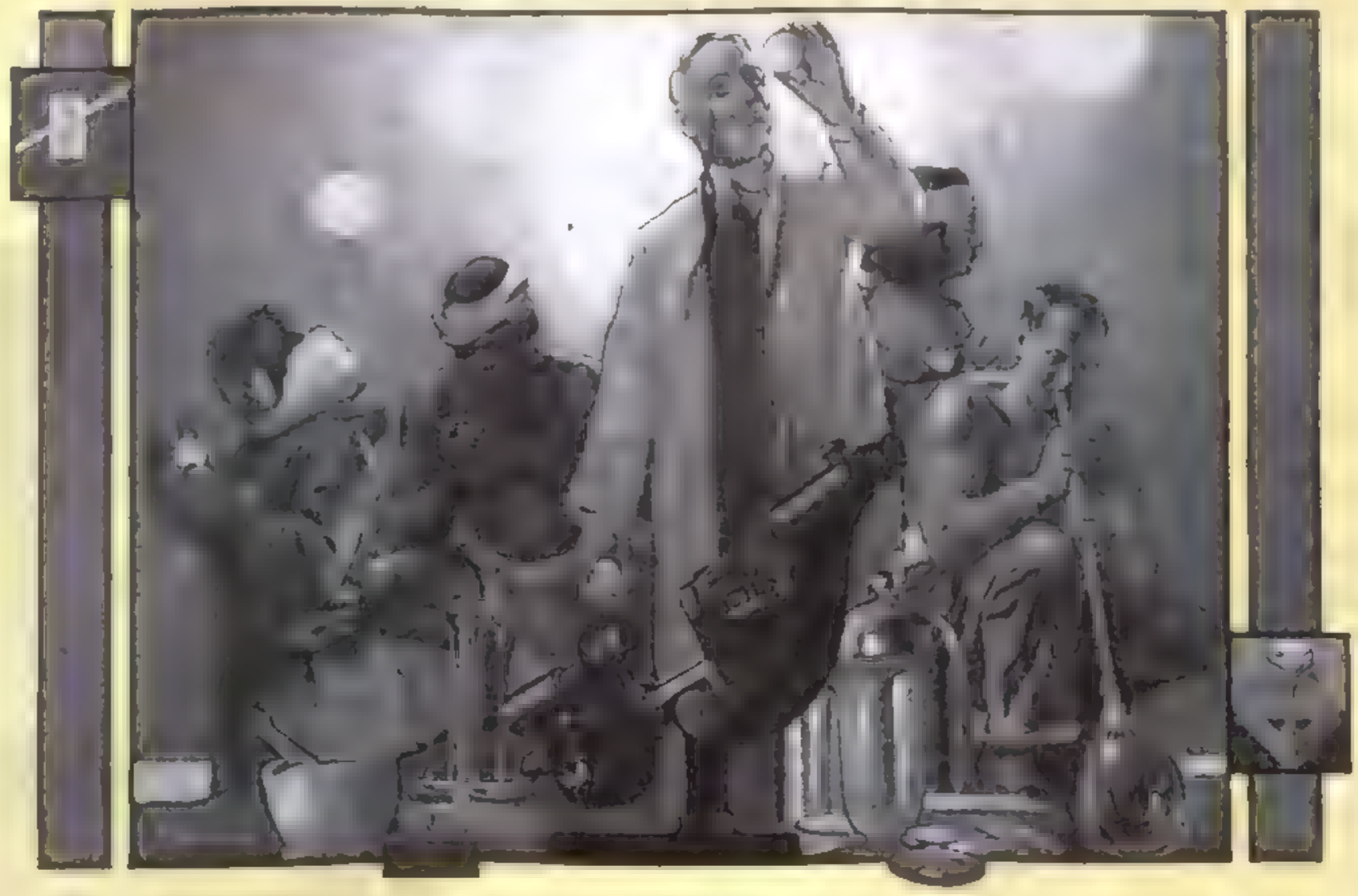
NO ONE obstructed him. He stepped into the alleyway and jumped at once like a cat to one side, away from the oblong of light from the opened door. It closed with painful slowness—in a series of fluttering jerks from the air-pressure spring. Nothing happened. He was safe so far.

He stood at the top of the two stone steps outside—in pitch darkness, it seemed first. With a quick motion of his left hand he raised his coat collar to hide the whiteness of his shirt and turned the diamond stickpin setting out to avoid giving possible clews to his location to a hunter, if there were one there. Then he stood back, listening, ready if anyone should follow him out of the door.

No one did. They wouldn't! They would be at too much of a disadvantage. His danger, if anywhere, was out there in the dark, where there might very well be some of their gunmen, waiting, with every advantage of position and eyes already focused to the dark. Diamond Mike stood perfectly still, flattening himself against the wall, accustoming his own eyes to the blackness.

There was no light in the alley; all the backs of the blocks around it were entirely dark. But overhead, between the buildings, he now saw the dim yellow glow, the diffused artificial light of a night city sky. The black sky lines of the blocks loomed abnormally high against it. Gradually he distinguished objects—the darkness of iron shutters protecting the doors and windows of the blocks from the night menace of the alley thieves, the gray of the stone steps beneath him, the outlines of bulky ash cans against the

*(Continued on Page 55)*



# The wonders of glass used for eyeglasses

CRYSTALS of marvelous clearness are found in rocks, caves and along river beds. The Brazilian Indian, Iceland Eskimo or African native who picks them up has no idea of their true nature. Crystals of carbon, silica and salt look alike, but they are as different as silk, wool and cotton. So are the hundred-and-one kinds of manufactured glass.

The glass used for microscopes and cameras will not do for eyeglass lenses any more than the glass used in electric bulbs or watch crystals. Only one kind will do.

Curiously enough, this one kind of glass contains gas, yet bubbles are seldom formed. If one bubble is found, however small, the eyeglass lens is thrown in the scrap box.

Every one of the millions of Wellsworth Lenses now being worn is made of glass which was examined by delicate instruments to find out if its optical density was exactly right. For it is a most vital thing to have every lens agree in optical density with a certain perfect, small specimen called the "Master Glass." This little triangular piece of glass is relied upon to test the accuracy of instruments which examine glass before it is made into lenses. But even the Master Glass must be watched through a combined telescope-microscope when doing its work to see if it has been set in place perfectly. If 1/100,000 of an inch out of place the fact is revealed.

"Where did the Master Glass come from?" is the one question asked by visitors to the Wellsworth Laboratory. It came from a small block of glass which received a certificate from the U. S. Bureau of Standards. Its optical density, measured by two scientific methods, came out alike, and then the two instruments used were found to agree with each other to an inconceivable fineness. Such care taken to have glass exactly right is merely the first step.

The same care and precision that are exercised in the scientific tests for the selection of the proper glass are also employed in each and every one of the processes involved in making Wellsworth Glasses.

The legacy which George W. Wells, founder of the Wellsworth Scientific Staff, left to posterity was the inspiration of his own pioneer struggle against crude methods. "In everything pertaining to eyeglasses," he wrote, "work for greater and greater *precision*."

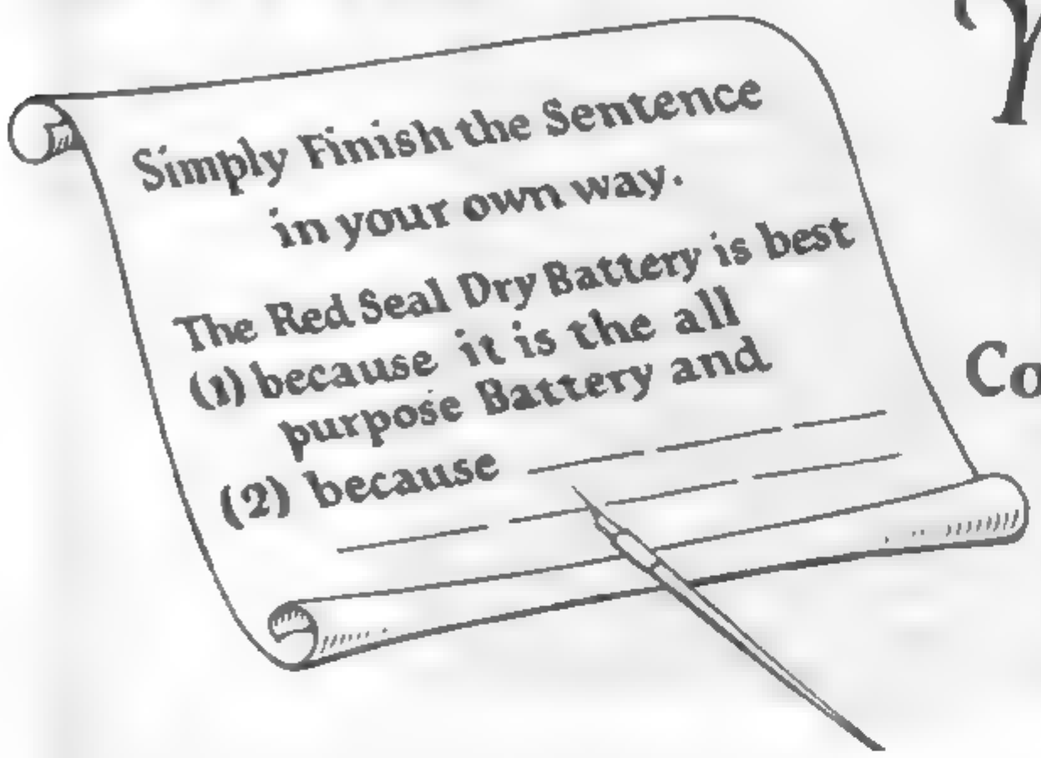
**American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A**

WELLSWORTH GLASSES

*All that Science can give; all that Artistry can add*

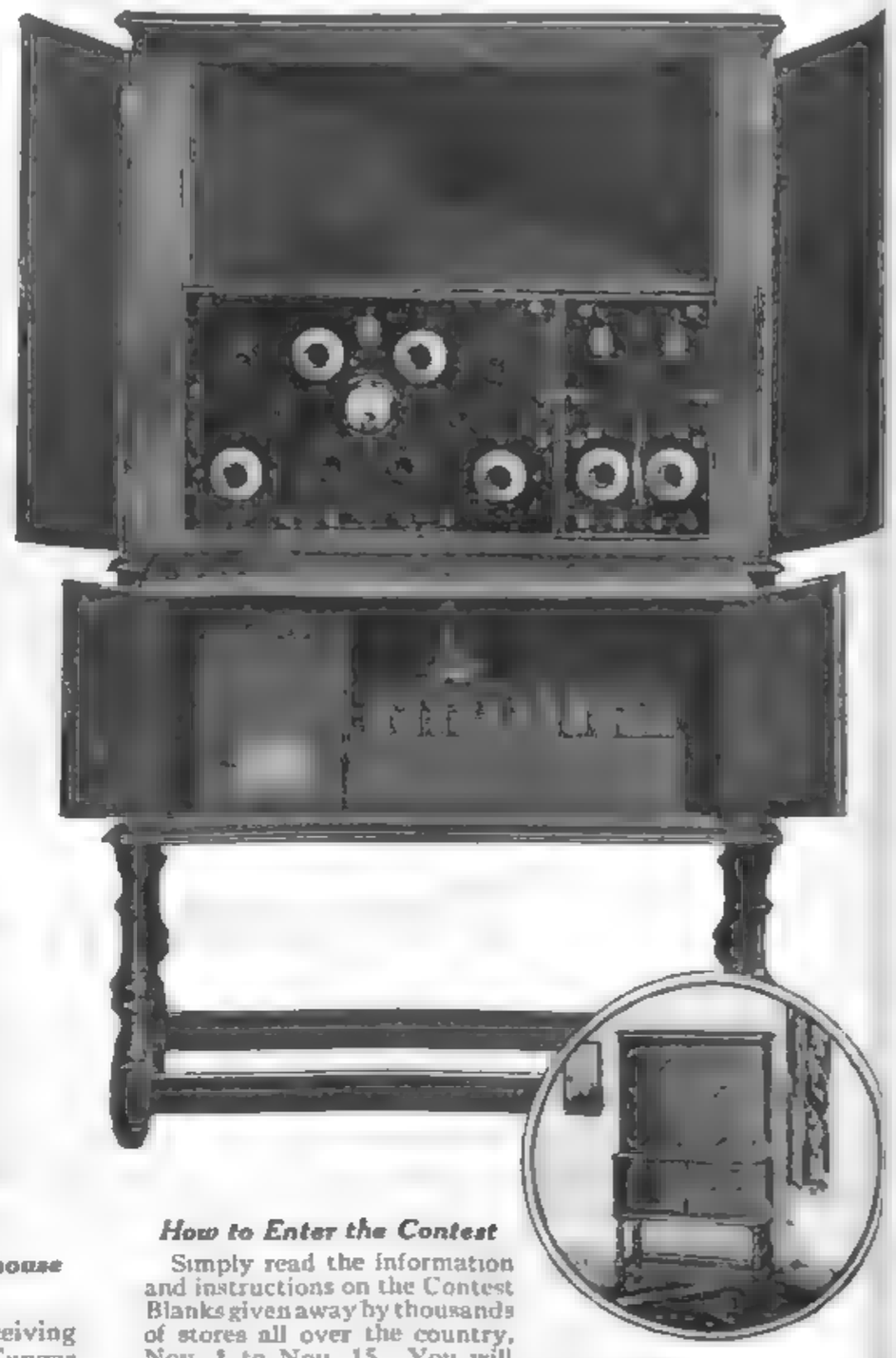
Starts Nov. 1st **Red Seal Battery Contest** Closes Nov. 15th

# For the Best Answer to THIS-


Simply Finish the Sentence
in your own way.
The Red Seal Dry Battery is best
(1) because it is the all
purpose Battery and
(2) because

## You Win THIS $725.00 Complete Radio Set-Free

*Hears broadcasted concerts 400 to 600 miles away; receives wireless telegraph from Europe, South America, from ships on the high seas, etc.*



With this wonderful Radio Set you can reach out into space and "meet" famous people who were before only names in your newspaper. You can bring into your home every grand opera, every orchestra, every musical show, every great public speaker, every concert or entertainment that is broadcasted from a distance of 400 to 600 miles! The voices of ships and submarines can be heard plainly by you in fair weather or in storm.

***Red Seal Battery Contest Window Display***

*Look for it in Dealers' Windows Nov. 1 to Nov. 15. It identifies Dealers who will give you free Contest Entry Blanks.*

***Important to Dealers***

Duplicates of the 53 Radio prizes are to be given to dealers having the BEST CONTEST WINDOWS. Write us at once for full information and free window display material if you haven't already done so

***First Prize—$725.00 Complete Kennedy Radio Set***

This Cabinet Type complete Radio Receiving Set is one of the finest and most up-to-date Receiving Sets yet produced. The cabinet is walnut and stands 58 inches high. Range from 400 to 600 miles for wireless telephone and 2,000 to 3,000 miles for wireless telegraph. Contained within the cabinet are all batteries, a Radio Homcharger De Luxe and a Magnavox Loud Speaker with special horn. Installed free in the home of the winner anywhere in the U. S. A.

***Second Prize—$408.50 Complete Westinghouse Radio Set***

It consists of the Westinghouse R. C. Receiving Set and Western Electric Loud Speaker, Tungar Battery Charger, Storage Battery, "B" Batteries, 1 Manhattan 3,000 ohm Headset, 3 vacuum tubes, 2 telephone plugs and complete antenna equipment. Installed free in the home of the winner.

***Third Prize—$256.50 Complete Grebe Radio Set***

A complete receiving outfit made up of the well known Grebe C. R.—9 Regenerative Receiver with Two Stage Amplifier, Magnavox Loud Speaker, Storage Battery, Radio Homcharger De Luxe, "B" Batteries, 1 Manhattan 2,000 ohm Headset, 3 vacuum tubes, 2 telephone plugs and complete antenna equipment. Installed free in the home of the winner.

***50 Other Prizes***

To each of 50 other contestants whose answers are meritorious will be given one of the famous Manhattan 2,000 ohm Radio Headsets. These headsets have great sensitiveness and high amplifying qualities

***The Judges***

The winners will be selected by the following Judges Mr. Llew Soule, Editor of "Hardware Age," New York; Mr. Howard A. Lewis, Manager of "Electrical Merchandising," New York, and Mr Joseph A. Richards, President, Joseph Richards Co., Inc., Advertising Agents, New York.

***How to Enter the Contest***

Simply read the information and instructions on the Contest Blanks given away by thousands of stores all over the country, Nov. 1 to Nov. 15. You will recognize these stores by the Red Seal Battery Contest Window Display pictured on the left

The prizes will be awarded for the most appropriate answers completing in your own way, in not more than ten words, the following sentence

**The Red Seal Dry Battery is best**

**1. because it is the all-purpose battery—and**

**2. because . . . . . .**

*Important:*—Only those answers written on the official Contest Blanks furnished by dealers will be considered

In case two or more persons submit winning answers of equal merit, prizes identical in character with those offered will be given to each successful contestant.

All entries must be mailed before midnight Nov. 15th to Red Seal Battery Contest, Manhattan Electrical Supply Co., Inc., 17 Park Place, New York City

***How Red Seal Batteries are Used***

"Red Seal" Batteries furnish ignition for cars, motor boats and farm engines. They operate bells, telephones, telegraph systems, burglar alarms, time clocks, etc. "Red Seals" light your Christmas tree; "Red Seals" make Tommie's electric train whirl around the tracks; "Red Seals" are the batteries usually specified for radio receiving sets: Wherever dependable electrical power in handy compact form is demanded, there you will find Red Seal Batteries on the job

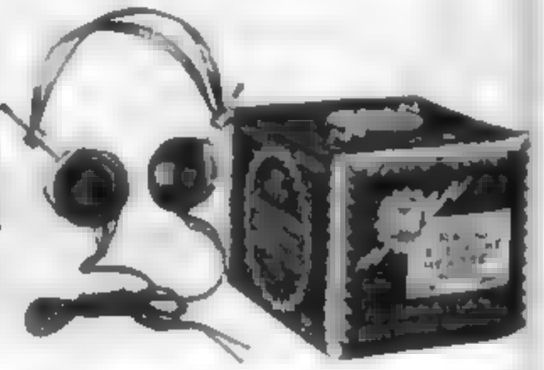
***Announcement of Winners***

The names of the winners will be published in *The Saturday Evening Post* as soon as possible after the contest closes.

# MANHATTAN

## ELECTRICAL SUPPLY CO., INC. NEW YORK

*Makers of the Famous Red Seal Dry Batteries and Manhattan Head Sets*



(Continued from Page 52)

walls. He was beginning to see. He could move around with some little certainty.

The next question was, should he? One thing was fairly sure by this time—had been shown in the hall: Their natural play was the blackjack or the knife of the Italians, not the pistol. The last thing they would do, except in self-defense, was to attract the police by shooting. It was absolutely necessary, for their evident purpose, to have time to go through him before they were interrupted. On the other hand, he could not afford to wait there—give them a chance to close in on him if they were coming.

There was one thing: He knew the alley, dark or light, like his own bedroom. He had known it and used it since he started his career on the streets as a newsboy. Others had used it, both then and now. And the humor of the underworld had given it, like the morgue—the block of the labor skates on which it bordered—a name significant of its past. Hocus-Pocus Alley it was called, from the old days when old-time tinhorn gamblers used to run shell games in its entrances, the old nickname still preserving the slang of dead-and-gone crooks of the 1880's and 90's.

It was an ugly place, with a death list at least as long as that of the morgue, and the most complicated in its layout of any alley in the city. But danger spots, either in the city or the jungle, look less venturesome to nerves and senses accustomed to them. And Diamond Mike, though in he did not yet know how dangerous a situation, was not overwhelmed by it in any way. With his usual deliberation he moved now along the line of greatest safety to pull himself out of it by the use of his wits—as he thought, from his past experiences, that he could.

The alley, like the morgue, was a place of many exits, an advantage not unappreciated or unused by the labor grafters and other tenants of the office building. It had, as a matter of fact, three entrances on three streets, and an inner passageway between two main parallel alleys, like the bar in the letter H.

It made, however, a very irregular H. The right upright of the letter, near the bottom of which he stood, ended blindly, not reaching to the street; the farther end of this, instead of going straight ahead, turned and bent at right angles to reach the street on which the block of the labor grafters fronted.

Walking silently to this nearest entrance, Diamond Mike peered carefully out. Taking no chances, he used another old-time boyish trick in doing so. Crouching far down on his hands and knees, as he had often done when a newsboy watching the police, he peered cautiously out into the entrance at a point below the level of a man's face, to take every precaution against the reflected light from the alley's mouth marking out his skin against the darkness to an observer.

It was a misty night. A solitary passer upon the sidewalk of the street clacked his heels loudly against the pavement and went by, a black silhouette against a pale-blue ground.

And silence fell again. Flynn saw nothing but what seemed to be a shadow on the wall least touched by the vague light from the street lamp. Then, when the passer-by had crossed the mouth of the alleyway, he saw that shadow move along the wall—and knew!

As still as the oncoming shadow, and much more quickly, Diamond Mike moved now for the heart of the alley, the bar which crossed over to the other upright of the H. There were two entrances on that other side, both ends of that upright ending in opposite streets. He must cross now, of course, the darkest, ugliest section of the alley—a bad chance if there were a waiter there.

But Diamond Mike Flynn took it, as he had taken other chances in his life—some, if the truth were to be told, in that very same alley.

Again nothing happened. He came through the blackness to the less dense darkness of the other side and stopped, listening, peering about the corner. There was a cheap lunch room backing on this alley. He could smell the waste from back of it. Far away, in another alley, a dynamo throbbed like the beating of a crazy, fevered heart, and added to the sense of utter and menacing silence within the black walls which inclosed him. There was still no light from the shuttered backs of the building; all there was came from the cold blue mist which stopped the two opposing entrances.

He peered down the one to the right, the one toward the deserted political center of the city, and thought he saw—and then saw plainly—another shadow of a pursuer, not moving, standing still in a doorway of the dark brick wall.

Satisfied of this, he turned his head quickly in the opposite direction, toward the entrance from the still more deserted wholesale street upon his left, and again was sure. All three entrances were filled by his hunters!

All were filled, and the figures in two advancing. For in the third entrance, as in the first, the silhouetted shadow was moving in; but in a very different manner from that in the first. It kept close, indeed, to the darkest wall. But it moved, unlike the other, with no jerky sense of apprehension. It came on silently but nonchalantly, as only one man that Diamond Mike knew would come. Pressing along the right wall, its left side showed to the light behind it, and Diamond Mike first thought—and then was sure—he saw, through the contrasting darkness, the stiffness of the artificial arm and hand of One-Fin Feeney. It was, he now saw certainly, his chief and most dangerous hunter, the one-armed dynamiter.

(Continued on Page 57)

Blue Ridge Mountains in the Land of Beautiful Skies, North Carolina

# The Old Idea

## And the Quaker idea about oats

For a thousand years, oat foods were made without much regard to flavor.

Oats were oats—the greatest food that grows. Even ancients knew their value. So they served them like corn, with no idea of selection.

### Then came the quality idea

Then Quaker Oats came, based on the idea of making the oat dish delightful.

This brand was flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. There are only ten pounds of such grains in a bushel of choice oats.

Oat lovers the world over flocked to these flavory flakes. Mothers of fifty nations sent over seas to get them, as they do today. Quaker became the dominant brand in nearly every place on earth

Do you think of these facts when you order oats? Do you specify this brand?

Quaker Oats

*Just the extra-flavory flakes*

### To win children

The great object is to make oats delightful. This is the food of foods. To a growing child it supplies 16 needed elements. It is rich in minerals. Its energy value is 1810 calories per pound.

It means a great deal to make such a dish popular, and this is the way to do it.

***Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers***

# For its flavor you may thank 43,040 housewives

43,040 of the best home-cooks had a share in designing Bond Bread. These are the mothers, wives, and daughters who submitted loaves of their home-made bread to show us how *good* bread should taste, and look, and smell, and feel.

The popularity of Bond Bread proves that these home cooks were successful. Each day, more Bond Bread is sold than any other loaf in the world.

Bond Bread, especially its flavor, was patterned after those 43,040 home-made loaves. And, year after year, those same women have watched Bond Bread keep faith. They have daily tasted the miracle of "home-made" bread produced scientifically in modern, spotless bakeries, where climatic conditions such as temperature and humidity are controlled better than is possible in home-kitchens.

And these women know, too, that Bond Bread contains only the purest ingredients—the best wheat flour, finest lard, granulated sugar, table salt, purest milk and compressed yeast. These ingredients are guaranteed by the Bond which is printed, in green, on every wrapper. *It is this BOND that gives Bond Bread its name.*

## Where Housewives Helped

Bond Bread originated in Rochester, N. Y. This table shows how many housewives in each Bond Bread city shared in its final design:—

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Buffalo | 1200 | Toledo | 355 | New Orleans | 422 |
| Philadelphia | 2000 | Steubenville | 836 | St. Louis | 2315 |
| Newark | 4175 | Wheeling | 836 | Washington | 2210 |
| Jersey City | 2263 | Boston | 6405 | Providence | 3166 |
| Detroit | 4873 | Canton | 626 | Syracuse | 1041 |
| New York | 6055 | Cleveland | 4262 | | |

Many localities are waiting for Bond Bread. But the present chain of 24 bakeries devoted to Bond Bread must not be increased too fast. Haste has no part in Bond Bread quality. As quickly as the right kind of new bakeries can be started, Bond Bread will grace the tables of those millions of homes which still await its coming.

Purity and flavor have made Bond Bread the present day's largest-selling loaf. Great as that triumph may seem, Bond Bread is proudest of all of the fact that *everywhere* it has raised the standard of bread-quality.

THIS BOND, printed in green on each wrapper, guarantees each ingredient. From this Bond, Bond Bread gets its name.

Know all men by these Presents that
GENERAL BAKING COMPANY
is held and firmly bound unto the Purchaser of this Loaf of
Bond Bread
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
and hereby warrants that the loaf of Bread contained within this Germ-Proof and Dust Proof Wrapper is made from the following Pure Food Materials, and no other ingredients of any kind
Best Wheat Flour, Compressed Yeast, Pure Filtered Water, Best Fine Salt, Pure Lard, Granulated Sugar and Condensed Milk
GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1922
GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

# Bond Bread

GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

(Continued from Page 55)

It was time for Diamond Mike to make a move. He could ambush them—shoot them—with a certainty of getting one at least. But what about himself? There would be at least two to one against him. And Flynn was not vindictive, like so many others among the labor grafters. He never yet had seen the sense of taking a chance at losing your own life for the pleasure of taking another man's—unless it was absolutely necessary. And suppose the very best—suppose he got them both, and the police, after a noisy pistol battle, stepped in and got him for murder or manslaughter—and with his loot, his pearls all on him!

No, that would be a last resort. There certainly must be some better way.

He stepped back instinctively into the bar of the H, the darkness of the heart of the alley. Looking out, on the farther side again, with his eyes now well focused to the dark, he saw the figure of a man he had seen in the first entryway. And he recognized now—as he thought he had at first—that this was the Italian, Black Hand Joe, his partner in the three. Behind him, in the other passageway of the alley, he knew that One-Fin Feeney was coming still more rapidly. And then this plan came to him:

The sides of the inner passageway, the bar of the H, were straight brick walls except for one place, a deeply recessed entrance about halfway down the darker side. The spot was the blackest in the alley. Their eyes were probably not yet so well focused as his were. Suppose he brought them together here—while he stood back and hid in the entrance! If he could time it just exactly right!

It was the Italian he must work on. He had the most nerves, the least brains. If he could only toll him there into one entrance of the short crossover just when the other man arrived at the other! He peered around at the figure of the one-armed man, moving with the easy alertness of a cat in the night. He was almost there. The Italian was not much farther off. Diamond Mike stepped to the side of the passageway nearest the latter.

"Hist!" he whispered in the smallest possible voice. "Hist, Joe! Come here! He's over here!"

The man came up, hurrying softly. Diamond Mike stepped into his black doorway just as One-Fin Feeney came up at the other side. The figures showed blackly in the lessened darkness at either end of the cross-bar passage of the H-shaped alley.

"Hands up, you dastard," said Flynn in his own natural voice, "or I'll plug you!"

Feeney fired at once—two shots—and the Italian at the flash of his pistol, the Italian, as Flynn expected, going down. For Feeney prided himself that he never missed.

The one-armed man came hurrying forward to see just what he had done, before he made his get-away. As he passed the recessed doorway, stooping in his haste to see and search and go, Diamond Mike Flynn, leaning forward, struck him on the back of the head, just above the juncture of the spine, with his heavy pistol, where the blow would do the most good. The slight figure pitched forward and lay still, Flynn striking him a second time.

The Italian, after one first cry, lay groaning softly in the darkness. Diamond Mike knew it was time for him to move on before the police came, or any others.

At the first shot the alley and its entrances would be emptied of whatever other enemies there were there—until it was seen whether or not the sound of the three shots had been noticed. All would be out busily establishing their alibis, after the usual habit of the labor grafter in such crises. Later, if the police did not show signs of moving, they might be back.

The police were moving already. Peering out the entrance to the street on which the morgue fronted, Flynn saw the young policeman on the beat hesitate, listen and start in. The crowd, if any, would gather there. He turned and—practically certain now of a clear exit—passed out the entrance way into the street in the wholesale section, the most deserted of the lot at night.

There were no sounds of footsteps there. Turning down his coat collar, readjusting his stick pin in his tie and wiping his white hands with his fine handkerchief, Diamond Mike came out of Hocus-Pocus Alley, and walking north without haste, turned the corner into the next street.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# THE EDGE OF EVERYTHING

(Continued from Page 15)

Ferguson listened and watched while the cautious, fluent speech clicked and hissed; the restless hands gestured or made swift, alluring figures on the soiled cloth, the litter of cigarette stubs half filling Cone's cup.

Cone had almost five thousand; with the twenty-five hundred that remained of Donald Ferguson's life insurance they could swing the deal. His imagination, more methodical than Cone's, conceded the likelihood of profits; but it was the other argument that appealed to him. Protection against the menace of the coming conscription—immunity when the law tapped men on the shoulder and sent them out to stop bullets with their flesh! He had a quick sense of helplessness which quickened his fore-visions; he could see himself in the mire and filth of Flanders, feel the shock of rending metal and breathe the gas ——

"Sounds good," he admitted. "Think it over tonight, Sid, and let you know in the morning."

Cone pressed him hard for an immediate agreement, but he would not yield. He had no faith in unconsidered decisions. His mind didn't work so fast as Sid's. He'd sleep on this. But the night persuaded him. On his way to work in the morning he rehearsed his conversation with Cone, the terms on which he would go into the deal. He expected a bitter argument over this and made ready for it. He walked with his hands in his pockets, his head down, frowning. A man cannoned into him.

"Wonder you wouldn't look where you're going," he grumbled as he recovered his balance. The offender grinned apologetically.

"Sorry; didn't mean to do that."

Ferguson's anger faded. Something in the voice seemed to remind him of Donald Ferguson's speech; the slow, plodding utterance had always irritated him, shamed him when other boys overheard; but now he liked the sound of it, the faint twang in the vowels. The other man was about his own age, tall and lean and a little stooped. Ferguson observed his wrinkled, dusted clothes, the loose hang of his arms and hands, the pallor of the eyes in contrast to the sun-dyed skin.

"Say, tell me where I can find this number, will you?" The man chuckled. "I get all tangled up."

Ferguson glanced at the scrawled slip.

"Going right past there myself. Show you. Come on."

They took a few steps in silence. Alan Ferguson fumbled mentally in a shadow of discontent. Something had made him sour on Sidney Cone's idea quite suddenly and unreasonably.

He found himself remembering the Macrae girl's curious revolt with an inexplicable sympathy. The stream of men and women whose bodies jostled his on the inadequate walk stirred a blind dislike. Space—that was what he wanted; room, a chance to see distance, instead of high, inclosing walls.

"Mill like cattle, don't they?"

The tone brought Alan Ferguson out of his thoughts with an awakening start. He felt, below the words, an aloof, tolerant interest, even a mild contempt.

"What makes 'em hustle like that? What's the hurry?"

Ferguson shrugged.

"Due on the jobs, I guess, most of 'em. You got to hustle or you get left."

The other man nodded, the corners of his lips lifting ever so little.

"Kind of figured they wasn't runnin' to the recruitin' stations."

Alan understood. He stopped short, his eyes narrowed.

"That where you're going?"

"Figured I would—if they'll leave me in."

"But what for?" Ferguson heard his voice lifting almost plaintively. "What's the sense? There's plenty of 'em. What's the big idea in looking for trouble?"

"Sounds kind of foolish, sure enough. All in the way you look at it. Take a feller't wants to be out on the edge of things, and he can't see why some folks'd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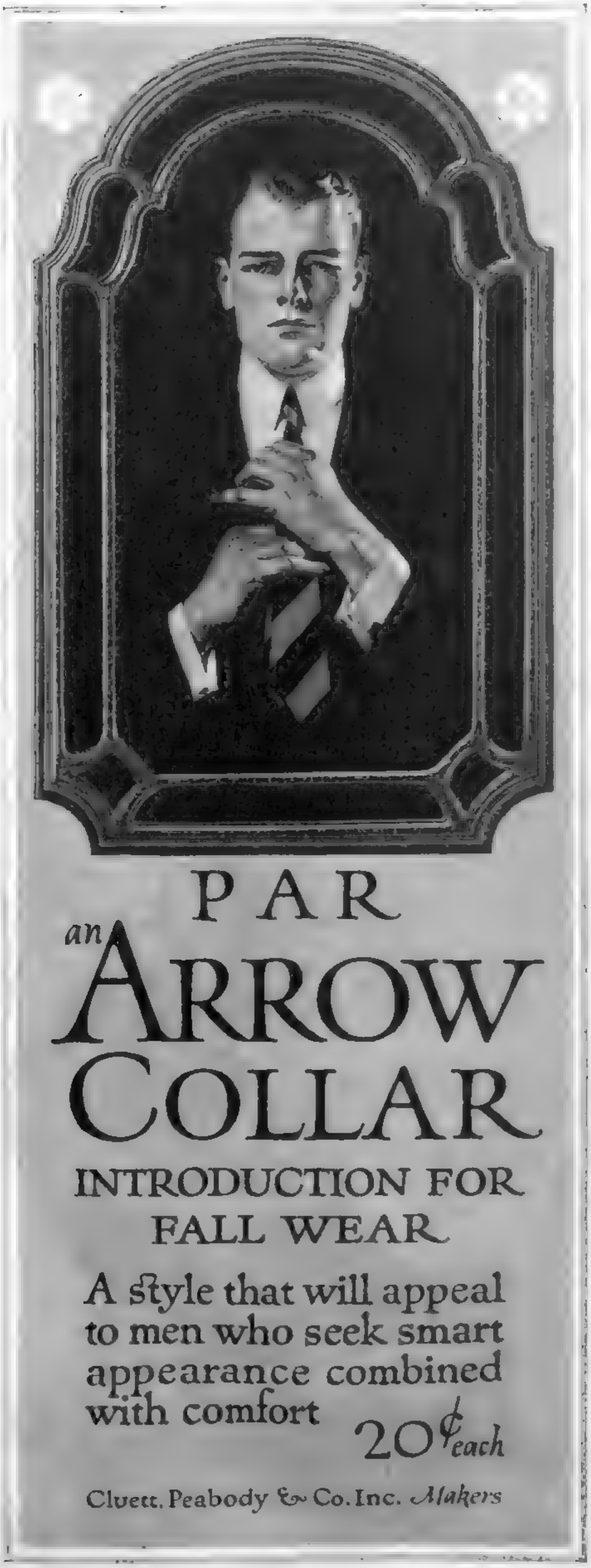


ruther stay inside, where it's all cluttered up with people, jammed together like sheep in a pen! Reckon those sheep folks figure a feller's plumb crazy to work out to the edge."

The edge—the edge of things! The Macrae girl's phrase on this man's lips did something to Alan Ferguson; something he did not understand; something he hated and feared and yet crazily welcomed. He felt a sickness of desire, now, for escape from the press and jostle of his kind; a keen, overmastering hunger for that outer rim where, instead of safety, there would be something—something ——

He heard his own voice saying an incredible thing; felt an approving hand strike his shoulder blade; saw himself carried, against the frantic protests of a suffocated common sense, on feet that walked past a man in uniform and climbed a dark wooden stair to a bare, ugly room where he answered sharp questions; and where, after a brusque, surly surgeon had inspected his naked body, he presently signed a paper and swore an oath.

When it was too late he remembered Sid Cone and the uniform business, and all the other sane, level-headed considerations that he had forgotten. But even then there was a healing, heartening magic in an echoing phrase that he kept hearing at the back of his consciousness. The edge of things — whatever else happened, he was going out there first.

His envy of the sensible fellows who were still free to follow their own desires, still safe and at peace here at the crowded core of it all, was colored, he discovered, by an absurd, ungrounded contempt that had in it more of pity than of scorn. There was something pathetic about even Sidney Cone, exploding broken phrases of bewilderment and protest. He felt the futility of trying to explain to Sid about the urge that drove him out to the edge.

The Macrae girl seemed to understand, when he told her; but she shook her head.

"You'll never find it out there. But I'd be going, just the same, if I could. It's better than this, anyway."

II

OLD Farley was cordially discreet. He made it plain that in finding a place for ex-Corporal Ferguson he was carrying his patriotism to a quixotic extreme. A man who came back without any scars or medals to show for three years' vacation was decidedly in luck to find a job waiting for him, especially in these times, when business was being taxed to death by a Government that —— Farley's pink face went red. Alan Ferguson thanked him, wondering why he was sorry for Farley in spite of everything. The old man made him think of a kid all stirred up about a broken toy.

It was the same with most of the other men in the big store, even those who had their Legion buttons. They puzzled him with an interest, an eagerness for which he saw no cause. Standing behind a counter and selling shirts and collars and socks and ties, even on Farley's bonus system of rewards, was nothing to get excited about, he told himself. And yet he admitted that it was better than police duty on the Rhine, the unspeakable dullness of military routine and discipline in times of peace. He had been anxious to get back to it, over there; but before his first day was finished he was sick of it; aware of a reviving, restless discontent.

He had vaguely counted, too, on finding Margaret Macrae at Mrs. Reardon's, and her disappearance seemed to quicken his unrest. Mrs. Reardon, extravagantly glad to give him his old room at an increased rental, shut her lips like a trap when he asked about the girl.

"I couldn't say, I'm sure."

He pursued the inquiry in spite of the look and tone.

"I make it a rule never to talk about my lodgers, Mr. Ferguson. But I don't mind saying that I asked for her room. I hope I'm as broad-minded as most, but I draw the line somewhere. No, I didn't ask where she went. I'd rather not know."

He was bewildered, but he let the subject drop, shrinking from a more explicit enlightenment. After all, he'd only spoken to the girl a couple of times. Probably she'd have forgotten him long before this. He hunted up Sid Cone.

Sid was glad to see him, too—vociferously glad, in spite of his swell apartment, his magnificent clothes, the big stone that winked and flamed on his finger. He was fatter, beginning to lose his hair, and there were queer little pouches under his eyes; but he was friendlier than ever. For once Alan Ferguson didn't mind his trick of expressing amiability in pawings and pats and squeezes. He submitted to fat, oily cigarettes and a drink of whisky, listening to Sid's tale of the intervening years. The uniform speculation had turned out pretty well, and there had been other deals. Sid mentioned figures carelessly.

"You A. E. F. birds finished it up too soon, though." Cone laughed delightedly. "In another year it would have got good, you might say."

Ferguson grinned mechanically. Funny how these people could get all excited about a bit of money. He reconsidered the thought and corrected himself. That wasn't so queer as his own failure to feel as they did, to envy Sidney Cone. He was even a little sorry for Sid, somehow.

"We got to celebrate, sure. What say we hop in the car and go out to the Rose Garden? There's one live little joint, Fergie—almost like before the war, yet."

Ferguson shrugged assent, wondering why he didn't care for the prospect. He'd been homesick for good times; he ought to be eager for lights and music and colors and the newly forbidden drinks. On the curb, while Cone scrambled into the driver's seat of the shiny red car, he drew back.

"Some other night, Sid. I don't feel like it right now. You go ahead—never mind me."

Cone expostulated volubly. Fergie would feel like it fast enough out at the Rose Garden. The crowd there was good, see? Live ones, y'understand. He massaged Ferguson's arm persuasively. Suddenly he laughed, throwing his head back.

"I pretty near forgot! I got a surprise for you out there, Fergie. You get in here. There's a party that wants to see you special."

Ferguson's curiosity stirred. He tried to make Cone explain the allusion during the long swift drive to the north, but Sid only chuckled. Fergie would find out soon enough.

There was nothing extraordinary about the Rose Garden, Ferguson thought, as he followed Cone between small tables to a place against the wall. It was just another wayside resort; a little more pretentious than most, perhaps; but still commonplace—paper roses and paper foliage twined on green-painted lattices tacked to the walls and ceiling, with incandescents behind them, a blare and thump of syncopated music, an overtone of high-pitched voices and of the flat, tinkling clatter of silver and glass. The faces were oddly alike, he reflected. The men's all reminded him of Sid's, and the women, somehow, were no more real than the tissue-paper roses. Again he was aware of an unwilling, groundless compassion for them; and, this time, for himself.

He heard Sid Cone's voice above the tumult, yelling some nonsense about the war. There were four or five couples grouped about the joined tables in the corner alcove. His eyes traveled deliberately from one face to another; faces more alien, he thought, than any he had seen abroad; the faces of successful men and their womenkind.

He stared blankly. It couldn't possibly be true. Some remote resemblance had tricked him for an instant into thinking that he saw Margaret Macrae across the tables. Of course it wasn't—the bobbed, fluffed hair, the frankly artificial flush, the brilliant crimson of the mouth ——

"There's your tame soldier, Meggy! Didn't I tell you he'd come back?"

Cone's voice angered him. He shook off the affectionate, proprietary hand that lay on his shoulder and crowded roughly behind the chairs. She met his glance evenly, her eyes and mouth defiant, almost hostile. For a moment he had room for no thought but a blind, hot anger. He could be contemptuously sorry for Cone and the others; toward this woman he felt only a savage, unreasoning wrath.

"It's you, is it? I didn't believe it!"

She lifted her shoulders.

"No wonder. The last time you saw me I ——" She let the words drift to a little laugh. "I've kept track of you through Sid. When did you get back?"

He shook his head impatiently.

"I want to talk to you. Come on out of this."

Her eyes seemed to darken. Across the table Sid Cone called something about

Continued on Page 60

# No panic! Good Hardware lets them out!

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# Watch This Column

## "Under Two Flags"

I HAVE been making motion-pictures so many years that it takes an unusually good one to arouse my interest, and I am, perhaps, more critical of my own pictures than of any others. Yet, PRISCILLA DEAN, in the screen version of Ouida's great novel "Under Two Flags," has done such a remarkable bit of dramatic work that I have been electrified.

PRISCILLA DEAN

If this picture doesn't create a sensation wherever it is shown, then I have lost the art of picking the good ones. As a play on the stage, "Under Two Flags" created a furore and was the "talk of the town." But as a picture, it so far surpasses the stage-play that there is no comparison.

The supporting company was chosen with extreme care. You all know James Kirkwood and you are aware of his dramatic power. He plays opposite MISS DEAN, and I must commend him, as well as every character in the play, for one of the best features UNIVERSAL has ever produced.

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(Continued from Page 58)

treating 'em rough. She turned her glance in the direction of the sound and brought it back deliberately.

"All right."

There was a general outcry as she rose. Somebody urged Ferguson to have a heart. His hands closed hard and he could feel the muscles of his jaws tighten and set. She led the way out of the long, hot room. At the doorway a capped maid helped her into a wrap. They were out in the night on a tiled terrace, the relentless pulsations of the music a little muted, the red and yellow parking lights of the waiting cars watching them like wide, stupid eyes.

"What are you doing with that mob?"

He was amazed at the tension of his voice. What did it matter to him? She'd think he was crazy.

"They're friends of yours, aren't they?" She spoke without heat. "What's the matter with them?"

"You know!" He flung his arms wide in a helpless gesture. "You—you don't belong in a gang like that! You ——"

"Did you get to the edge of it, over there?"

She cut through his sentence as if she had not heard it. His absurd rage flickered out as suddenly as it had flamed. The words carried him back to a crowded minute when he had rolled and grappled in a ditch, with a pistol spitting past his ear.

"I don't know. I felt like it two-three times. But—but it didn't last." He shook his head. "It was better than this, though!" Again his arms swung wide. "I'd rather be back ——"

She nodded. There was light enough to let him see the sudden wistfulness in her face.

"I thought about you—all the time; about what you said. I never figured I'd find you—like this. The edge of it!" He laughed, a short, harsh sound. "I might've known you were just talking!"

"Think so?" He could feel her voice cut. "Think I'm like the rest of them—in there? Trying to tell myself you can have a good time out of jazz and bootleg? Thanks!"

He leaned toward her eagerly.

"Then—then cut it out! We don't belong in that gang, you and me! Come on; let's go back to town."

She laughed softly.

"You don't see it yet. This is the edge of things—for a girl. Think it over. Isn't it? You ought to know what I mean. Over there, those two or three times when you thought you'd come to the edge—wasn't it the risk, the danger, that made the difference? That's how I feel about—about this." She waved her hand toward the room they had left. "I've found it. You haven't."

"You got to cut it out, I tell you!" His voice shook. "You're decent; you don't belong ——"

She laughed again.

"Thanks! I know what I am." She turned. "I'm going in. Come along."

"Not me! I'd choke in that crowd. You better let me take you home."

"Thanks!" She seemed to find this comic. "Come and see me sometimes." She gave him an address. "I've got to go back, really. If you're not coming, good night."

He watched her go, a realization of his helplessness sickening him. Even with that paint on her cheeks and lips she looked like Donald Ferguson. He felt a flooding rush of sympathy toward his father, as if in some mysterious way Margaret Macrae were taking some surviving part of that silent, broken man back with her into the Rose Garden. Donald Ferguson wouldn't have hated that place any harder than his son hated it.

He walked away at random, discovering a thin relief in the outlet of physical exertion. In the back of his brain his normal, sophisticated self seemed to look on, to wonder whether he wasn't going crazy. All this fuss about a girl he hardly knew! What did it matter to Alan Ferguson, anyway? A grand scheme to hoof it all the way back to town too! It must be miles to a trolley!

The edge of things! Sitting around with a bunch of cheap profiteers in a frowzy road house! She'd been nearer to the real thing when she beat a typewriter in that office; he was closer to it selling neckties down at Farley's! The thought evoked its own rebuttal; he thought of Donald Ferguson selling crockery in a basement till he died; a lifetime behind Farley's show cases!

He was thoroughly tired when he found a trolley track. It was dawn before he let himself into Mrs. Reardon's shabby front hall. He couldn't sleep; the noises of the waking city bit at his tight nerves; he jolted them with a cold bath and went down to breakfast a little drugged by his bodily weariness.

The subway revived his rebellion. Twice a day till he died; a hole in the ground connecting a cheap bed and a cheap, trifling job! He climbed to a narrow, crowded sidewalk, oppressed and shamed by the jostle of hurrying men and women. The prospect of another day at Farley's seemed to affront and jeer at him. He threw back his shoulders suddenly. Farley handing out a job as if he were giving away something precious! He turned abruptly, striding away from the plate-glass windows of draped silk and linen. Anywhere else. It didn't matter, so long as he never went back there!

The impulse drove him through narrow streets toward the water front, dodging a stream of incoming commuters, slipping between laden trucks and under the heads of huge, straining horses. He became aware, gradually, of a difference in the air; of pervading blended smells which lifted his black mood against his will; smells of fruit and vegetables, floating out of cool, dark doorways with the clamor of truck wheels and crashing wood. There were fewer people in the streets. He picked a path in and out the walks blocked by wagons and trucks backed up to scarred wooden platforms.

He knew where he was, of course. The wholesale district, distributing the day's ration to the city. He caught a glimpse of masts lifting above a dingy pier warehouse. The folly of going on became clear to him. You couldn't even get out to look at the river here. He turned back.

A wagon had already closed the way. He stood and watched men unloading crates of asparagus. Something in the process touched his imagination; it was spectacular, in a way, this weight and bulk of a minor item in the food supply. Asparagus had meant a few dejected stalks on a platter at Mrs. Reardon's, or pallid tips out of a can. Here was a wagonload of it, men sweating under the weight of every crate. The printed label on the end of the nearest one drew his glance. California! Again he had a sense of bigness, of distance. Three thousand miles away from home, that stuff!

A stout man in shirt sleeves emerged on the platform and cursed wearily, without heat, as one who recites a formula. Somebody had quit without notice, just when somebody else, also apostrophized, had seen fit to buy his fool head off. Ferguson wondered whether Farley would curse him when his defection became known. Probably not, he decided. This was different. They were in a hurry here, but it wasn't the same kind of hurry that he had hated. Here it seemed reasonable, fitting, as it had seemed in France, now and then, when they moved up a bit.

He heard himself making a crazy suggestion to the profane man on the platform. There was a brief, pessimistic inspection, a gloomy nod.

"I'll take a chance. Get in there and hustle that grass."

He chuckled softly as he sweated, enjoying the comments of the shirt-sleeved man. His decent new suit suffered; he was glad of it. No sense to such clothes, anyway. He regretted his khaki. That would have been just about right for a job like this.

Presently there was a pause, a chance to rest in the damp, cool smells, while the man in shirt sleeves complained of other distressing matters, still in the same unemotional key. There were other trucks to be unloaded, and still others to be freighted with assorted crates and barrels, occasional pauses in which to ponder on the phenomenon of Alan Ferguson's contentment. There was a respite at noon; a coarse, filling meal in a noisy, sawdust-littered eating house in the alley, an afternoon mysteriously shortened by the pressure of its tasks. Ferguson whistled as he toiled. He liked it; liked the harsh feel of the crates and barrels and the weight of them; the sharp, mingling smells; the heavy, elemental shouts of teamsters and the racket of shod hoofs; even the tired, tireless profanity of the boss. Dimly he felt as if he had struggled awake out of a choking dream of unrealities. All this was real, alive.

He nodded when the boss informed him what he had earned. It didn't matter, that part of it. He was a little surprised to find that it was considerably more than Farley would have paid him, but not specially pleased. He helped rig the sheet-iron shutters at quitting time, and carried his coat in the bend of his elbow as he walked away. The subway, in his new mood, was out of the question. He rode up on the rear seat of an open surface car and put on his coat after he got off at Mrs. Reardon's corner. He didn't like the feel of it on his shoulders. He discovered that he didn't like Mrs. Reardon's shabby-grand furniture, or the air of the room on the third floor, or the faces and voices of the other boarders. He went back downtown after dinner and hunted up a lodging in a mannerless hotel just off the water front, not displeased to observe that his fellow guests had a very hard-boiled look and that they eyed him with speculative hostility. From his window he could see a narrow slice of the river. The edge of things, he told himself, as he plunged into a bottomless sleep.

### III

THE station agent advised him to hire a livery rig in the village. It was a good eight miles, he said, to the Glen crossroads, and uphill pretty nearly all the way. Alan Ferguson shook his head.

"Rather hike," he said. "Can I leave the bag here?"

The agent had no objections. Ferguson swung away along a rutted scar in the shale, an excuse for a road that climbed obliquely in alternate stretches of steep and level, between overgrown worm fences beyond which he could see rocky meadows where little flocks of sheep and smaller groups of cattle grazed on the slopes. It was only a little past sunrise, and the air was cool and wet and touched with odors that he seemed to remember.

The feeling grew upon him, distracting his mental attention from the hot reproaches of his common sense with a mist of formless memories, as if he had been here long ago, often and often. He knew that he must be a kind of nut; only a crazy man would have chucked up that job in the commission house just when it was getting good; nobody else would have spent money to come up to this God-forsaken end of nowhere without even knowing what he wanted.

And yet, as he climbed, the senseless contentment deepened steadily; the broadening outlook, the height of the hill below him, seemed to let him look down on what he had left behind, on the men who trafficked there, as a man might survey the blind, silly scurry of an ant hill.

His jaws tightened. From where he stood the thing looked shabbier and smaller than before; the cheap, sly cleverness which had deliberately baited that Carolina grower into planting a hundred acres of those melons, so that he would ship in carload lots instead of sending a few crates a day by express. It didn't pay to double-cross a man on half a dozen crates; but if you stole two or three carloads it ran into real money. And it was perfectly safe, a mile inside the law, the way they'd worked it. Even if that planter down in Carolina suspected the truth, he couldn't do a thing about it. A couple of thousand cold net profit on that single deal.

He could see the sly, mean look about Ganson's mouth as he explained how the thing was worked. Ganson wouldn't have told him if he hadn't wanted to get Ferguson to buy into the firm. This was held out as a special, secret bait. They could clean up in the same way on plenty of others, Ganson said. It was a soft cinch, always good for a thousand or two.

He wondered why he had suddenly felt sorry for Ganson; the same feeling he had toward Cone, safe and crafty behind a wall of other men's broken bodies, joyously turning a multiplied gain from the very sacrifice of those others. Always the sight of them behind the lines in France, the thought of them here at home, had sickened him with a compassionate contempt. He despised them a little, but he was sorry for them much.

For a long time he had liked Ganson; had been happy at the frontier of the city under Ganson's command; had imagined that this was the border line toward which some blind passion would always drive him till he died. And quite suddenly, as Ganson smacked his lips on his figures, he had been sickened by the sight of himself, inside the lines, safe behind the bodies of men whose backs were toward him and

(Continued on Page 63)

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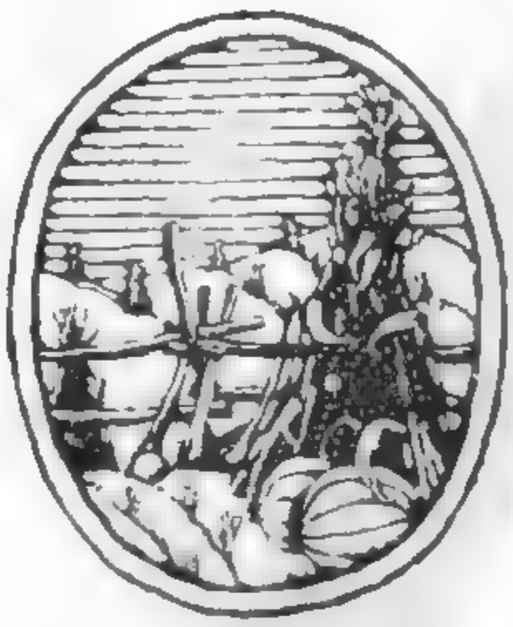
# FULLER BRUSHES

## 69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC



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In the Fall when the days are too cool for athletics and too mild for heavier weights, underwear correctness calls for "Autumn weights." Our Number 611, representing this weight, is an elastic ribbed union suit of combed cotton so skilfully fashioned that it assures a new measure of comfort to its wearer

*Wilson Bro's*

These "between-seasons" garments are a part of Wilson Bro's' complete line of underwear "for all sections and seasons"—for men in every climate and occupation. Ask the Man Behind the Underwear Counter

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 60)

whose pockets, therefore, he could plunder as he pleased.

He kept thinking of Donald Ferguson all the afternoon, reproached by the look in that tired, wistful face. That night, without a conscious understanding of his errand, he had gone back to the Glen, riding in a day coach, as if the discomfort and fatigue were a defense against his self-contempt. Now, breasting the slopes, he called himself a fool and found no sting in the word.

A sharp twist in the road brought him unexpectedly on a farmstead, a cubical, weathered house in a group of barns. There was a cloud of yellow dust in the still air, a throbbing beat of a gas engine and a falsetto scream of machinery. He stopped, interested by the process. In the open doorway of the largest barn a great red machine shook and clattered and shrieked; a man stood on a shelf at one side of it, feeding great armfuls of dry leaves into a wide mouth of chattering, gnashing teeth. From above him invisible workers sent down a stream of litter, keeping his platform full in spite of his desperate, rhythmic sweeping. Beyond, at the far end of the barn, an endless belt spewed up another stream of dust and trash, half burying a man who stood in the full blast of it fighting it with a pitchfork.

Alan Ferguson stood still, fascinated by a quick, keen sense of combat. He did not know what it was all about, but something sang in his brain as he had heard it once or twice when he stumbled forward from a trench. Presently the drive belt slipped from the pulley and the roar dulled and died. The man on the shelf sprang down and ran out to the engine. Ferguson found himself helping to lift the broad belt back to the drivewheel and the pulley. He was clumsy, but the man seemed to be glad of his aid nevertheless.

"Thanks." He drank expertly from a yellow jug, his head tilted far back, the heavy vessel in the bend of his elbow, his throat working in time to the gurgle of the jug. He finished with a long, harsh sigh. "Don't suppose you're huntin' a job, eh?"

"Green at it," said Ferguson. "Don't even know what you're doing. But I'd sort of like to try it for a change."

"H'm. Don't guess you'll need a big sample. Thrashin' beans ain't exactly what you'd call fun. But every hand helps these days. Ketch holt of that fork an' go out yonder—help Jim shove the fodder down the chute to the shed. He'll show you."

Half buried in a rising mound of litter, Ferguson choked and sweated in a thick mist of dust, fighting to keep the chute clear behind him. His arms ached with an ingenious malice, the smooth wood of the fork handle heated in his hands and burned them raw; minute, thorny particles sifted inside his clothes and tormented his wet skin; his eyes stung and blurred. He could feel his throat contract at the thought of that yellow water jug. Remotely he could hear the sardonic comments of his intelligence. Fool—fool—fool. He laughed. He was happy.

*IV*

"MEG'S just going out." The thin girl regarded Ferguson with frank amusement and flicked her narrow eyes toward the man who sat at the far end of the room. "Who shall I say?"

Alan Ferguson felt again that old sense of pity as he hesitated. This girl was so sure that she knew it all, so complacent in her ignorance that he didn't even dislike her.

"Just tell her it's somebody from the Glen."

He heard her suppressed laugh and the sound of her departing steps as he walked toward the other man. He stopped before the chair, looking down at the slight, neat figure in the pin-checked suit. He guessed that this man belonged to the sporty car he had noticed as he came in.

"You waiting for Miss Macrae?"

He spoke abruptly. The other man looked up at him with unconcealed amusement.

"Something like that. Why?"

Ferguson jerked his head toward the door.

"Find it cooler waiting outside."

He could have laughed at the blankness in the face. The other came to his feet as if the words had lifted him. Ferguson repeated his gesture, grinning.

"Cooler outside," he said again. "Right this way."

There was a moment of doubt. Then the other shrugged and obeyed, stepping a little farther aside as he passed Ferguson. The door closed after him. Ferguson whirled quickly at the sound of steps in the inner hall.

She stopped in the doorway, staring. He did not speak. His throat was tight and dry, and his hands had closed till they hurt.

"Nell said somebody from home ——"

"Me." He managed the word with a sudden effort. "I live there now. Went back last fall!"

The bewilderment did not leave her look, but she came nearer.

"You live there?" Another thought seemed to interrupt her. Her glance overpassed him. "Where's Charlie? Wasn't he here?"

"I told him to wait outside. Wanted to see you alone a minute. He didn't seem to mind." He grinned at the memory. "Sit down. I got a few things to say came three hundred miles to say 'em."

She seemed to hesitate, but his gesture decided her. She took the chair that Charlie had vacated, her gaze blank and questioning. Ferguson stood before her, his feet a little apart.

"Still feel the same way about living on the edge? 'Member when you sprang it on me that night on the Drive?"

He saw her face darken.

"Yes." A touch of defiance came into her voice. "What about it?"

He leaned forward.

"You had it right. There's people that belong out there, people that are fit for it and that can't ever be satisfied anywheres else, people that have got something in their blood that makes 'em different from the soft breeds that'd die if you took 'em off the asphalt. I didn't know I was one till that night. You're another—and you've always known it."

She did not answer. He saw that her face had gone pale under the careful tint of her cheeks.

"You started me out to the edge. I went over there to hunt for it. A couple of times I felt like I'd got there. But I hadn't. I was just up against men, the same as here. I never got to the outside front of things till I helped old Saul Baker thrash beans. Then I knew—that first day, I knew."

He could see her try to recover the defense of ridicule. There was a look of strain in her down-drawn lips.

"I never got to the edge till I got through with men and went up against"—he fumbled for a word at which she couldn't smile—"went up against God." You had to say it. There wasn't any synonym that carried the meaning. He saw her eyes go blank again, and her mouth lose that forced, superior amusement.

"That's right. No use pretending you've quit believing in Him. You've been out there where they look Him right between the eyes and watch Him collect His price for letting men live. You know what His price is and how they pay it—your kind and mine. You know they don't scramble in a gutter for pennies that belong to somebody else. You've seen 'em out there on the raw edge of everything, taking what they get from somebody their size!"

She was on her feet. He realized that she was taller than he had thought; that her eyes met his on their own level.

"I wonder if it's true?"

He felt that she wasn't speaking to him, but he answered the doubt in her voice and look

"You know it's true. You know how sick you are to get there, where you belong. Trying to tell yourself you're on the edge of things when you go joy riding with—with a stuffed shirt like that lad I just fired out of here. Forgotten what you wanted to find that first night we talked? Something fine and terrible, you said. Fine and terrible. You'll be a long time finding a road house where they carry that in stock!"

"Don't!" She lifted a hand as if to ward a blow. "I—I don't see why you're saying this to me. I ——"

He reached out and caught her wrists.

"I bought back the old place last month. You're going back there with me—tonight. To freeze and slave and fight because those are the only fine and terrible things we know—your kind and mine—except death and—and love."

Something in her face startled him with a new memory of his father, but he understood now what Donald Ferguson, "forever stirred from the soil where he was set," had longed for in that look; and why, as always, he remembered him with a fierce flame of affection and regret.

# "Will you look at that fellow's tire!"

Every time you go out riding you see at least one tire like this. Some fellow driving along with a tire so under-inflated it is almost flat on the road.

It bothers you to look at it. You know he is destroying a valuable tire. It may be ignorance, it may be extravagance, it may be both. But there is no excuse for it.

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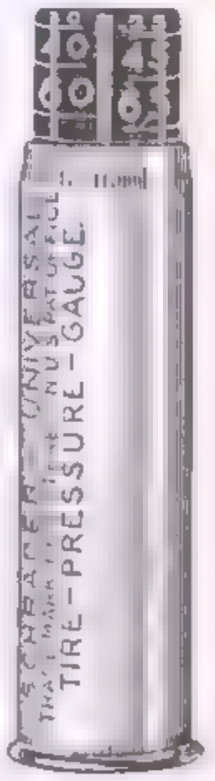


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TRADE MARK

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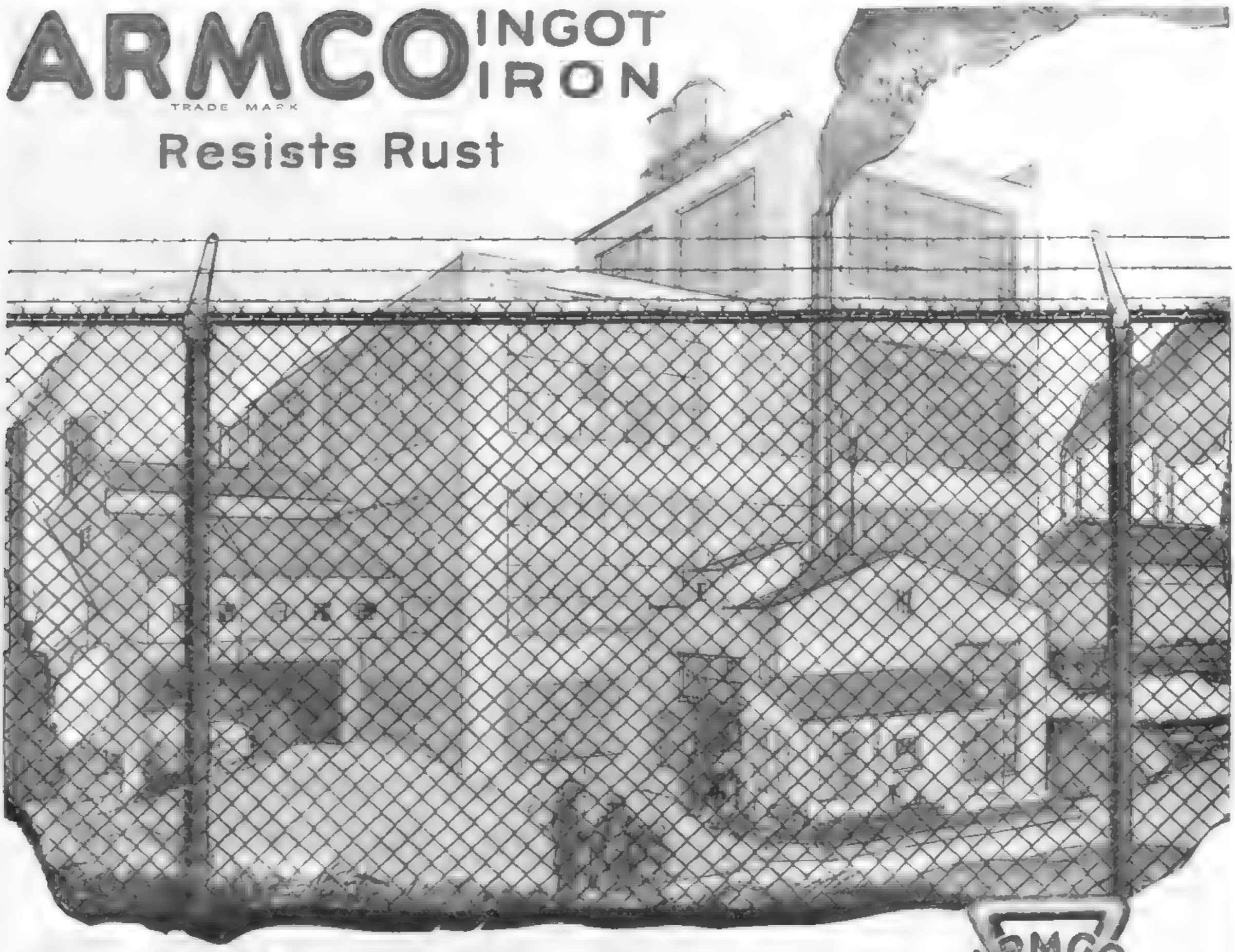


# Wind, Rain, Frost, Small Boys, Intruders

## *—all these are fence destroyers, but the greatest destroyer of all is rust*

YOUR fencing may keep out the short-cut seeker and the malicious trespasser for years, but there comes a time when it must succumb to the insidious attack of corrosion.

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FOR INDUSTRIES
*and for every protective purpose*

PAGE STEEL AND WIRE QUALITY PRODUCTS

PAGE ARMCO Protection FENCE

# THE BENCH WARMERS

Continued from Page 17

It was once more Bulty. "Say!" he said, his voice ringing with momentary excitement; "did you hear her! She said Bloomer had a tip, a knockout. He and Rounds didn't tell you anything, did they'"

"Aw, go chase yourself!" Charley answered disgustedly.

He shook off the hand that Bulty in his eagerness had laid upon his, and after another sour look at the quotation board he slouched toward the door. A bunch of bench warmers she had called them; and it was the second time that morning he had heard the name. It was the same name that Buck Rooker had applied to Rounds and Bloomer when he turned them into the street; and what the term, as Buck used it, conveyed Charley knew. It was Wall Street's name for men the market had cleaned out, and who still hang around brokerage offices, borrowing lunch money when they can and hoping the luck will turn and someone will stake them to a trade. That Charley himself might come to that turned him cold. An office lounger, a bum! Lord!

It would be touch and go with him, he knew. Eleven hundred dollars, that shoestring of his, was all that stood between him and calamity; and it was little to wonder at that the sweat stood upon his face. The next play he made he must make sure didn't lose. But how was he to make sure? He was wise to the game—or it was said of him; yet, as he knew now, if he hadn't been so cocksure and knowing he wouldn't be in the fix he was in. The tip on Pete had been a straight tip after all; if only he had played it that way he would have made a killing. His first dope, too, on Pullman, had been right; and but for his boasted cleverness he might have made a clean-up in that as well. But now there was just one thing he could do: It was to sit and watch till something safe, something sure, turned up; only the trouble was you can't do that in the margin shops. Commissions are what the margin shops live upon; and loungers, office loafers, are not encouraged to sit about and wait. If he had any waiting to do it would not do for him to do it around Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. The mere thought of being bawled out as Rounds and Bloomer had been made him writhe.

There was one thing, though, that had yet to come home to Charley Haskins. It was that woman's use of the term. That each and all of the dabblers there was a bench warmer, a waster idling away his time, hadn't struck him yet. This was the life—Wall Street! They all think that, the dabblers. All of them are convinced of it—for a time at any rate. Drifting across the room he had almost reached the door when Beeks lolled in.

"Hey, Charley!" he chirped. "You're wanted on the wire!"

A growl came from Charley. "Who wants me?" he grumbled sulkily; and a gleam of amusement for a moment lit Beeks' round, jovial face.

"It's your friend Rounds," he snickered.

"Rounds!"

He wondered as he walked toward the booth. In spite of Beeks' say-so a boob like Rounds was hardly the sort a fellow as clever as Charley would care to make a pal; and that Rounds had telephoned him was, in fact, astonishing. However, that was not the only astonishing thing about it. Half a minute later the door of the telephone booth burst open and, his hat jammed down on his head, Charley darted across the customers' room.

"I say!" said Beeks, startled; but that was all he said. Ere he had time to say more, Charley was out at the door, hurrying full tilt toward the elevator.

Fred's place, the resort around the corner, was where Charley headed; and as he neared it he was almost running. Rounds was there waiting for him.

II

THE boob, the duffer, contrary to general opinion, is no rarity in Wall Street. As Charley himself could have told you, the margin shops are filled up with hicks and hooks, and Rounds, as it happened, and his pal Bloomer too, were marked examples of the type. A pair of stones, Charley always had thought them, considering which his momentary haste, not to call it feverish anxiety, might have been thought somewhat queer. What may seem queer, too, it was about a tip that Rounds had telephoned a piece of inside dope he professed to have; yet in spite of all this Charley had jumped at the offer Rounds had made him. The offer was that if Charley would stake Rounds—Bloomer also—to a percentage of the trade, Rounds would tip him off to the dope he had.

Queer, yes. It was not so queer and weird, though, if one were enabled to follow the twists and turns of Charley's mind. His, as you know, was a Wall Street mind the kind of mind, at any rate, that the Wall Street dabbler has; and imagination, as he himself would have told you, is what does the trick. It is imagination that makes the successful trader.

Charley had it—imagination. It was working too—working swiftly; and as he hustled along up the street a chuckle for the first time that day came from him. The fact is that back in the telephone booth at the office an inspiration like a flash of divine fire had burst upon him. It was the decision, in other words, to do what Bulty had tried to do—to make use of the ill luck pursuing him. Bulty having seen that Charley's reputed wiseness had deserted him had meant to copper Charley's judgment, so why shouldn't he do it himself? The long and short of it was—if all the dope was wrong—to play it from that angle.

It was simple, that was sure. As Charley saw, in fact, his Wall Street mind working swiftly now, it was a cinch. A tip, for example, he'd made it a rule never to play; and now, seeing that all the rules were at fault, he meant to plunge on the tip Rounds and Bloomer had. If the plan went right it would set him on his feet. If it went wrong he would be little the worse off, anyway; and still hurrying, with another chuckle he pushed open the door of Fred's place and bustled inside.

The chuckle died on his lips. Rounds was not to be seen. Save for the barman and two or three waiters lolling about, the place was virtually deserted.

The barman at Charley's entrance awoke briskly. "Howdy, Mr. H.? How's tricks?" he was greeting him, when from a side room near by Charley heard a sudden "Hist!" A face, alert and at the same time cautious, was peering at him over the swing doors that screened the room from the bar; and wondering anew, Charley made out it was Rounds.

"Has she gone?" Rounds whispered shrilly.

"Who gone?" asked Charley.

Rounds' air was still crafty, apprehensive. "Her—Hen Bloomer's wife," he answered; and Charley stared.

"You don't mean she's been in here too?" he demanded.

Rounds nodded; and his air still cautious, he emerged into the open. "It was awful," he said. "Hen an' me were sittin' here havin' a little sunthin' when in she bounces. I see her in time an' dusts, but Hen —— Lord! I thought she'd have his hair, callin' him all kinds of a loafer an' bum, an' threatenin' to put him back to work at a job. She's dead set, it seems, agin' anyone tradin' in the Street."

It was no news to Charley. However, he hadn't come there to discuss the lady, her prejudices either; and he growled, "Where's Bloomer?"

"Gone," Rounds said; "she had him by the elbow an' took him along uptown."

Charley gave a shrug of disgust. It was upon a pair like this Hen Bloomer and his equally slim-waisted, spindle-necked pal, Rounds—that all his fortunes depended; yet he had no other choice.

"Well, what's that tip you've got?" he demanded.

Rounds' air at once grew crafty. "We get a percentage, don't we?" he insisted. "You're stakin' me an' Hen to 10 per cent on the deal?" When Charley said yes Rounds' face lit eagerly. "Say, it's a knockout, a killing!" he proclaimed. Then, his voice impressive, he leaned across the table. "Th' tip's on Parrot!" he said.

"Parrot!"

As Charley spoke, a vision flitted through his mind. It was a vision of Bulty, his manner cunning, trying to get out of him what he knew about Parrot; and Charley gave a grunt.

"That explains it!" he remarked. "You've been telling Bulty too!"

It was so, and Rounds for an instant looked venomous. "The big stiff!" he exploded.


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He and Bloomer had, in fact, approached Bulty with the same offer they'd made to Charley; but instead of staking them for the tip he had tried to worm out of them their information free of cost.

Rounds was still spluttering disgustedly when Charley cut him off

"All right, all right," he interrupted testily; "now which stock is your tip on, Rounds?"

"Which?"

"Sure," Charley answered; "there are two Parrot stocks, aren't they?"

Rounds' jaw dropped. His eyes, too, grew vague and shifting; and with a sudden start Charley peered at him.

"For the love of Mike!" he ejaculated. "You don't mean you don't know which?"

Rounds began to hem and haw.

"Why—er—you see, now," he faltered, "it was—why—Hen who got the tip. Yeah, he got it f'm a man he knew, a friend of a director in the comp'ny. It was Parrot, Hen said, and ——"

"Jumpin' Judas!" Charley said explosively. He fixed the writhing, uneasy Rounds with a threatening eye. "Tell me the truth now: Did Hen Bloomer tell you which stock it was—or not?"

Rounds gulped for an instant.

"It was Parrot Motors," he said.

"You're sure?"

"Of course I'm sure," protested Rounds. "It's what Hen said, I tell you!"

"Well, I hope so," Charley breathed.

Back at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s the door of the private office opened, and Beeks, his air genial, sauntered into the head partner's sanctum. After a dull unprosperous week things looked better; at any rate the list had begun to move, and as a brisk list means fat commissions the manager's cheerfulness was only natural.

"Say, Buck," chirped Beeks, "someone's started something, did you know it? There's a big tip out on Parrot."

Buck looked up from his desk.

"Thasso? Which Parrot?"

Beeks' grin broadened into a laugh.

"You c'n search me!" he uttered heartily. "Half the boobs have it on one Parrot, and the rest, they have it on the other."

Buck, too, gave a laugh.

"Let 'em rave," he grunted, adding: "The more the merrier, Beeks."

Buck, too, was a wise hand at the Wall Street game—another kind. The market, of course, he never played himself; but if a customer had a tip, no matter what the tip might be, Buck never disputed its reliability. Instead he encouraged the customer to play it. Buck, in fact, had solved the one way to beat the Wall Street game—commissions. That is the one and only way; and still grinning, Beeks went back to the customers' room. Just as he got there the door opened and Charley Haskins entered.

Charley came at a jump. His face, too, in contrast with its early morning gloom, was now alert, shining.

"Hey, Beeks!" he called.

Beeks already had read his customer's face. An order pad in his hand he hurried toward him.

"Here you are, old dear!" he chirped. "What's the card—buy or sell?"

Charley glanced hurriedly at the board. Then he glanced at Beeks.

"Say," he said, "what's the dope on Parrot?" His air guarded, the manager glanced at him momentarily. "Which Parrot?" he asked.

"Parrot Motors," answered Charley; and stifling a sudden grin Beeks' air grew serious, judicial.

"There's a strong tip out on the motors," he advised, adding: "The tip's out to buy on every bulge, and we have strong inside information ——"

In the midst of the peroration Charley cut him short.

"That settles it'" he said "If all the suckers have it I'll be a sucker too'" His face sardonic he gave his order. "Buy me a hundred Parrot Motors," he directed. "Buy 'em at the market, too, you understand?"

"That's the stuff!" Beeks said heartily.

It was so, at any rate, from Beeks' point of view, trades at the market insuring always a quick commission for the firm. Aside from that, however, Charley, too, thought it the stuff. Again he had doped out a way to beat the game, and leaning back on a chair he lit a cigar, his glance easy as he studied the quotation board. A wise guy, yes. He was wise, no doubt of that. What is more, Wall Street—its margin shops, especially—are filled up with just such seers and sages. The doings of that day were an instance.

It was two o'clock when Parrot Motors first began to move; for that matter, Parrot Oil as well. All day long the two had stood dull and logy in the midst of a market now growing feverishly active; but at two o'clock, as the hour of the close drew near, both stocks began to fizz and buzz. In short order the customers' room was astir.

Charley at the moment wasn't there. An hour before, in company with a couple of other good fellows, Mr. Bimberg and Mr. Shope, fellow traders like himself, he had gone over to Fred's place for a bite; and his confidence returning and feeling his old self again, Charley had given them a little talk on the market's trend. The trend was upwards, Charley felt assured; and between the talk and the broiled lobster, extra large, he'd ordered, the lunch hour lengthened out. Then, too, there was the little argument he'd had with Mr. Bimberg.

Mr. Bimberg, or Bimmy, as he was known, was a specialist, it seems, in five and ten share lots. He, too, it seems, also was wise to the Wall Street game; and when Charley, expanding, had given him an inkling of the deal he'd made that day Bimmy had expressed his astonishment, not to say his stupefaction.

"Vat!" he exploded. "You buy for a rise on any tip I ke that!"

It was so; and a little less certain of himself Charley gazed at his friend.

"Say," he demanded, "you bought Parrot Motors, too, didn't you?"

Mr. Bimberg had pushed back his chair, and was calling loudly to the waiter for his check.

"Sure, I bought it," he replied, his face irate; "but ven Parrot Motors I buy for a rise I didn't know the tip comes off any shine, any sucker like Bloomer!"

Mr. Shope, too, at the moment also exhibited consternation.

"What!" he ejaculated. "Did that tip come from Bloomer?"

He, too, thrust back his chair and rose; and as the two hustled toward the door, heading at full tilt back to Rooker, Burke & Co.'s, Charley followed, his feeling, in spite of himself, apprehensive.

The instant he opened the door at the brokerage office his worst fears were realized. It was ten minutes past two, and the place was in an uproar. The ticker, chattering and clanking in the corner, seemed hard pressed to keep up with the flood of quotations pouring in over the tape; and Charley's heart gave a resounding thump as he shot a glance at the quotation board.

Parrot Motors, in the hour, had dropped three points and a half. That wasn't all of it, either. Parrot Oil, on the other hand, had gone up nearly four; and as Charley stood there gaping, Beeks emerged out of the private office at the back and made his way toward him. On Beeks' face, too, was a sign Charley thought he knew—one Wall Street sign of which he thought he was reasonably sure. It was that Beeks meant to call him for more margins.

He was wrong again, it seems.

"Say," said Beeks, "have you seen your old pal, Rounds? For the last hour now he's been trying to get you on the phone."

Charley hadn't seen him. In a flash, though, he realized why Rounds had telephoned. The boob, the simp, had got mixed in his tip on Parrot; and his voice cracking, Charley gripped Beeks by the arm.

"Quick!" he ordered. "Close out that Parrot Motors, then buy me a hundred Parrot Oil!"

"At the market?" queried Beeks.

Charley made a passionate gesture of haste.

"Get a jump on, d'you hear," he ordered.

Beeks got a jump on as directed. As it seemed, too, it was perhaps unfortunate that he did—that is, unfortunate for Charley. The order, at any rate, hardly had been filled when Parrot Oil turned on its heel and began to fall. As it fell, too, shading a fraction at almost every sale, Parrot Motors, the other, swung to the right-about and began to soar. As the close came in, the two were back exactly at the day's opening bid and asked.

Charley, however, hadn't waited to see it. Beeks again had come sidling toward him, and this time Charley made no mistake in the signs he read on the manager's face. It was for more margins that Beeks meant to call him, and bolting out at the door he was now once more around the corner in Fred's place.

"So you made a mistake!" he mimicked, his face filled with disgust; "you got 'em mixed, you say?"

It was Rounds again whom he addressed. Rounds had phoned he would meet him there; but the news Rounds had to give him Charley already had guessed. The man, of course, had tipped him to the wrong Parrot.

"Well—er—you see, I thought ——" he was stammering awkwardly, when Charley disgustedly cut him short.

"You come along with me, you hear!" he snapped; and Rounds gaped at him, bewildered.

"With you? Go where?" he asked.

A growl came from Charley, and he grabbed Rounds by the arm.

"To Bloomer's—where Bloomer lives. I'm sick of your beastly guesswork, Rounds; I want that tip from Bloomer himself." Giving Rounds a yank by the arm he started for the door. "Come on, you!" he ordered.

Rounds hung back, his face apprehensive.

"What! Face Hen's wife again? That woman? Not on your life!" he protested vehemently; and an inkling of the truth dawned in Charley's mind. Rounds evidently already had gone uptown to Bloomer's flat.

"Say! Did you see Hen?" Charley questioned eagerly.

Rounds wrenched free his arm.

"I did not!" he answered morosely; "I goes up there, yes, and tries to see him; and that woman she comes to the door. She says, too, if ever I come back again she'll sick a cop onto me; only that ain't nothing, either. Hen she's got in a back room of the flat; and she ain't going to let him out till she gets him a job of work."

Charley made a gesture of disgust and helplessness.

"Got Hen in a back room, you say?"

"Sure," answered Rounds; "Hen she's got under lock and key."

### III

THE sudden, not to say sensational flurry in the two Parrot stocks—the oil stock and the motors—long will be remembered by the margin-shop dabblers, the small fry, as one of those happenings that lend such zest, such excitement and variety to dabbling in the Wall Street market. From subsequent developments it appears that two pools were operating at the time, one pool in the motor stock, while the other pool was trading in the oil stock. It was to this, in fact, that the confusion in the mind of the dabbling public was due, the pool in one stock being engaged in distributing the stock at the top of the market, while the other set, equally industrious, was bent on breaking the price of their stock in order to accumulate. And as each, of course, was energetically circulating all sorts of tips and rumors what happened was that in trying to digest all the dope handed out to them the dabblers got one stock confused with the other. The result was that one mob of suckers, as Wall Street so happily terms them, bought one Parrot when the pool expected them to sell it, while another mob, equally bewildered, sold the other Parrot, the one the pool expected them to buy. However, after that first day's confusion the situation the next morning looked much brighter, more satisfactory. It was so, at any rate, for the gentlemen in the pools.

At ten, as usual, the market opened for the day. Usually a half hour before this time Charley Haskins appeared at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. Each day, in fact, it was his habit to get down early enough to study the London opening—that and the rest of the early morning dope—this enabling him from the signs it gave to read the market's probable trend. Added to this, Charley also enjoyed sitting around a bit and analyzing for the benefit of those less knowing than himself what he and other Wall Street analysts like himself term the market's technical position.

This morning, though, Charley was not present at his usual early hour. Neither was he there at ten, which was most unusual for him. At ten o'clock, too, the market opened with a roar.

The crowd thronging the customers' room stirred eagerly as the quotation clerk gave his usual early morning signal. "They're off'" he yipped; and in the same breath he called, "Five hundred Parrot Oil, a half!" The quotation was a quarter off from the close of the night before; and a moment later, as the ticker thumped and pounded, the tape jerking from its maw, the clerk gave another shrill stimulating cry: "Parrot Oil, three-eighths! Five hundred more, a quarter! Another five hundred, the same! Parrot Oil, an eighth! Zowie! See her slide!"

Action is what the dabbler always wants and seeks; and from the back of the room came an abrupt exultant outburst. Mr. Bulty was its author.

"Attaboy!" he gloated as Parrot Oil dropped another eighth.

He had gone short, it seems, of the stock. It seemed, too, that at the moment Mr. Bulty bade fair to make a clean-up, a killing; for in a dozen transactions or so Parrot Oil had dropped nearly a full point under the opening. The gentleman's exultation, however, was brief. Again he was uttering a vociferous "Attaboy!" when a strong elbow nudged him energetically in the ribs.

It was Mr. Bimberg, the short rotund personage with the protruding eyes and thick-lensed glasses, who had nudged him; and now behind the lenses Bimmy was peering at Mr. Bulty with manifest agitation.

"Vat!" he ejaculated. "You're short on Parrot Oil, hey?"

It was so; and always timorous and uncertain, Mr. Bulty was at once infected with Bimmy's obvious uneasiness.

"What's that? What say?" he began to stammer excitedly; but without replying Mr. Bimberg turned and darted away across the room. "Beeks! Vere's Beeks?" he vociferated excitedly.

Beeks emerged from the cashier's cage at the back; and gripping him by the arm Mr. Bimberg began to splutter:

"That Parrot Oil, Beeks; a stop order you should put in for me! Y'understand now? If for halluf a point Parrot Oil should go up, cover the sale, und get me owd at the market!"

"What's the dope?" inquired Beeks, grinning at his client's heat.

Mr. Bimberg had plenty of dope. If a fellow like Bulty—"a shine, a sucker like him, vat"—was in on any stock, Mr. Bimberg made it a rule to take no chances. That wasn't all of it, either. The market, as Bimmy sagely had observed, was a suckers' market; the list spotty and uncertain.

An evidence of this was the way not only Parrot Oil but its fellow Parrot, the motor stock, was acting. As Parrot Oil dropped, Parrot Motors was going up. It was now a point and an eighth up from the night's bid and asked.

At half past ten Beeks emerged from the cashier's cage again. Every few minutes he had gone back there to look at the margin book, the market in the meanwhile growing still more hectic; and each time he had come out into the room again he had sidled up to some trader, his face urbane, and said something to him pleasantly. That what he said, however, was not just so pleasant as his air was the way the customer received it.

Either he wriggled uncomfortably and reddened or he even paled a little, while one or two grew angry and began to bluster. Beeks, in short, was calling them for margins. Then, at half past ten, as Parrot Oil in another flurry broke half a point, the manager once more emerged from the cashier's cage.

"Anyone seen Charley Haskins?" he asked.

No one had seen him. He had not been at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s that morning, nor had anyone heard from him; and his face severe, Beeks hurried into the private office at the back.

"Say, Buck," he said, "what'll I do about that bird, Charley Haskins?"

Buck was studying last night's kitty, the amount of commissions the firm had taken in. He was smiling comfortably. Rolling over the cigar in his jaw he looked up at Beeks.

"The wise-eyed kid get bitten too?" he grinned.

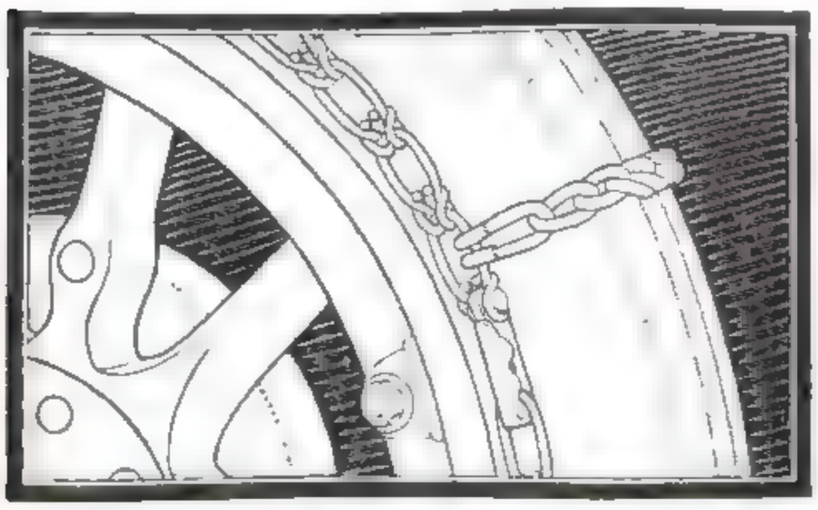
It was so. Charley had a four-and-a-half-point hole in his margins, and Rooker gave a grunt. In fact, it was hardly worth while for Beeks to have asked the question. Business is business, especially the margin-shop sort; and Rooker, Burke & Co. made it a rule never to take chances on a loss.

"If she drops again sell him out," said Buck.

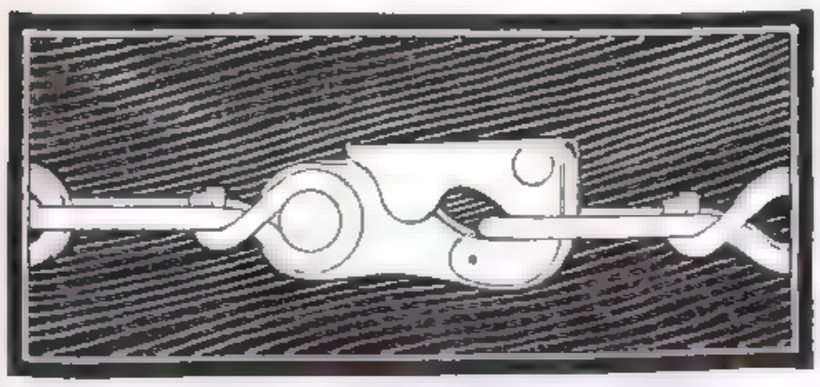
Beeks gave a grin.

(Continued on Page 70)

# THREE WAYS BETTER



Better Cross Chains



Better Fasteners

Better Repair Links

At last! Better tire chains! McKay Tire Chains; so much better that you'll never run risks by driving on slippery pavements or through mud and snow without them.

***Better Cross Chains.*** Because they are more than hard enough to stand the bumping, grinding and pounding of rough pavements, car tracks and stony roads. This McKay lasting power is due to a new improved hardening process, which gives each cross chain link both hardness and toughness at the same time. McKay Tire Chains resist the grinding wear as well as the bumping and pounding. They're tough but not brittle.

***Better Fasteners.*** McKay Tire Chains can be put on and taken off more easily because they are attached with an improved type of fastener. This fastener, when closed, holds the chains securely in place, and each revolution of the wheel holds them the more securely. But when opened the tension is immediately relieved and the chain more quickly disconnected.

***Better Repair Links.*** Should a link of a McKay Tire Chain finally wear out, it can be immediately replaced on the road with a McKay Ready Repair Link. No tools needed. Just slip the Ready Repair Link into place, and it's good for many miles. *It stops that pounding of broken chains against the car, and enables you to have complete chains on your wheels at all times.*

The next time you buy chains be sure you get The Better Black Chains in the Red Band Bag. They cost no more—and they last!

UNITED STATES CHAIN & FORGING CO., Union Arcade, Pittsburgh, Pa.
*Makers of Chains for All Commercial and Industrial Purposes*
*Plants at* York and McKee's Rocks, Pa.; Columbus and Marietta, Ohio; Huntingdon, W. Va.

# McKAY TIRE CHAINS

## McK

The Better Black Chains
in the Red Band Bag

# Winter Troubles

## *come from* "GIVE ME A QUART OF OIL

### *How to safeguard your engine*

COLD WEATHER! Hot water! Hot towels! What makes starting so difficult? Perhaps incorrect lubrication is adding to your winter engine troubles.

True: the engine is cold. True: gasoline vaporizes more slowly in cold weather. Lubrication won't help these conditions.

But scientifically correct lubrication *is* of special importance in winter. The grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified for your car will enable you to start your engine more quickly and give greater protection than inferior oils possibly can.

Why? Because every winter requirement of your car was studied and provided for by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers prepared the recommendations which you see in the Chart.

Cold-weather protection and economy demand special study of many factors in engine design.

These factors are: the design and operation of the engine—the type of lubricating system—the location of the oil pump

**Warning:**

Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name *Mobiloil* (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle.

Don't believe false statements that some other oil is identical with Gargoyle Mobiloil. Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only by the Vacuum Oil Company in its own refineries, and is never sold under any other name.

GARGOYLE

# Mobiloil

*Make the chart your guide*

## VACUUM OIL COMPANY

ize and mesh of the oil screen—the size and ossible exposure of the oil piping.

## Get economy All Winter

he grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified for inter use in your engine begins to circulate hen the engine starts. Quicker starting and ll protection are assured. This quicker start-g lessens the drain on your battery. You do ot need to use the choker so much—and us the oil is not so quickly diluted with raw soline.

To get this thorough protection against inter engine troubles we suggest that you draw off all old oil while the engine is warm. Do not flush with kerosene. Then re-fill to the proper level with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

IMPORTANT: Many cars require more fluid oils in winter than in summer. Where such change is necessary you will find it plainly indicated in red on the partial Chart shown at the right. If your car is not listed in this partial Chart, the dealer from whom you buy Gargoyle Mobiloil can easily tell you the correct grade from his copy of the complete Chart. Or, ask him for our booklet "Correct Lubrication." This booklet may also be obtained from our nearest branch office.

## Protect yourself against By-product Oils

Of course, oils which are by-products in the manufacture of gasoline cannot give you the fullest protection against winter troubles. 9 out of every 10 oils offered you fall in this class.

So, make sure that you see the red Gargoyle and the full name—Gargoyle Mobiloil—on the container when you buy lubricating oil. Then you will get oil which is made only from crude oils specially selected for their lubricating value.

New York (Main Office) Boston Chicago Philadelphia Detroit Pittsburgh
Indianapolis Minneapolis Buffalo Rochester Des Moines Dallas Kansas City, Kan.

# Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart,

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

| NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS | 1922 | | 1921 | | 1920 | | 1919 | | 1918 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter |
| Apperson (8 cyl.) | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| All Other Models | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Briscoe | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A |
| Buick | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Cadillac | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Chandler Six | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Chevrolet (4 cyl.) | | | | | | | A | A | A | A |
| " Mod. 490 Cab. & Del. | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| All Other Models | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Cole | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Cunningham | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " All Other Models | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | Arc |
| Dixie | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Dodge Brothers | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| " All Other Models | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Elcar | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Ford | E | E | E | E | E | E | E | E | E | E |
| Franklin | BB | BB | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Gardner (4 cyl.) | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| " (6 cyl.) | | | | | | | A | Arc | | |
| " All Other Models | | | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | | |
| Haynes (6 cyl.) | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| " (12 cyl.) | | | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Hupmobile | A | A | A | A | A | A | B | A | | |
| Hudson Super Six | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Hudson | A | Arc | A | A | A | A | A | | | |
| Indiana (1 ton) | | | | | | | A | A | | |
| " (1½ ton) | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A |
| " (2 ton) | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " (3½ ton) | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " All Other Models | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Kissel Kar (12 cyl.) | | | | | | | | | | |
| " All Other Models | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | |
| LaFayette (Indianapolis) | A | A | A | A | A | A | | | | |
| Lexington | A | A | A | A | | | | | | |
| " (Last Eng.) | | | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Liberty | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Lincoln | | | | | | | | | | |
| Locomobile | A | E | A | E | A | E | A | E | A | E |
| Marmon | A | A | A | A | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | |
| Maxwell | | | | | | | | | A | A |
| " (Cont'l) | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Mercer | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Metz | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Mitchell | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | |
| Moon | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Nash | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| " (Model 671) | | | | | | | | | A | A |
| " (Cont. 2121) | | | | | | | | | A | A |
| National | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Oldsmobile | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Packard | | | | | | | | | | |
| Paterson | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Peerless | | | | | | | | | | |
| " All Other Models | | | | | | | | | | |
| Pierce | | | | | | | | | | |
| Pierce-Arrow | | | | | | | | | | |
| " Cars | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | Arc | Arc |
| " All Other Models | A | A | A | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Premier | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| " | | A | | A | | A | | A | | A |
| " | BB | | B | A | B | | | | | |
| Saxon Mod. 1250 | A | Arc | A | Arc | | | | | | |
| " | | | | | A | Arc | E | E | E | E |
| " | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| " All Other Models | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | | |
| Scripps | | | | | | | | | | |
| Stearns | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Stutz | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " | | | | | | | | | | |
| White Mod. Cab & Sedan | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " | | | | | | | | | | |
| " All Other Models | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Willys-Knight | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A |
| Winton | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |

## Makes of Engines

(recommendations shown separately for convenience)

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ansted | A | A | A | A | | | | | |
| " | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Climax | | | | | | | | | |
| " | | | | | | | | | |
| " All Other Models | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Falls | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Herreshoff | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Herschell-Spillman | | | | | | | | | | |
| Mod. JC, S.V. & V4 | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| " All Other Models | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Hinkley | A | A | A | A | A | A | | | | |
| Jeffery Model 648 | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | | | | |
| " All Other Models | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Northway | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Waukesha Models CU | | | | | | | | | | |
| " DU, FU, & FUC | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | | |
| " All Other Models | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | | |
| Wisconsin | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " | | | | | | | | | | |
| " All Other Models | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Weidely | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Wisconsin Mod. Q & Q1 | | | | | | | | | | |
| " All Other Models | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Witte | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " | | | | | | | | | | |
| " All Other Models | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Wolverine | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A |
| Worthington | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |

**Transmission and Differential:**

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

*The Joy of Outdoors*

For outdoor sport or outdoor work, good judgment prompts you to buy a good, real wool sweater. You will appreciate the good looks and snug comfort of

"Klingmade"

SWEATERS

*Durable As Grandma's Knitting*

Big sturdy models, finished by hand, reinforced at shoulders and collar. Pockets knitted in. Real wool, generous weight, combining everything desirable in a sweater. There is a difference. Be particular, insist on "Klingmade." Popularly priced, on display where sweaters are sold.

KLING BROS. & CO., Inc., Chicago

Juniorlite

*Handsome Graceful*

**CLAMPS anywhere**

A clever patented clamp concealed in the base pulls out and holds the lamp rigidly in any position on any object. And shade tilts to any angle. Sold in 5 beautiful finishes. A highly artistic lamp, ideal for bed, piano sewing machine, table, shaving etc. Made in the same plant with the GREIST and WALLACE Lamps. At your dealer's, or write us.

Same Lamp Standing

**Juniorlite** in Brushed Brass **$5**

The Greist Mfg. Co., Dept. S, New Haven, Conn.

GREIST Products


*(Continued from Page 66)*

"Little Wise-Eyes gave me an order to pyramid," he tittered. He tittered again as Buck looked up at him.

"He did which?" asked Buck.

"Pyramid-parlay that trade on Parrot Oil. At every point up," giggled Beeks amusedly, "he said I was to buy another ten."

Rooker, Burke & Co.'s, it seems, was an odd-lot shop. The dabblers could deal in fractional lots. That Charley, however, had played Parrot Oil for a rise seemed to afford Buck as much merriment as it did his manager.

"Barnum said it!" he remarked.

It was a favorite remark of Buck's. He always laughed at the remark, its enjoyability always fresh to him; and laughing again he strolled back to the customers' room. There the instant his eye fell on the quotation board he gave a startled exclamation:

"Say!"

The customers' room was humming. Crowded together like sheep the dabblers weaved together excitedly as they gaped at the figures on the board; and another exclamation came from Beeks. In the few minutes he had been out of the room the spotty hectic market had gone wild; and with Parrot Oil and Parrot Motors in the van the list had begun to shoot off fireworks. It was more than that, in fact—a bombardment, a barrage; and after another swift, startled glance at the board Beeks made a jump back to the cashier's cage. In there, for a moment or so, the manager swiftly thumbed over the margin book, after which as swiftly he darted back into the customers' room. Mr. Bulty, his face streaming moisture, stood near by. He had by now ceased his exultant cries of "Attaboy! See 'em ride!"; and catching sight of Bulty, Beeks sidled toward him.

"Say, old top," Beeks said suavely, "could you come across with a little for margins?"

IV

THE Swamp, the district sacred to the shoe-findings industry and other lines of the leather trade, is only a few blocks away from the financial quarter; but along toward noon, when Charley Haskins slouched out of the Broadway Subway and headed eastward on his way, the old familiar quarter seemed far, far more distant from Wall Street than those few blocks between. It was as if miles—that or a lifetime—lay between him and Rooker, Burke & Co.'s; and whether he would ever again return there Charley hardly knew. Of one thing, though, he was sure: He would never return there while he was broke, penniless, a hanger-on, a bench warmer, loafing around and hoping someone would stake him to a deal. And that he was broke, penniless, he knew. A few minutes after ten he had drifted into an uptown brokerage office, a place where no one knew him, and one glance at the board had told him the worst. Parrot Oil was on the skids. It had dropped and was still dropping as if it had been kicked behind the knees.

For an hour or more now Charley had walked the streets. He was thinking, thinking deeply; and for the first time now his mistakes he had begun to see. Yesterday's proceedings were a sample, especially the transaction with that boob, that duffer, Rounds; and he shrugged at the remembrance in disgust. He had been a jay, in the first place—as much a boob as Rounds himself—to have had anything to do with the fellow. Added to that—now that he looked at it in the light of reason—he was a fool to have made that sucker play, the idea he'd thought so clever of changing the luck by laying a sucker trade. As if, in Wall Street, luck got a fellow anywheres! As now he knew—or rather, he told himself—the one way of doing it is in being wise, hep to the game and its turns. If he'd been as wise, though, as he thought himself, why hadn't he doped out what the market was going to do?

Of course, now that he knew, it was easy enough to say that; but just the same, if he were so wise, why hadn't he tumbled yesterday to what was going on in Parrot Oil, Parrot Motors too? All the signs were there. Every sign, he could see now, was that Parrot Oil was going to drop, Parrot Motors to go up. Yes—but why hadn't he seen it yesterday?

Disgust filled him as he slouched along. It was no use, though, for him to curse his luck: the luck had nothing to do with it; he had been a fool, that was all. For four years, nearly five, he had bent all his energies and intelligence to learning the Wall Street game; and now, just when he was all ready to reap the benefit, he had played the dub, the jay—letting the market clean him out just as it cleaned out any sucker. The next time, though, he'd know better. He'd stick to the dope, playing the market as those wise to the game always play it—reading the tape, studying the market conditions, steering clear of tips and junk like that. The next time ——

He stopped short. The next time, eh? Well, penniless, without a job, when would the next time be?

It was pretty rough. It was a tough pill, at any rate, for a fellow like Charley to chew. Here he was, a chap armed with all the knowing wiseness that equips a man to beat the game, the Wall Street market; yet like any dub of a dabbler he'd gone and chucked it all. Charley, though, was no exception. The number of wise men the Street breaks yearly is legion. They, too, all know the game, but the game, queerly, somehow always gets them. However, never mind that. It was a raw, rough deal that he was up against; and as he knew now, there was just one way he could get on his feet again. At the street end, down near Franklin Square, was the dingy, ancient office building and storeroom that housed the shoe-findings firm of Turpy & Dingwall. For years Charley had toiled there, rising eventually to the eminence of head salesman for the firm; but now as he neared it his steps began to lag. What could he tell old Turpy? How, in his pride, could he own up that the market had cleaned him out? It was a year now since last he'd run across his old employer, Mr. Turpy; and he winced now at the remembrance.

The old gentleman had met him in the Subway.

"Hello, my boy! How're you getting on?" he had greeted him heartily.

A deal in Smelters had come across big that day for Charley; and he recalled how he'd bragged and boasted. Old Mr. Turpy, though, had only twinkled pleasantly.

"Well, my boy," he'd said, still twinkling, "when you've had enough of Wall Street you can always come back to us."

Charley had almost laughed aloud.

"Can I?" he had replied, the sarcasm thinly veiled; and Mr. Turpy had nodded.

"Yes"—he had paused momentarily—"when you give up Wall Street."

Mr. Turpy meant it too. He meant, as much as anything, too, he'd have no one in his employ who dabbled in the market. Charley, once he was alone, had laughed aloud. Give up his ease, his independence? Give up his future, too—abandoning that, after all the pains and struggle he'd had to learn the game? It was enough to make anyone laugh.

Just the same, here was Charley, hat in hand, going back to ask for his job.

A grunt escaped him. A few feet farther along he stopped short, his face twisted in a sudden frown of thought. For the first time he remembered he'd given Beeks no order to close out his trade in Parrot. Beeks, of course, would do it, once Charley's margins were wiped out; but what if Beeks had let him ride? The thought made him sweat. The way Parrot Oil was dropping, unless he stopped the trade he might be put hundreds, even a thousand or so to the bad. And on a salary he knew how long it would take for him to pay it back.

A minute later, frantically jiggling the hook, Charley was calling Rooker, Burke & Co.'s on the telephone.

"Beeks! I want Beeks!" he cried. "This is Charley Haskins!" Then for an interminable time it seemed to him, he waited till the manager came to the wire. "Say, Beeks, quick!" he was saying hurriedly, when Beeks cut him short.

"Hello, J. Pierp!" Beeks chirped jocularly. "How's the boy wizard feeling this A M?"

"What? What's that?" gasped Charley; and a giggle came to him over the wire.

"Say, ain't you heard the news?" Beeks inquired gayly. "There's a corner on in Parrot Oil, they've got the bears on the run; and the stock's up sixteen points!"

It was along toward three o'clock that afternoon, the hour of the close, when the pool in Parrot Oil put the final screws to the shorts. In another wild and spectacular blaze of fireworks the stock climbed another four and a half points, then steadied as the Street took profits for the day. His face queer, Charley stood by the ticker watching the tape as it jerked from the maw of the machine.

For more than two hours now, his face wearing the same expression, he had stood there. He was already nearly eighteen points to the good; and as he'd pyramided at each point up his profits were many hundreds of dollars. The exact amount, however, he hadn't tried to figure, nor was he thinking much of that. Neither did he seem overpleased when his fellow traders, the dabblers in the place, crowded round him, slapping him on the back and applauding his nerve, his judgment too. The story of how Charley had won, hanging on to the stock when it went against him and backing his judgment for the rise, was common property now.

"Sure, it's the signs vat tell him!" Mr. Bimberg loudly proclaimed. "Olt Charley here, he reads der dape, und der dape it dells him der story!"

The story! If only they had known. It was by a fluke, a sucker's stroke of luck he'd won. For all his boasted wiseness, his proclaimed ability to read the signs, it was the tip of that boob, that shine, Hen Bloomer, that had saved him. If Charley had, in fact, stood by the signs he would have been wiped, cleaned out, trimmed of his last simoleon. It was little to wonder that disgust rose in his gorge.

Charley, in other words, had at last begun to see the light. If the only way to beat the game was by a sucker's tip, a tip from a shine like Bloomer, a man might as well try to get rich by shooting craps up an alley—that or betting on the ponies.

A tip! Lord! He had won on a tip. Well, if he kept on playing he'd better stick to tips, and be what he knew now he was a dabbler, a tinhorn. Just then an elbow nudged him in the ribs.

"Huh?" inquired Charley.

It was Mr. Bimberg who'd nudged him. "Vell, vat's der signs now, Charley?" inquired Mr. Bimberg. "Should ve sell out yet? Or mebbe ve hang on for another rise, hey, vat?"

Charley glanced at the board. It was as plain as a pikestaff, every sign of it there, that Parrot Oil was going higher. He grinned as he looked at it. He grinned again as he saw Bimmy, the others, too, anxiously awaiting his dictum. The signs Charley had read; and as he knew now, it was fifty-fifty, whichever way he read them, that whatever he read was wrong. That was what made it seem so tough, what filled him with his disgust. It was the knowledge that all he'd professed to know, that wiseness and shrewdness of his, was nothing less than bunk, Wall Street bunk. Bloomer, the shine, the boob, was, after all, the only one of them who'd known anything. Of all of it—all the dope and other bunk—Bloomer's tip, too, was the only thing that proved to have been right. If only Bloomer now ——

"Huh?"

The grunt, an exclamation, came from him abruptly. Startled, he gazed toward the door. The door had opened; and in the opening, there stood Bloomer himself.

"Charley!" he cried. Then a gulp came from him. "Oh, Charley!"

He was disheveled and unkempt. Evidently by some means he had escaped from his bondage in the back room of the flat uptown; and shaking, he darted across the room toward Charley.

"That tip!" he gulped. "Oh, Charley!"

Charley gave a start.

"Say," he said, "what's eating you? What're you driving at, anyway?"

With another despairing "Oh, Charley!" Bloomer wet his lips. "That tip Rounds gave you," he faltered; "Rounds had it wrong. It wasn't Parrot Oil you were to buy; it was the other Parrot—Parrot Motors!"

There was a momentary pause. During it Charley—the others too—gaped at Bloomer. During it, his eyes wandering, Bloomer gazed toward the board. Instantly he gave a start.

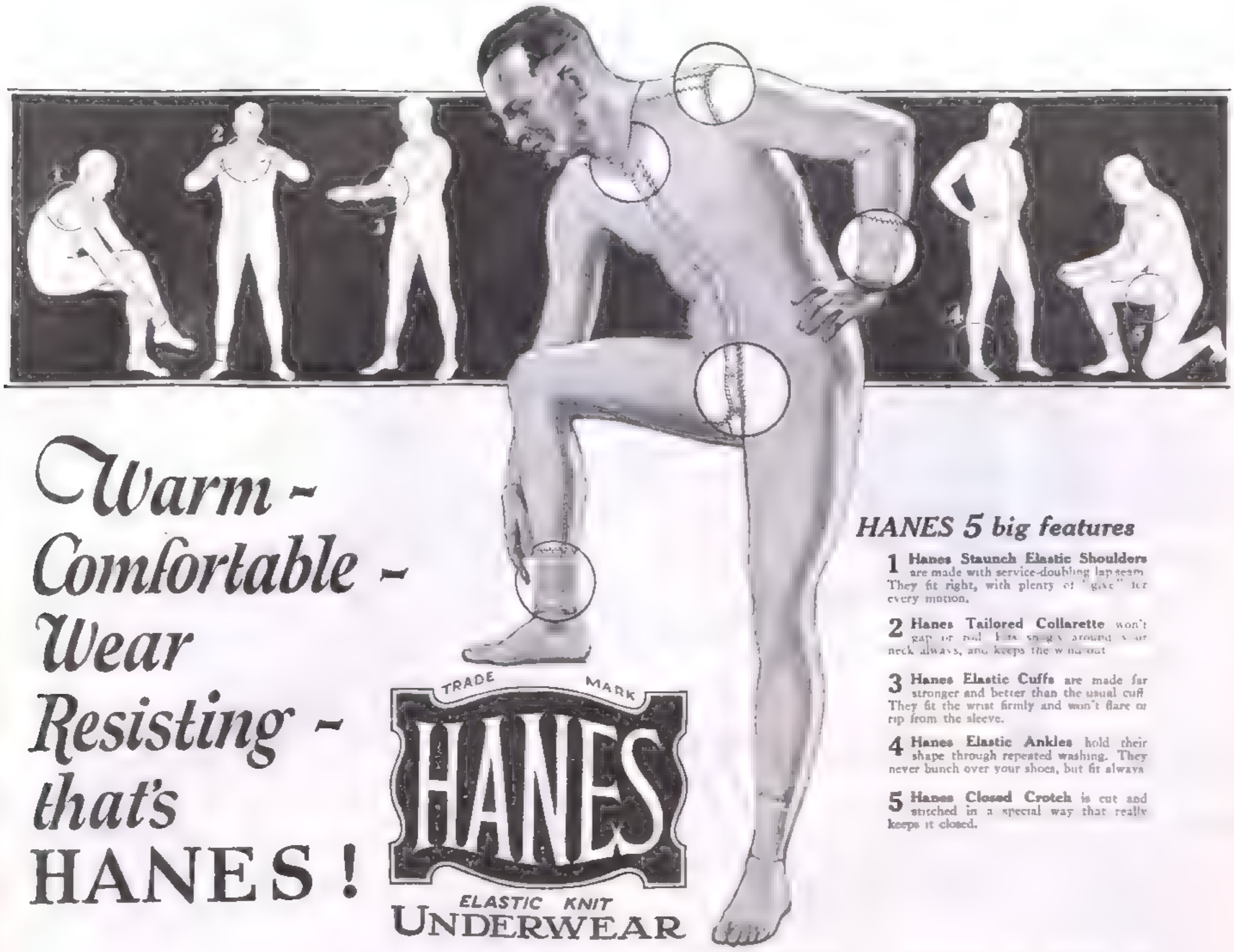
"Why, why!" he faltered. A cry came from him. "Why, Parrot Motors why ——"

Parrot Motors now, as it neared the close, had dropped seven points for the day; and another cry came from Bloomer.

"Why, why!" he stammered. "It must have been wrong, my tip!"

A laugh interrupted his lamentations. The laugh, harsh and a little hysterical, came from Charley Haskins.

"No, don't call it wrong, Hen," said Charley; "it's just like all the rest of it bunk."



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TRADE MARK

HANES

ELASTIC KNIT UNDERWEAR

## HANES 5 big features

**1 Hanes Staunch Elastic Shoulders** are made with service-doubling lap seam. They fit right, with plenty of "give" for every motion.

**2 Hanes Tailored Collarette** won't gap or pull [illegible] snugly around your neck always, and keeps the w[illegible]out

**3 Hanes Elastic Cuffs** are made far stronger and better than the usual cuff. They fit the wrist firmly and won't flare or rip from the sleeve.

**4 Hanes Elastic Ankles** hold their shape through repeated washing. They never bunch over your shoes, but fit always

**5 Hanes Closed Crotch** is cut and stitched in a special way that really keeps it closed.

THE minute you slip into Hanes you get the recipe for big clusters of winter warmth and comfort. The fleecy cotton keeps out cold. And it's cut and tailored to fit. Hanes will snug firm and close to your body without a trace of binding.

Hanes *wears*, too. The yarn is spun the Hanes way and knit according to the standards that have made Hanes the most popular men's underwear in America. Every strain point is strongly reinforced. The non-irritating seams hold fast. Fine quality buttons are sewed on to stay. The buttonholes keep their shape.

Read the *five big Hanes features* listed above. You'll be amazed to find that you can buy such underwear for a popular price. And bear in mind that Hanes Underwear is *guaranteed* to give you complete satisfaction.

So, don't gamble. Say "Hanes" to your dealer and KNOW you're right on the winter underwear question. You can choose from heavy union suits in two weights, and heavy shirts and drawers. *All are head and shoulders above any other underwear selling at Hanes low price.*

If you can't find Hanes, write us to-day and we'll see that you are quickly supplied.

**Hanes for Boys**—*Hanes Union Suits for Boys will give youngsters all the warmth, wear and man-style that real boys want. Two weights, heavy and extra-heavy. Sizes 2 to 16 years, 2 to 4 years with drop seat. Also, knee length and short sleeves.*

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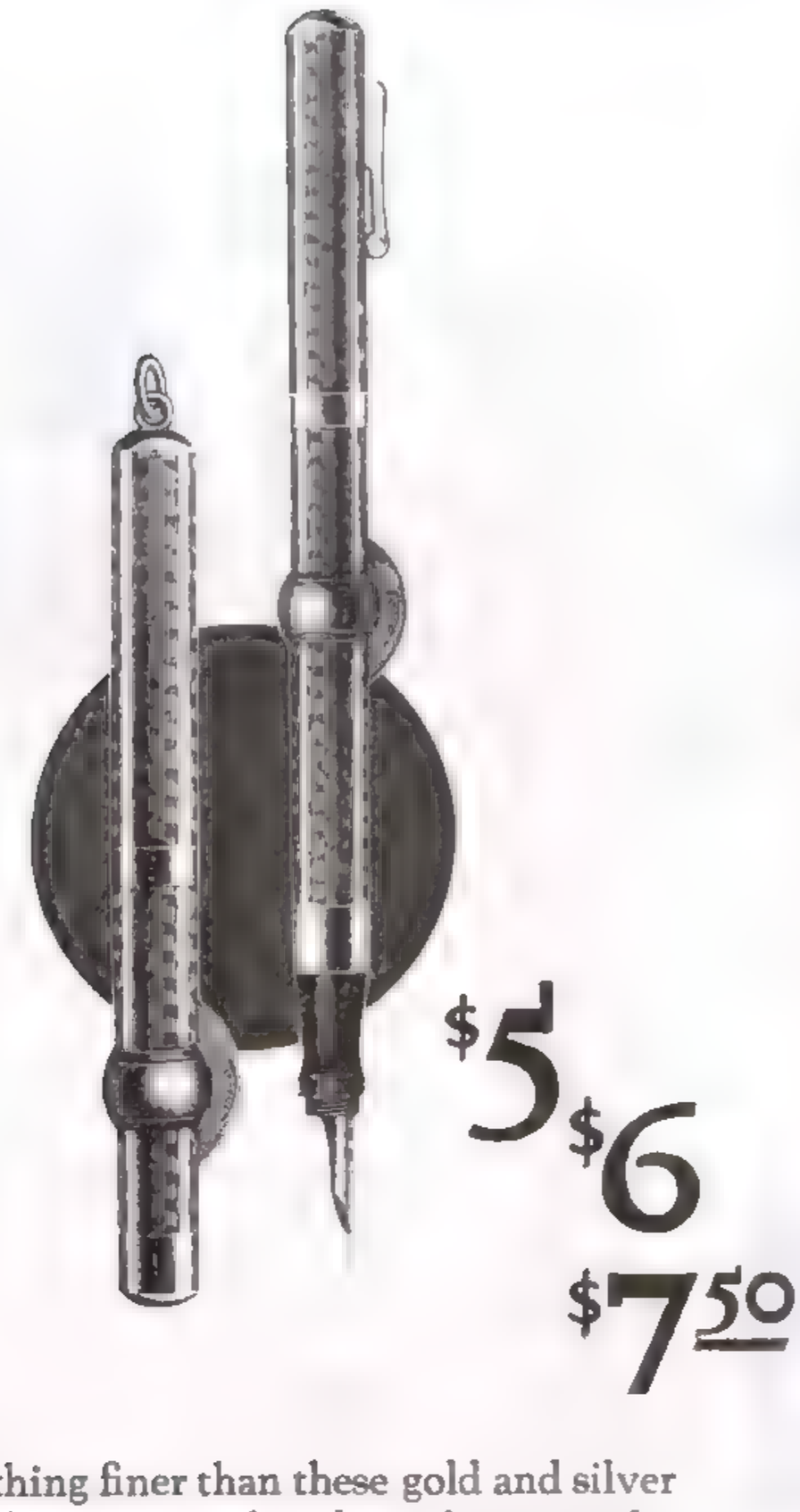
*Next summer wear Hanes full-cut athletic Union Suits!*



$5 $6 $7.50

Nothing finer than these gold and silver Conklins is produced in the way of a fountain pen.

You sense their superiority the moment you take one of them into your hand.

They demonstrate it before you have written ten lines.

They are beautifully slender; they are a delight to the hand; and—in spite of the more slender barrel—they have a greater ink capacity.

$5, $6, and $7.50. Exquisite designs in sterling silver, yellow gold and green gold.

*Conklin—Toledo*

Boston San Francisco Chicago
London Barcelona

Conklin

*Pen-*BETTER BUILT FOR BETTER WRITING*-Pencil*

# SIN VIGILANT

(Continued from Page 34)

into the gulch. Then, with a sudden frenzy of poor judgment and cuckoo with confidence, he switched his mid-iron for a putter and drove a ball to the fence rail that verges the earthen fill which bridges the gulf of folly. The ball bounced forward, landed on the top of the low stone wall to the right of the unfairway and leaped to the green, where it subsided, eager for deserved applause, within a foot of the flag.

The Lumberjack, in spite of a firm conviction that he had choked old Mental Hazard to death, contributed four balls to the gulch demon. Three of the balls had been borrowed for the occasion, and this, to some extent, absorbed part of the shock that for a time threatened to drive him hog-wild in the high cane.

Playing with the Lumberjack, but without jeopardizing anything that might be called a golf reputation by so doing, was the Broadcaster, whose variable range of fire had taught the most expert dodgers in the caddies' crew to stand back of something when he approached the ball. The Broadcaster, cool and at ease, topped one to the right, one to the left and then drove a new ball so far into the great beyond that it hit an angel out where the West begins. He announced that his part in the show would be repeated at the performance about to be staged at the seventh tee, where the roar of the wild waves might drown the accustomed applause.

At the seventh, with a grand total of eleven balls contributed to the local area of the Pacific Ocean, which remained unaffected in the face of so much human anguish, the Broadcaster, shooting last, told the world that what the country needed was a good five-cent golf ball and a lot less ocean.

At the iron shot at the eighth, which is a dog-leg lure wherein the ball is supposed to carry a cliff that verges an inlet of the ball-craving sea, thirteen lost balls and a lot of loose criticism of the game were added to the day's disasters.

It was here that the Lumberjack, having exhausted his vocabulary, was compelled to fall back on the sign language that corrupted the morals of a bootlegger's lookout nine miles north.

"Git calm, git calm." In his best professional manner Doctor Holland sought to pacify the frenzy which had suddenly overtaken his friend. "I love an earnest worker, but your arteries—arteries you know! Wattell are a few golf balls?"

"Especially when they ain't yours in the first place." The Broadcaster, having given away his last ball, reaped interest on the debt. "I told you to go round it. No, bullhead, where there's a will there's a way to lose 'em!"

"Forget this game! There's a bushel of balls at the house."

"And a quartet of high ones at the nineteenth. C'mon!" Doctor Holland, thirsty with disappointment, issued an invitation.

"C'mon back and we buys a dish of likker and starts over. Forget it! Monday I buys us a million golf balls if Gold Hook moves like it did yesterday."

A quick silence followed the doctor's words. The foursome swung to the left until the road leading to the dish of likker was encountered; and then, with his voice suddenly lowered to the deliberate tone he used in the arena of commerce, the Lumberjack asked the doctor a question:

"You loaded up on Gold Hook?"

"Thirty thousand dollars!"

"Get on long distance as quick as you can and sell it. You poor fish! What it cost you?"

"I swung on at thirty."

"Thirty is right! The finish and no flowers! You listen to what the Lumberjack says and hit the phone." The Broadcaster added his advice: "I know all about the Gold Hook bird since the time he served eight years for the Tampico Oil deal. Git clear and git it quick!"

The dish of likker was postponed long enough to let the doctor put in his call for the Gold Hook Development Syndicate.

After a while central at San Francisco reported: "They don't answer."

Doctor Holland sought reassurance in the thought that San Francisco business offices were closed on Saturday afternoons, but throughout the rest of the day and long into the night the words of the central girl persisted—"They don't answer."

At breakfast late Sunday morning, unable longer to endure the doubt of the Gold Hook deal, he told his wife that he could not stay over until Monday.

"I have a nine-o'clock appendix Monday at the St. Francis and it's a ripe one," he lied. "Might have to operate tonight. I'll be back next Saturday and we'll eat lunch and go down to the beach and sleep a thousand years."

Throughout the four-hour drive northward, in an endless recurrence that tended only to confirm his fears, came the central girl's suggestion of disaster—"They don't answer."

He had mailed his check for thirty thousand dollars to a thief who had served eight years for something or other, and the thief didn't answer. Friday night—Saturday morning. The thief would have received the check in the nine-o'clock mail. The banks had opened at ten—and the thief didn't answer.

*IV*

GOLD HOOK opened at thirty on Monday morning and hit the skids with the first wave of the selling panic, finishing within the hour at two cents and nobody craving any.

In his own house, away and clear of a world that seemed to be lined up solid against him, Doctor Holland skimmed over the first paragraphs that announced the collapse of the Gold Hook bubble, and then for ten minutes he sat staring at his plate.

"Two years scrapped!"

He made no effort to excuse his folly or to lift himself out of the black mood which had enveloped him.

"That money could have meant our play house at Pebble Beach, or a year abroad; and now ——"

"Why you all time talk yourself like you sick?" Jim Sin, removing the doctor's untouched plate, interrupted a melancholy soliloquy.

The doctor looked up at the old cook, searching in the serenity of Jim Sin's wrinkled countenance for some key to the philosophy which seemed forever to stand between the little old Chinaman and the battering blows of Fate.

"I lose lot of money. Make me sick."

"How you lose?"

"Buy me shares in gold-mine tong call Gold Hook. No good. Bad man take money."

"Why you give bad man money? All same damn fool."

"I think he good man."

"You no think. You no see. You blind. You gamble all same ten-cent ticket catchee million dollahs. No can do." Jim Sin looked down upon his master from a pedestal of righteousness, and then the tone of reproach in his voice suffered a transition from harsh reproof to where something of benevolence marked the words he uttered: "Mail come. I bring up."

A moment later he laid half a dozen letters beside the doctor's plate. One of the letters, shredded in the northeast corner by a parrot's beak, was marked "Returned for Postage," and in it was the doctor's check to the Gold Hook Syndicate for thirty thousand dollars.

The post office in San Francisco uses a rubber stamp and an off-color ink for its returned letters. The indorsement on the doctor's Gold Hook letter was in a labored script written by the hand of Jim Sin.

In his kitchen late that night Jim Sin finished counting a thick stack of bank notes for the fourth time.

"Fifty-one hundred. Goly Hook good tong lilly while. No good now. All damn fool buy um too late, sell um too late."

He looked up at the talk-polly, whose old eyes had confused the bank notes with an anticipated banquet of lettuce leaves.

"You good boy. All time eat postage stamp, makee doctor money letter sick. I give you nice piece sugar."

# Milk chocolate morsels of *blended* deliciousness

EACH Eatmor that tumbles from the big red tube is a revelation of how delicious milk chocolate can be. Eatmors are wholesome and nutritious. They satisfy whenever hunger craves a toothsome snack.

The famous Zay-Tek chocolate blend is at its best in Eatmors! Slip an Eatmor onto your tongue and taste the flavors from the ends of the world. The richness of ripe, plump cocoa beans, skillfully cured by the planters of tropical South America and the islands of the Southern Seas! Fragrant vanilla beans, snow-white powdered sugar and *full-cream* milk!

Get the Zay-Tek habit. Carry the big red tube which fits so handily into pocket, bag or purse. Nibble Eatmors during a long morning in shop or office—at the game—in the woods—in the car—at home. Eatmors are wholesome and satisfying, outdoors or in. Loved by grown-ups and children alike.

Buy Zay-Tek Eatmors at the nearest counter. 5c everywhere.

PENNSYLVANIA CHOCOLATE COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, PENNA., U. S. A.

*Say* "ZAY-TEK"

When you buy milk chocolate, say "Zay Tek" - coined from "Aztec," the name of the tribe of Mexican Indians who first understood the use of cocoa. The strength of pure "choco," which made this early people so vigorous, is held for you in every piece of Zay-Tek Milk Chocolate.

*There are also Zay Tek Almond Bars and Zay-Tek Cocoa in 1 lb 1/2 lb and 1/4 lb cans. Each is blended to suit the American taste*

# ZAY-TEK

REG U S PAT. OFF

# EATMORS

Now that the longer skirt has arrived, for a time at least (and my most fashionable friends insist for quite some time), to whip and pull stocking seams aslant and awry and askew, Burson Hose with their true, smooth fit are becoming even more popular than ever before. Now, also, that the longer skirts are here, legs again become a treat—and on those rarer occasions when they are flashed into view, her ladyship surely wishes them to look their loveliest. She will wear Burson.

Whatever your desires impel, your taste suggests or fashion dictates, you may have it in Burson—in c… cerized, Silk or Heath… whose skin is ext… may therefore … their hose, th… an ivory-w… low sho… the perf… take the ne… who require … sizes in the cal… chines lend themselves … the perfect product of this type. … of the best merchants sell Bursons.

# FASHION IS DRIFTING HEATHER-WARD

BY *Natalie Norris*

If it comes to a choice between fashion and comfort, what woman would hesitate for an instant? The righteous and puritanical critics may lift their voices to the skies. Fashion goes marching on. Furs *are* worn in summer and open throats brave the zero whirlwind.

But once in a blue moon, much to the discomfiture of the self-appointed censors, fashion and comfort come into accord—and *madame* and *mademoiselle* and *l'enfant de mon coeur* relax into the luxuriant ease of the *bourgeoisie*, without relinquishing one iota of style correctness.

And such is the present winter of our complete content. No longer the gossamer-clad ankle, with the quivering skin peering through the sheer mesh of stocking—but soft, fleecy heather, warm and cuddly—and at the same time, the *smartest* thing afoot today.

Let me tell you of Burson Heathers. They have all the outward appearance of woolen hose—yet they are light and soft as down, without bulk and with all the comfort of an old satin-lined slipper.

They are beautiful not only for their lovely texture, but also for the snug, trim ankle-fit, due to the true fashioning to the shape of the leg and ankle by the special knitting process of Burson, doing away entirely with the necessity of seams. This process in Burson Heathers gives the handsome Vee-Point back that you have doubtless noticed so often.

You can have Burson Heathers in any of several colors, tones and pastel shades—either with clocks or without, as you elect.

I suggest you order several pairs of your dealer. Your comfort is assured and nothing could be smarter.

There is nothing in Nature more alluring than the gentle reversed curve of the smoothly modeled calf and ankle—what the famous Hogarth called the line of beauty. And why interrupt this graceful flow of line with anything so abrupt and matter-of-fact as a mock seam up the back of the stocking—particularly when it's so totally unnecessary?

You will be amazed at your own added grace and symmetry when you put on your first pair of Burson and take a long, admiring survey of yourself in the mirror

And as for comfort, there is no comparison!

There were no seams in stockings in the days when your grandmother knit by hand, yet the stockings were "fashioned"—large at the top, smaller at the calf and still smaller at the ankle—legs, foot, heel and toe all *knit to fit without a seam.*

### *The First Burson Knitting Machine*

Do you know that the first Burson knitting machine was built with the idea of enabling your grandmother to do her own knitting in her own way, fashioned to the true, natural shape of the leg without a seam—but to do it more smoothly and more rapidly than was possible by hand? It was found impractical, however, to make this machine small enough and at a cost low enough for general household use.

Burson therefore assumed the responsibility of doing grandmother's knitting for her, in the accepted natural and correct way—stockings shaped to the true contour of rounded calf, slim ankle and snug-fitting foot.

In the great Burson Knitting Mills at Rockford, Illinois, it is necessary for over 2,300 of these machines to operate day and night to supply the daily needs of Burson wearers.

Any day or any night you may see these famous machines at work. For more than twenty years this great mill has operated night and day. And today there are over four hundred *more* employes than in 1919, which would be considered by most businesses the banner year of the century. Such is the standing of the Burson product with the hundreds of thousands of women who wear Burson Fashioned Hose

### *Even the Machines Are Burson-Made*

As you walk into the great Burson factory, one of the first things you encounter is a huge department, solely devoted to the designing and manufacturing of the actual machines that produce Burson Hos…

"What?" you say, "I thought this … stocking factory. This is much more … a machinery plant."

Ah! you have hit it exactly Only, … body can use those machines but Burson. That is why you are protected when you ask for Burson stockings and know that you are getting Burson

Those machines are made exclusively *and used* in the Burson mill, which is the reason you get genuine Burson beauty and Burson comfort—knit to fit without a seam—*only* in Burson Fashioned Hose.

As you proceed further into the great Burson mill with its 500,000 square feet of floor space, however, you are inclined to reverse your former decision. You *are* in a stocking factory after all.

As you gaze on vistas of stockings in all stages of production, from the raw yarns to the finished product, the spectrum of color, the maze of operations, the rows upon rows of busy knitting machines, you wonder if Burson doesn't actually produce all the stockings in the world.

Can you visualize the number of women

…ays What …m"

…rable latitude of …nce as to the type …ear. There are at …s:

…m"—shaped, it is …the leg, by means …oins the stocking …ny women have …seam is necessary …e that gives trim …dom of the knees."

…pe, knit with the …es at the ankle as at …y a cylinder of prac… all the way down. …porarily shaped" by …tching and pressing …gives them the appear…g-shape when new. A …tub and they begin to …riginal cylindrical shape. …eam"—the hose of this …g more nor less than the …e already referred to. But …tage of the fact that many …e come to believe that the …ssary to full-fashioned stock… …k seam is run up the back to …mpression that the hosiery is …hape. Whereas, in reality, the …es no purpose whatever, except …the purchaser's impression that …ting fashioned hose—which she …This type flourishes on the fact …almost impossible for women to …k seam from a real seam.

… *Fashioned Hose*"—Knit to fit …eam. It is easy for any woman …hat she is getting when she …n stockings, with the name …rked upon them. And if she …them in her hands and examine …he back, at heel and toe she will …e distinctive and unmistakable …knitting.

…has no problem of seams or seam…less or mock seams. She is protected in her purchase and she gets what she asks for.

BURSON KNITTING COMPANY
ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

*Step into winter with*
*"those nice new Heathers"*

# BURSON
## FASHIONED HOSE

# VIRTUE REWARDED

(Continued from Page 11)

Someone said, "Right here. The road ain't so good. See? There's the bridge," and the wheels began to bump.

The forest of colors grew suddenly in Alan's eyes. Curly motions of pain in his back merged as a central agony along his spine. He bit his tongue. Mistake not to eat any lunch. Mustn't faint! Smith might get the kid's pay away from him. Mustn't faint—mustn't faint! The car stopped. Alan opened his eyes to see the prodigiousness of people smeared on rocky shores and scattered in a thousand boats below the bridge's naked height against the afternoon.

The bridge had never been used—built for a railroad that didn't happen. Its iron was painted scarlet and the frame wandered on the blue as Alan stared, his head vexed by a band that gushed some outrageous tune from an anchored float near by. Men with megaphones were bawling canoes and launches back from a space below the middle span, and a tag of white bunting draped on the far-off rail showed the kid's point of departure from the bridge.

"Well, sir," said the man beside Alan, "that's a long jump. A Swede jumped off last year, but he was full of bootleg—and God takes care of 'em."

The car's owner cried heavily, "I bet there's two hundred thousand folks here right now! Well, here's Mr. Smith!" So Alan groaned.

His father came superbly up the rocks, emerging from a launch that glittered beneath many gowns. He came lifting his feet fully from the turf, and his progress curved to the right in a tangle of lads and men converging toward the halted car. Pain made Alan impersonal; he saw a beautiful tall man in excellent clothes advancing jovially, not very drunk. Behind Smith trotted Mr. McTurk of Syracuse, clutching a silver tube that coldly sweated. The crowd pressed in and Smith arrived with splendor at the car's door, beside the kid.

"Well, kid, I've had 'em rake round and see if there's any ol' logs in th' water or anything. It's quarter to four, so you better get up there and get ready. Now be sure and keep your head down straight like I've always told you. You've done longer jumps than this here. And remember your father's right behind you every minute, boy!"

Alan's face cooled, as if this patronage froze the air about him. He stood up. Mr. McTurk of Syracuse was shaking the silver tube in a rhythm and ice jangled prettily as he begged, "Let him have jus' one little cocktail, Smithy. It'll do him goo'. 'S' one little cocktail!"

"No," said Smith; "you take 'em back to the ladies, Mac. It ain't good for him. You go on back. . . . Now, kid, remember that"—he poked the boy's side with a finger—"your mamma's prayin' for you in heav'n and ——"

The kid said "Yeh?" and Alan gulped. The syllable came in a voice quite unknown to him. Their father stepped back from the machine and raised a hand to his audacious tie. Ten feet off in the crowd a lad let white teeth fall apart and laughed gently, once. The crowd was peppered with boys with bright jerseys that bore large letters. The crowd seemed to sway as the kid jerked a thumb right, pointing to Alan.

He said, "It's my brother taught me swimmin'."

A young fellow thrashed through the pack of shoulders, waving a megaphone and briskly ordering. "Everyone get back! Get back! Orders of the chief of police! Back!" And Smith was erased in the recession of the crowd.

Blue uniforms on horses appeared from a grove of pines. The blue blurred and Alan sat down to stare at floating triangles again. Mustn't faint—mustn't faint! The kid was walking up a slope of rough grass and light caught on his calves. His empty clothes lay by Alan's foot. The orange wrapping of his body gleamed as he strolled on the bridge.

"You must get awful nervous," the man beside Alan said respectfully.

Alan coughed, "Hell, no! It's just like a tea party for me," and twisted on the cushions.

Streaks on the water became rolling logs, studded with spikes. He looked from the water. His father was helping a robust woman as she opened her parasol. The bandsmen on the anchored float lowered all the brass mouths of their instruments. Alan poked a blister in the palm of his left hand and gazed at his foot. The kid would be standing on the tag of bunting, ready to dive.

Out on the water a woman squealed. "Now, Elmer, look at him!"

There were two sounds, always—a gasp as the body fell, a yell as it rose on the water. Alan heard the gasp; but the yell did not seem to come, and a bubble broke before his eyes. He was wonderfully shaken in heat and cold. A universe dissolved, washing all will out of him. But he must not faint.

He heard feet racing for a long time before a man in a white jacket said, "Sorry them kids are makin' all that noise on deck, sir. But they always raise Cain in the morning. I'll tell 'em to play some place else. Your brother said you'd want breakfas' in your stateroom."

Alan considered sunlight oozing through slats of a window and drank cold orange juice from a glass in a nest of chopped ice. A small female's voice outside announced to some murmurous group, "Inside here's the sick man with one leg they fetched on a stretcher las' night. They took grandmamma to the hospital on a stretcher and had four doctors. I went to the fun'ral. Oh, here comes the ugly boy!" Feet ran.

The kid came in and closed the door on flashing blue. He was wearing an undershirt and some breeches that showed coal grit brilliantly about the knees. The smell of oil delighted Alan; the kid had clearly found an engine. He sat on their trunk to observe Alan's breakfast and picked bits of coal from the laces of his shoes serenely.

Alan lied, "That was a fine dive, kid."

"Yeh," said the kid, after thought.

"And the committee gave you the money, all right?"

Having pronounced "Yeh," the boy dug a roll of bills from his pocket with some matches and a ruinous cigarette. He kept the cigarette and watched Alan count six hundred dollars anxiously.

"All there. How long's this trip to Buff'lo, kid?" The kid never knew such details, though. Alan didn't wait for the soiled head to shake, but went on, "Guess I'll stay in bed if it don't cost too much to have meals sent up. Is dad sick?"

"Yeh."

Alan sat up to worry. His face appeared, pale and wistful, in the mirror above the washstand, very handsome under his tumbled yellow hair. He looked like Smith. The man had begotten himself and the kid. He said: "We oughtn't to hate him. Only I hope to God he stays sick till we hop off at Buff'lo. Kid, I put in a awful lot of time thinkin' about dad. This thing of stickin' to your fam'ly is—is complicated, like they say. We ain't done nothin' but work for this lousy ape ever since mamma left off. Well, what we goan' to do? You're the man of the fam'ly. I ain't nothin' but a barnacle. But he don't even write Uncle Hughie no more since you're makin' money, and mamma seen Hughie back in Carmelsville when dad married her, and she said he was a fine guy. I guess he's older'n dad. Mamma was awful stupid, like like lots of nice folks are; but she had sense; except she put up with dad. I don't know what we ought to do, kid. Think we ought to give him the cold brast an I tell him to go to hell?"

The kid lifted a hand and took counsel of his knuckles, chewing them with diligence. Then he said "Yeh," crisply.

"All right, kid. When we get to Buff'lo I'll tell him he can—what?"

The boy, in his preposterous fashion, had slung his whole body about as if it held no bones and was grubbing some rolled newspapers from behind the trunk. A person who called himself a sculptor in Portland, Oregon, had told Alan that these movements were possible only to perfect structures, had insanely stated that the kid's face was wonderful the Slavic beauty.

The men of these freakish trades were never sensible, but Alan said, "I never saw nobody could tie himself up like you in a doughnut and not sprain somethin'. Oh, they got about you in the papers?"

The kid said "Yeh," and piled the sheets on Alan's pillow. Then he pointed a hand downward to indicate, perhaps, that the steamer's engines needed him, and the door shut.

It was not worth while to worry with the ship sliding forward and wind effacing all smells of trains and stinking hotels, of Smith's cigars and shoe polish. The muscles of Alan's back were still. He lifted a paper and saw fogged pictures of the kid swimming to shore below the bridge. Another journal offered headlines—"Early Settlers' Week Ends in Riot of Color at Bridge." Well, that was over.

Alan folded the print and stuffed it into his hand bag. The kid might like to read about himself some day in his garage, when all the motors worked smoothly and his secret mind needed refreshment. Alan went to sleep.

Sleep was charming. He woke to eat small meals and watch the kid washing his square little teeth or walking about the stateroom on his hands for exercise. The friendly steward reported that young Mr. Smith spent hours in the engine room, and a wireless operator lounged in as the steamer passed the mouth of Georgian Bay to assure Alan that the kid ought to go to a radio plant and learn the business.

"I thought he was some kinda Dago when he come in, first. Your folks come from Carmelsville? I useta know a girl there. I'm from Albany. Well, the boy's picked up a lot of radio in two days. He'll be an old-timer when we dock to Buff'lo. See you again."

The kid sat on Alan's bunk that night, smoking a last cigarette, and Alan yawned, "You've made friends with that wireless man, ain't you? You get along better with men without sayin' two words a day than any of these human phonographs. Say, we better stop off at this Carmelsville and say hello to Uncle Hughie. After all, he used to stake dad right after mamma died and all. Might be a nice fellow. What d'you think?"

Without pondering, the kid thought "Yeh," and drew his brown legs up into his shelf. The springs bulged down under his weight. Alan often forgot that the modeled trim body held a hundred and seventy pounds. Smith did not weigh much more. He was a big kid. Alan smiled at the steward coming in and then frowned at a radiogram that made no sense:

> Willing to forget and forgive. Wire one hundred for dentist and medical expenses. Will join you wherever you mention. Blood thicker than water. Tell kid remember walked floor with him when had colic as baby. Mother watching you from heaven. Do not desert. DADDY.

"Hey, kid, what's all this guggle out of dad?"

The kid drooped himself from the other bunk and reached a hand for the message. He read, thus suspended, his hair flopping down. Then he grinned.

"What's the old fool mean? Why don't he come round and talk? Sendin' wireless from the smokin' room? What his stateroom number?"

The kid chewed off a corner of the message, planted it neatly on the door and fell down from his shelf. He landed, squatting, on the floor and elevated his great toes. An uncertain emotion wriggled on his face and his cheek bones were enormous. He was clad in a stained pink shirt, once Smith's, by way of nightgear, and its silk bulged in a breeze through the window. He said, "Gave you th' papers, Lanny?"

"What pap oh, about your dyin'?"

The "Yeh" was cumbered with some other meaning. Alan rooted the damp journals from his bag and gazed at columns—"at least eighty thousand people . . . young Smith walked carelessly along the trestles, smoking a cigarette . . . stopped for a second at the appointed spot . . . cleft the air like an arrow . . . immense yell greeted."

"I don't see nothin', kid."

Having chewed a thumb, the kid explored a sheet and handed it back to Alan with plain relief. Prints of his fingers showed on this paragraph, mussing letters. Alan read: "An awkward episode took place immediately after young Smith walked out of the water. He was surrounded by a crowd of enthusiastic lads who were helping him dry himself beside Cyrus J. Pusey's car, in which his brother was sitting, when his father and Alexander McTurk, formerly of this city, approached him with P. J. Gannett, of the celebration committee. Mr. Gannett laughingly told the boy that he had just turned over his fee to Smith, Sr., for safe keeping. Apparently there is some division of opinion as to funds in the Smith family. The diver stood pulling on his trousers and glared at his father, then jumped at him and struck him several times on the mouth without speaking a word. He then wrenched the envelope containing six hundred dollars from Mr. Smith's pocket, jumped into the Pusey car and steered it off to town. Any further details of the Diving Kid's domestic habits must wait for our morning issue. This has to go to press. Our representative last saw Smith, Sr., being supported back to a launch by Alec McTurk, his mouth bleeding badly."

Alan sat up and fixed his eyes on the kid's solemnity. He mumbled, "And dad ain't on the boat? Hey, kid, he ain't with us? And wirelessin' about mamma watchin' from heav'n? We've left him back there? And I'd gone and fainted like a fool and didn't see nothin'!"

"Yeh," said the kid in a tone of regret. He crossed his ankles and bent forward twenty times to bump his chin on the floor. Then he said, "Tired of that bum, Lanny," turned out the light and landed on his shelf in one movement.

A dream came to Alan of his father drowning in Lake Superior while a choir of women on the shore chanted, "He can't swim a stroke! He can't swim a stroke!" And Mr. McTurk of Syracuse waved his early-settlers' hat to guide that music. Alan's mother, dressed in a nightgown, seemed to behold all this contentedly from a white-canvas cloud on which was written, "Helena, the Human Seal," and Alan called up, as he woke, to ask how many performances a day she gave in heaven. She answered, in the fading dream, "But you're not making allowances for the sacrificial temperament at all!" And that strange response stayed in his mind for days, flashed up as a train rounded a jutting hill and the brakeman nodded into the smoking car.

"Here's Carmelsville, kid. Say, kid, think we'd better get off? It's like this: Uncle Hughie might not be so awful glad to see us. Dad used to milk himself a check out of Uncle Hughie pretty reg'lar about once a month after mamma died. We might go on to New York. Think we better get off?"

He appealed to his brother's new character of a forceful, decisive being, and the kid said "Yeh," reaching up for their bags in the rack. So Alan saw Carmelsville station and wondered which of the men lounging on a bench against its red brick had played pool with his father before Smith met the Human Seal one Sunday at a place named Brighton Beach. A big station, a big town piling back against hills with scattered houses. The kid swung his flat tweed cap on a thumb and sat in an open taxicab, staring eastward at the broad river.

"You ain't to try an' swim it unless Uncle Hughie says it's safe, kid. It's salt water, for one thing ——"

The driver looked around to correct. "Th' salt don't come so far up, fella. Where did you want to go?"

"Mr. Hugh Smith's office."

"'S on Carmel Street. Five o'clock. He might have went home, if you wanted to see him. Let's try."

Carmel Street ran parallel to the river, visible whenever the cab passed the mouth of a descending way. The kid was giving this flood his complete attention. Alan viewed the maples and the prosperous shops. The cab stopped at a front of white stone and a gilded sign announced "Hugh Smith, Architect and Contractor," above a wide window. A model cottage here reposed on a green-plaster lawn, and orange trees in tubs stood as footmen on either side of the door.

"Shut," said the driver, peering at an inner shadow. "Want to go on to his place?"

The kid said "Yeh," before Alan could speak. He had stared at Uncle Hugh's office a whole second. Now he nibbled a thumb and looked at Alan with yellow eyes. Excitement must possess him. A question bubbled out, "He'd have a swimmin' pool?"

"Might, kid. I'll do the talkin', kid. Now, if he's married, you remember you got to wear clothes in the house and not smoke awful much."

(Continued on Page 78

# SELL

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# E R S

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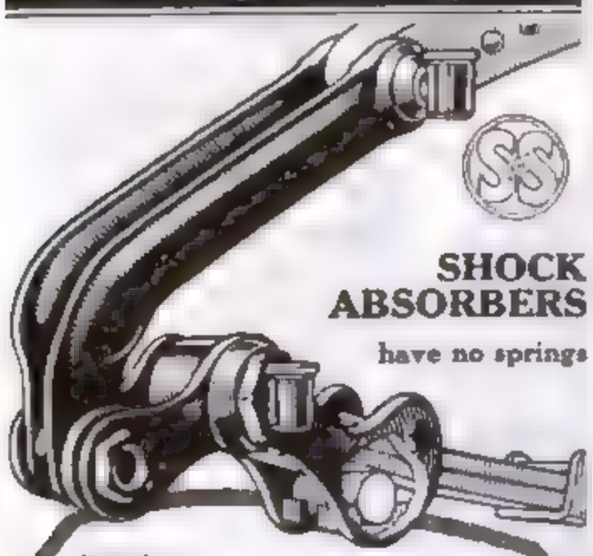

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S&S Shock Absorbers


*(Continued from Page 75)*

Uncle Hugh must be a rich and orderly man. He might give them advice about starting a garage. He might—all things were possible—take a liking to the kid and free him from the round of shows and Old Home Weeks, of fairs and fancy dives. The cab jolted over trolley tracks and a traction engine puffed alongside for a moment. The kid slung himself over the side of the car and gazed back at the steam roller's lumbering march. He had once lived for days in San Diego with the friendly driver of such a machine. Now he stood up on the seat to adore the contrivance clanking after him.

"New pavements?"

"Uh-huh," said the driver; "but I wish to Gawd they'd pave Hog Alley. Better sit down, fella."

The car made over the tracks again and swam from Carmel Street down a gullet of splotched brick on a paving of cobbles that gave out suddenly and left the cab to rutted clay. This must be some short cut. The brick ceased too. Workmen in black-cambric shirts were trudging up this lamentable alley. The cab's wheels smote aside a tin can that bounced to a red mattress spread on a paintless step.

The driver snorted, "Comin' down this way when the chair fact'ry's lettin' out is almos' as much fun as drivin' in shell fire."

"There's a fact'ry down here?"

"Uh-huh. Furnicher. Most the men walk home 'long the river. Hey, gedouta th' way, y' Polacks!"

The kid's nose had wrinkled up in the smell of pressed life that welled from these cottages. A naked baby waddled away from the cab, howling, as a white wooden arch declared "Foss, Furniture," and the buttery tint of piled lumber showed. Alan looked back up the steepness of Hog Alley and then at the vastness of a factory, each window a flare. The cab stopped before a one-story house of reddish wood and a man came limping down two steps as Alan grasped his crutches.

The man had sapphire eyes. He brushed a smut from his rough linen sleeve and said, "You're Alan, of course. And that's the youngster. How much is it, driver?" His voice was tired, but he smiled and was not old.

"Y-you look some younger'n dad, Uncle Hughie."

"Eight years. Come in. And speak pretty loud to your grandmother. She's getting deaf. The old gentleman hears all right."

The steps creaked under Alan's crutches. A soiled strand of honeysuckle touched his cheek, but he was staring at the thickness of his uncle's left sole; it must be three inches thick. Lame! Lame all his life! A thin little woman rushed out of a doorway in this dark tiny porch and screamed, "Come on, poppa! Here's Jawn's boys! This one's Alan an' this one's—why, Casimir, I thought you wouldn't be more'n knee high!" She kissed the kid's mouth. Under the buffet of his awful name, the boy's eyes changed from bronze to pure green.

"I—we just call him kid, g-grandmamma!"

She screamed, "Don't he favor his mamma! And ain't Alan the image of Jawn, Hughie! Oh, my, I ain't been able to sit still sinct Hughie told us he'd got a tel'gram from Casimir! And when'll Jawn get here?"

"I—don't just know, grandmamma."

An old man came from the house and began to weep in trilling whimpers. The sapphire of his eyes had faded to a color of water in dawn. He said, "The comp'ny gives me this house rent free after me workin' for 'em so long, but this worthless Irish feller they got to manage the wood for 'em ain't half so ec'nomical as I was. . . . And Jawn ought to come home out of Cal'fornia. The comp'ny'd give him a job. It's that Polack woman keeps him out there. She's as ugly as a ——"

"Talk up so's the boys can hear what you're sayin', poppa," the old woman screamed. She fondled Alan's coat and quavered, "I'm goin' to scold your poppa real hard. We ain't heard from him in years. How's his dry-goods store gettin' on in Los Angelus? Right here in this house is where he was born when they hadn't but fifty men in the fact'ry. . . . And you mustn't let Hughie try an' tell you we'd ought to move up on the hill! Right here's where we've lived ever sinct we was married."

Grandfather Smith recited, rocking on his carpet slippers of red wool: "This Irish feller they got managin' the wood ain't ec'nomical. No, sir! I handled all the wood for this fact'ry twenty-seven years. These Polacks'll come out an' ask for sixty feet oak and he'll give 'em two hundred, like as like. I seen him at it. Even if I got to be supported by my son in my old age, I know what's ec'nomical." He wept. A smoke smut dropped from the porch's roof and stained his nose.

"You boys," said Hugh Smith, "will want a bath before supper. Come along."

Screened windows did not repel the lazy vomit of the factory. Alan saw smuts on the pillow of a neat bed in the little room. His uncle leaned on the closed door and looked at the kid, who was still rigid, chewing a thumb after the shock of hearing himself called Casimir.

The lame architect said, "I've had five telegrams from your father, Alan. Just what d'you want me to do about him?"

"The—the old folks seem to—want to see him, Uncle Hughie."

Hugh took out a silver case. He lit a cigarette and said, "Yes, they want to see him. That's one of the reasons we go on living in this hogpen; so John'll feel at home when he comes home. I didn't understand your telegram very well, sonny. What's all that about diving?"

The kid's terror of speech held him stiff and still.

Alan asked, "What did he wireless you?"

Hugh laughed and produced from the luxurious white pocket of his coat a typed radiogram. Alan sat down on the bed to read it and felt the floor shake. This wooden house must be rotten with age. He read the kid's message:

> Alan pretty sick. Was in hospital five months. Mashed spine, lost leg France, where was sergeant. Knocked dad's teeth fight about pay diving exhibition. Coming see you. Going Massachusetts. Alan ought to get taken care of. Used to bell-hop hotels Los Angeles. When I was kid taught me swimming. Dad's no good. Alan runs business good. Will not stand dad any more. CASIMIR SMITH.

Alan took breath and commenced, "Why, dad took the kid up to the fair at San Francisco in '15 an' showed him off. He's had the kid workin' mostly since. We—the kid's put up with a lot off him too. You—you used to know dad, Uncle Hughie. The kid ain't been heard of so much back East here, but he's got a reputation out West. We was in Florida last winter too. He's done a hundred-eighty feet divin' and awful fast in the water. You might think it's a cheesy kind of thing, me livin' off him, but I do keep dad from spendin' all his money. He—he likes me to go round with him and talk to committees."

"Yeh," said the kid.

"You mean John's been living on you two ever since your mother died?"

"Yeh."

Hugh Smith lifted both hands and said, clenching them, "Sacrifices! Bullocks at the altar, by the Lord!"

The floor vibrated under the pulse of a rage that twisted him. The kid squatted to study this man and his eyes took their yellow excitement. He stuffed a wrist into his mouth.

"Well, we've given him the long shove, Uncle Hughie. He was tryin' to hog the kid's six hundred back out there, an' the kid busted some teeth on him. We ain't takin' any more off him. The kid's through."

"Oh, he'll be here pretty soon," said their uncle, grinning.

"You've had plenty of experience with him, ain't you, Uncle Hughie?"

"Some! Oh, some! . . . Now, what about this back of yours?"

The kid opened a screen and trotted off through the piles of lumber while Alan was nervously explaining his back's behavior. Hugh smoked ten cigarettes and limped about the room. He coughed, "Well, there's a doctor here who specializes in backs. You'll be all right. . . . Where's he gone?"

"He'll be lookin' at the machinery in the plant there, or swimmin'. That's him. I—I'd like to have my back looked at. I feel fine now, but travelin' ——"

"Oh, damn traveling! . . . The old people go to the movies every night. I'll have my doctor look at your back. . . . The boy looks like your mother. John had her here for a week after they were married. The old man asked her if they had churches in Poland. I remember that. . . . Did John ever have a dry-goods store in Los Angeles?"

"Him? He worked for a necktie concern once, some."

"By the Lord," said Hugh, "he's immense! Does he still wear pink-silk shirts and red ties? Still cry when he wants some money?"

They sat on the bed, reciting Smith's feats to each other. After a while the kid climbed over the window sill with his hair slicked flat by water, and a platoon of small boys, little dressed, stayed outside to admire him through the screens. While a lugubrious Japanese served dinner in the cramped dining room, smaller boys were shoved up by friends to the windows to look at the kid. Grandmother Smith rose constantly to scatter these youths with cries.

She screamed at Alan, "There's more births annual in Hog Alley than any other street in this town, and always has been. My, but I can remember how the children used to yell Limpy at Hugh when he was goin' up the hill to school! . . . When do you think Jawn'll get here? I hope he comes on Sunday. . . . Poppa always thinks kind of evener on Sundays when there ain't any business to distract him. . . . Poppa, don't you go askin' Jawn how his wife is! Remember she died off on him out in Cal'fornia back when Hugh was just startin' his business."

Grandfather Smith wept above his pudding and said, "Jawn married a Polack circus woman an' went out to Cal'fornia back a while. I wish Jawn'd come home and take care of us. Here's Hughie wants us to move out of this house we get rent free because I worked so long for the furnicher comp'ny and go live up on the hill with society women that smoke opium, as like as not. . . . If it ain't a funny film at the theater tonight I'm goin' to come home. They ain't lighted the light over the gates yet."

A bulb flamed over the white arch before the house and showed children in motion on the ruts of the steep alley, howling to each other. Children above were invited to come down and see the fella that swum clean across the river. The kid, eating little, flinched whenever Grandmother Smith called him Casimir, and stared at Hugh, whose frail wrists lay loose on the table masked in white linen.

"Hughie," the old woman howled, "looks awful like your grandpoppa's mamma that had seen better days and was ej'cated in England, but her husband died and she had to make hats for a livin', but was always a lady. But Jawn was always handsomer'n Hugh. . . . Oh, here comes the car! Poppa, go get your hat and we'll go to the pictures. Ain't Hugh's car nice, Alan? He's a real good boy. Ev'rybody knows that he's got a house up on the hill, but he likes to live down here where him and Jawn was born."

The kid walked four times about the black and majestic car while Hugh loaded his parents into the cushions. The car passed up Hog Alley in a mist of children.

Hugh said, "My Jap won't stay here at night. If you boys would rather, I'll get you a room at the hotel."

"We'd rather stay here," Alan growled.

"Yeh," said the kid.

They sat on the porch, and two residents of Hog Alley came to have a fight under the gateway's bulb. The kid gave this duel his superintendence, and walked back from the gate beside the motor of an explosive large doctor who swore at Hugh and puffed, "How a man of your sensitiveness can put up with this sty beats me!"

"It's pretty cool at night when there's a breeze from the river."

"Bah!" said the doctor. "You've got the cheap sentiment of all self-educated men, Smith. Roast the kid outside out of here and take 'em up on the hill. What's this about the boy's back?"

Alan lay on the bed counting smuts before his nose against the pillow and the doctor prodded his spine. The kid squatted on the floor and ate his knuckles. Whenever Alan asked him to rub the back with its arrow-shaped scars he did so with his eyes shut.

"Rest! You've been running around too much. Better go and camp in your uncle's house on Fulton Road. Keep the kids out of his swimming pool. Furnished, isn't it, Smith? Well, let the boy stay up there. Can't keep him down here. I'll be signing death certificates for both of you. Good night."

The kid rose and opened the door for this whirlwind; then he stood and observed Hugh's tramp up and down the

*Continued on Page 80*

*The Grand Prize Cleaner*

Sooner or later you will tire of obsolete cleaning methods and purchase a vacuum cleaner. At that time, make no selection until you have seen the new improved Eureka in operation. For until you actually witness a demonstration of the new Eureka, you scarcely can conceive how superlatively easy and satisfactory vacuum cleaning has now been made.

Such a demonstration (which all Eureka dealers are pleased to make upon request) will vividly bring out these three facts:

1. The increased suction of the new Eureka and the improved detachable sweep-action brush produce a combination of deep cleaning and surface sweeping hitherto believed impossible in any portable cleaner.

2. With the new model you clean conveniently beneath low furniture and beds—because it is compact enough to roll beneath them.

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Ask the nearest dealer to demonstrate the new Eureka for you today. Let him show you the effect of its numerous refinements and improvements. Let him convince you that the new Eureka is the finest vacuum cleaner engineering skill has yet produced. Write us for his name.

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(50)

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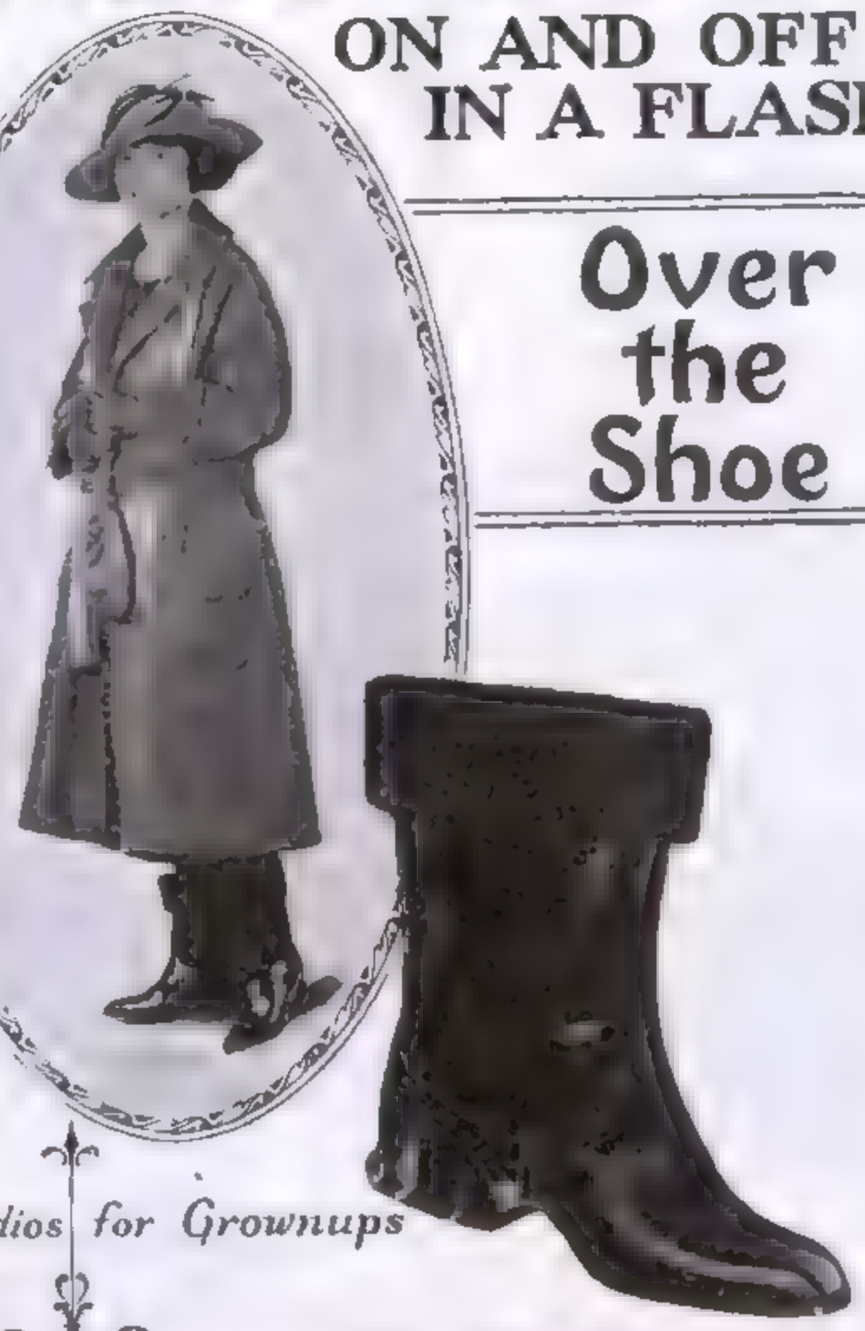

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(Continued from Page 78)

shaking room. He would respect a man who owned a swimming pool almost as much as a garage keeper, Alan believed. The boy took his cap and vanished just as Hugh commenced a fourth unfinished sentence.

"I suppose the old people'll stay here until this shack falls down on 'em, Uncle Hughie."

"You've no idea how cold and damp it gets in winter! . . . Where did the boy go?"

"Prob'ly to see how the town's off for garages. He'd sooner help oil a truck than anything else. . . . You've got this house the doctor was speakin' of?"

"Finished two years ago. . . . Alan, what would you do if you —— I think they'd get used to it. Why not? They could have their own rooms, and—might keep 'em alive a while longer. New interest. . . . I'm forty; not very strong." He was arguing with himself. The heavy sole beat up and down the floor. His white coat jerked to and fro. Cats in the lumberyard celebrated love and hate in squalls of noise. "Used to make houses of shingles when I was a kid. Office boy for the only architect there was here. . . . I can't bully people, Alan."

"You ain't much like dad, Uncle Hughie."

His uncle whirled from the smutty screen and cried: "Why should we sacrifice —— It's not selfish, either! They can have all this old furniture lugged up there. . . . At the pictures every night. They'll die here, though!" He slapped his hands together and lifted his shoulders. Then he said, "The boy's immense! Let's talk about something pleasant for a change."

Alan could not sleep. The river found a voice beyond the lumber and chattered. There must be a dance on Hog Alley. The cats danced, too, in circles on the creaking roof, and Grandfather Smith moaned in some dream of wasted boards. A rooster shouted near by as the kid slipped over the window sill. He stretched himself on the sheet beside Alan, and his hair, moistly cold, struck Alan's shoulder.

"You been swimmin', kid?"

"Yeh."

"Kid, Uncle Hughie says the river ain't ——"

The kid broke into words and gasped, "Out to his place, Lan! Pool's sixty feet. Springboard. House white concrete. G'rage. Two acres, easy. Hey, th' old dubs got him nailed down here! This dump ain't but five rooms."

"It's what they call sent'ment, kid. Sure, they got him nailed!"

"Yeh."

He rolled three times, dug his head under Alan's arm and slept. After a while men tramped among the piles and sulkily talked of heat. Distant coal slid against iron. The window whitened. Paddles slushed in the river. It was day.

Hugh's eyes had lavender lids at breakfast, and Grandfather Smith wept, saying, "You ain't healthy, Hughie, like Jawn is. Mamma says Jawn's Polack woman died off on him. She looked like a ——"

Mrs. Smith screamed: "Talk loud, poppa! Hughie says he's goin' to take Jawn's boys into his office with him. Maybe Jawn won't like that when he comes. He might want 'em out in Cal'fornia with him to help in his dry-goods business. . . . Don't Casimir look like his mother, though? Her jaw stuck out like that. Was she sick long, Hughie?—I mean to say, Alan. You do look like Hughie, Alan. Was your mamma sick long?"

Alan yelled, "No! Died of pneumonia in two days."

"It's a wonder Jawn ain't ever married again to make a home for you an' Casimir."

Dizzy anger lifted Alan's heart in him. He yelled, "Been married three times, but they all quit him!"

"I can't hear good, Alan. What bit him?"

Hugh said, "Don't, sonny. Let it live."

"It makes me sick hearin' her go on like he was —— I'd like some more coffee, grandmamma."

Grandfather Smith said, rolling his faded eyes: "It's hot today. . . . I bet that worthless Murphy's lettin' them Dagos have more oak than they need in the fact'ry. . . . I can't go out on hot days no more. . . . I wish the tree hadn't blown down over by the coal shed. I used to could sit there and see they wasn't takin' no more wood than's wanted in the fact'ry. . . . This boy looks like a Polack. . . . Might as well be livin' up on the hill as here. . . . I ain't good for nothin', but Hughie feeds us fine. . . . Where you goin', Hughie?"

The kid drove Hugh's car up Hog Alley and halted it briefly to regard the steam roller on Carmel Street. The engine driver seemed to perceive a fellow soul and called, "She just eats fuel!" shoveling coal into his furnace.

"Yeh?"

"Yeh. She's this new type. Pretty punk at that."

"Yeh?"

"And her brake's awful! But she turns easy."

The kid drove on. He sat in a chair beside Hugh's desk at the office and gnawed his wrist for a time, then went away. The architect gazed after his sliding feet that crossed before three motors on Carmel Street.

"There's somethin' kind of—of fine, watchin' him get along and not bother anybody. Ain't there, Uncle Hughie?"

"Does he think?"

"Don't know. I've tried to make out. What's it matter? He's got his legs and arms. He can take a clock to pieces and put it back without missin' a screw. Awful kind too. I expect he thinks everything ought to go smooth and easy like him or a machine that's all right. A nice woman where we boarded in Palm Beach said he was a idealist. Dad says he's simple, but he ain't. I—I kind of guess he thinks, but not like me or you would. He's kind of—of informal."

"You might add up my checks for last month, Alan," said Hugh. "We'll have lunch at the City Club. It's cool there. And I want to take you out to the county orphanage afterwards. Having trouble with the foreman. The men keep walking off with stuff. . . . Oh, Mike," he told an office boy, "clear off that desk for Mr. Alan, will you? . . . The old people always go to prayer meeting on Wednesday nights and we can have the car to ride around in after we've planted them at the church."

The car overtook the kid at five o'clock on the ruts of Hog Alley. He jumped in beside the driver, tossed a blue roll of overalls back to Alan and assumed the wheel. The overalls were new but oily at the knees.

"Got a job, kid?"

"Yeh."

"Garage?"

"Yeh."

Hugh chuckled. The kid turned back his red smile and missed a fat Finnish workman by an inch. Hog Alley's youth tumbled alongside, begging the kid to swim the Hudson again, but he slammed the door of the swaying house heavily and sat observing Grandfather Smith in a tearful fit under the globes of the parlor. Perhaps the old man amused him. He seemed happy. When the ancient went to change his clothes, Mrs. Smith screaming advice about a collar, the kid toured the room, inspecting its red chairs and the smutted photographs of Smiths. He picked up a small sofa and tested its weight.

Alan poked him with a crutch and asked, "What you doin', kid?"

The kid said "Yeh" rather absently, and then addressed his uncle, "Take Lanny an' show him y'house after supper, huh?"

"Think Alan would like that, son?"

"Yeh."

"Think you'd like to live there?"

"Yeh."

"Well, then all we have to do is make your grandmother and grandfather give up this place. Think you could manage that?"

"Yeh."

Hugh Smith slowly laughed and rolled a cigarette on his silver case. He said, "I'll bet you a thousand dollars' worth of motor car against your shirt that you can't make the old people move out of here before Thanksgiving."

Casimir lifted one foot and put it down. Then he began to bend backward, and his hair swept a rose of the mottled carpet. He made himself into an arch and reflected with his arms locked on his chest. Then he got up and said "Yeh," accepting this challenge plainly.

"And I'll put up a diving standard out at the pool with a silver platform too."

The kid stooped and rubbed a thumb on his uncle's cigarette case. He said "Awful slipp'ry" in a tone of speculation. But the fancy of diving from a silver platform seemed to thrill him all through dinner. He sat fingering spoons and knives and his eyes

(Continued on Page 82)

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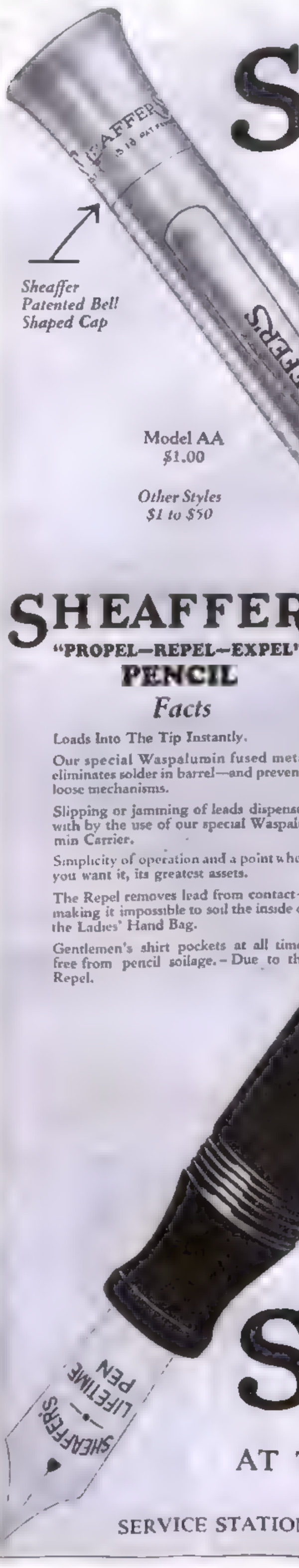


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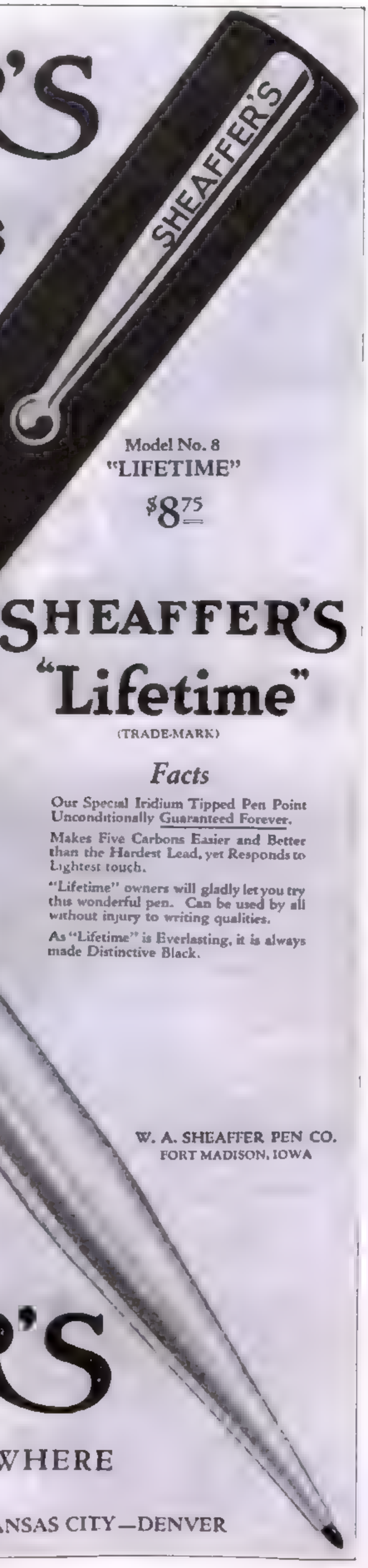


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(Continued from Page 80)

were yellow from time to time. He did not even glare when Grandmother Smith called him Casimir; he must be thinking, thinking with violence of his own motor and his own swimming pool. Hugh's car carried off the ancient pair and a hymn book under the gateway. The kid undid his shirt and asked, "How long's prayer meetin'?"

"About an hour, kid."

"Yeh?"

"I'll take Alan out to the house when the machine comes back."

Casimir nodded. He flicked out of the dining room, and Alan, idling after him, found the boy changing his clothes for a battered old jersey and some corduroy breeches.

"You ain't workin' nights, kid?"

"Yeh."

Alan sighed: "Kid, I dunno Uncle Hughie'll like you workin' in a garage nights. We ain't ever been mixed up with anyone that had a—a kind of social position before. . . . He wired dad that he wasn't to come here, never. Sent him some money to get back to Los Angeles. . . . I'm goin' into the contractin' end of his business. But he likes you better. Won't hear of you workin'—I mean, like you've been. You ought to try an' please him some, even if it's a sacrifice, kind of."

The kid grinned, lacing grimy sneakers over sockless feet. He said "Yeh" quietly, but his eyes were yellow still. He slid from the window and walked off among the lumber piles.

Hugh was silent until the car came back and they were seated. It jounced gently up the alley and gained Carmel Street, where the red lantern of the steam roller was vicious before a closed shop, under a maple. Hughie's driver took some road among trees and Alan smelled flowers.

Then the architect said: "That boy's a blessing, by gum! I never got so much excitement out of watching a person do nothing. Doesn't he ever eat?"

"Choc'late bars mostly, between meals. Used to give him a bar when he swam good out at San Diego when he was a kid. He's doin' somethin' funny, Uncle Hughie. He acts kind of like mamma when she'd thought up a new dive for vaudeville." Alan looked back over the descending town. Three lights stared on the roof of the factory and the piled lumber was pale matter beside the river's vague gray. "You people that can do a thing good are awful funny, Uncle Hughie. . . . He's after somethin'."

"Oh, you felt that?"

"Sure!"

Hugh leaned forward and told the driver, "Go down by Water Street to the front of the factory, Bill—fast. We can walk back to the house, Alan."

They were hurried through lanes and down a street that had few children on its slant. There was a level before the furniture factory's front and Alan's crutches grated on fine gravel. He made after Hugh among the piles of oak and cedar. Some cats looked down from a pyramid of crated chairs and the bulb of the gateway showered light on Hugh's white coat.

He said, "What in ——"

The gates of tall pickets were drawn together. Alan blinked at huddles of things below windows of the flat house. The polished bands of his trunk showed. A gilded chair from the parlor sat lonely with a silver coffee pot on its cushion. A medley of dishes sparkled on a low lump of boards.

"He's moving us out," said Hugh. "Can you see him anywhere?"

"He's prob'ly rootin' up the gas stove."

Hugh giggled like a child and sat down on the grits. He panted, "Let's let him go on! He must have taken all the globes off the lights."

"He can kind of see in the dark, I think. I ——"

Alan stopped. A terrific noise began somewhere and grew. Something jangled with a sound of stones rolling on metal and cries soared about this thicker noise. High on Hog Alley they must be having a fight with kitchen ware and bricks. A battle was sweeping down the ruts.

"Fine neighborhood, isn't it?"

"I should think grandmamma'd want you to be comfortable, kind of, for a reward for workin', and —— Say, what is that, huh? Sounds like ——"

Alan was yelling weakly against the miraculous tumult. A red point wavered up in the shadows. He stared. Then blackness smashed through the white gates and a marvel shot over the clay, snorting smoke. The steam roller charged at the house. There was a crash, and Alan watched the roof lunge forward, crumpling to cover the machine that growled on into the depth of the wreck. The chimney tottered down. Separate bricks dented the clay.

"He wouldn't stay with it, Alan?"

"Not him!"

"Let's get away," said Hugh.

The crowd was piling under the gates and a policeman bawled about a feller in a sweater. Alan hurried after his uncle back toward the factory. The motor swept them uphill, and Hugh said, "Run out to my house, Bill. Hurry!"

But a tire collapsed under a clump of scented trees in a lane. Alan sat watching a loaded trolley car rumble up brilliantly and clank past with lads standing deep on its running board.

"The line goes past my place," Hugh murmured between two giggles.

"It's fine out here," said Alan, studying a gray cap on the rear platform of the passing trolley. "If there was some steam in the boiler, all he'd got to do was get her over to the top of the alley. She'd come clean down. You ain't seen him run yet! He can do a hundred yards in ten flat. . . . Is the high school good here?"

Hugh's place had white-stone gateposts and the car turned a driveway to halt before dim columns.

"Go back and wait at the church, Bill. Tell mother where we are. . . . This way, Alan."

Alan's crutches made no noise on dull rugs in a white hall. A terrace behind the house ended in shallow steps that led down to tremulous water rimmed in stone. Hugh's match flooded the long pool with orange, and a body darkly turning was distorted in the light. It rose through the clean flood. The kid tossed back his hair and grinned. The match went out.

"You'd like your diving standard this end, kid? It's the deepest."

"Yeh."

# THE CAMPS OF YESTERDAY

(Continued from Page 9)

At its northern foot—the side opposite from California Gulch—lies a little eminence no higher than Murray near-Hill in New York. One Fryer began to dig in this territory. Tabor, by now the oldest inhabitant, had prospered mightily through the sales in his store. He began to dabble again in mining. Two German shoemakers who had caught the fever arrived in camp, broke. Tabor grubstaked them to beans, flour, bacon and tools, with the agreement that he should share in their discoveries. They found a convenient place near Fryer's prospect and began to dig. At twenty-eight feet they broke into a rich, extensive body of silver-bearing lead carbonates. This became the Little Pittsburg Mine, afterward capitalized in Wall Street for five million dollars. The movement to the territory under the ridgepole of the continent had been a trickle. Now, as though the Little Pittsburg had burst the dikes, it became a flood. By 1878 a new town had arisen round the corner of Carbonate Hill from California Gulch, and the miners called it Leadville, the Carbonate Camp. Thither by 1879 the whole West seemed to be pouring. From westward they came up the Arkansas Valley or across Independence Pass and Tennessee Pass. From eastward they toiled over Weston Pass and Mosquito Pass. They traveled by hastily assembled stage lines, by covered wagon, by buckboard, on horseback, on foot. Every day brought its new strike on Carbonate Hill, Fryer Hill, or the adjacent ground.

The carbonate bodies lay in kidneys and pockets, small and large. For a time the old practical miner seemed vindicated, the college-bred expert foiled. For no one could get the hang of these bodies. They lay whimsically, irregularly, near to the surface. An industrious fool was as likely to strike it as an expert. When he did he could clean out his pocket with a pick and shovel, and sell the ore at the shaft mouth. Big fortunes came from those two hills, and very many smaller ones, ranging from thirty thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars. Came—and for the most part went. Never was there such an orgy of restless spending as Leadville saw in the subsequent years. Had the discovery waited until 1922, when a Pullman train will take you to New York in less than three days, an automobile to Denver in less than a day, the money might have gone elsewhere. But then it was a three-day journey of disagreeable hardship even to Denver. So the goods came to the spender, not the spender to the goods. Between the convoys of smelting and mining machinery, dragged by twenty-mule teams across the passes, traveled freight wagons bearing champagnes, jewelry, Paris gowns, sealskin coats, ostrich plumes, laces, silks, twenty-dollar corsets and bustles. By 1880, and before the arrival of a railroad, there were fifty thousand people in Leadville and perhaps one hundred thousand in the district, most of them prosperous, many suddenly wealthy, but all easy with their money.

### *Exciting Days*

Variety was then what the movies are now—the popular form of the theater. For a time New York alone had more and better variety theaters than Leadville. By night, rival bands, advertising dance halls, blared from the dozen blocks of Main Street, soon to be rechristened by the Boston element Harrison Avenue. This lively thoroughfare had as yet no street lights, but they were not needed. From the uncurtained windows poured a glare bright as day. It illuminated a drifting, chattering crowd which filled the board sidewalks and poured out into the unpaved roadbed. Every third building on the downtown streets was a saloon or a gambling house. The biggest faro games had no limit; the small fry plied the cards and the dice at tripods on the sidewalk.

In the struggle for logs and lumber and brick these public institutions outstripped private accommodations. At the height of the rush, the first problem of the newcomer was shelter for the night. The saloons, after closing time, used to let their floors for lodgings. "St. Louis lodging houses" sprang up on the vacant lots. These were great tents with cubby-hole compartments, each large enough to hold a cot.

A Leadville woman told me quite incidentally last summer about her own arrival in camp as a very young child. Her father, who preceded his family, had erected the walls of a log cabin, but had not as yet secured material for a roof. No sleeping quarters could be found in a place sufficiently respectable for a married woman and her young children. So the family camped out in the unroofed cabin. There came a late flurry of snow and she remembers dining at a table set forth with china, glass and silver, but under an umbrella.

Her husband, joining in the symposium, told of his own arrival as a stripling youth. This was his burst into the world; for the first time he was leaving a well-regulated Eastern home. He considered himself lucky to find a bunk in a St. Louis lodging house. But he got no sleep that first night, for a man just across the canvas partition was dying in delirium tremens. Shaken by his experience he went to a restaurant for breakfast. At the next table two men were holding what sounded like a friendly argument. Suddenly one of them drew out a pistol and shot the other dead.

### *From Gun Law to Court Law*

For the parasites of the old West had taken the trail to Leadville along with the purely adventurous. Then, too, from the ranges of South Park across the Mosquito came cattlemen who shot readily and only too well; and from the crevasses of the Divide above Granite came a curious class of wild men who flourished there in the period between the vanishing of placer gold and the discovery of silver carbonates. Lake County had existed as a political entity for many years, and by 1878 Leadville was a municipality. But these people had long lived by the gun law. Also, the saloons did their part toward inflaming hot passions. Then there were disputes over claims, settled often when both sides hired gunmen and fought it out with the rifle—behind barricades. Of one such episode Mary Hallock Foote's Led-Horse Claim has told in picturesque fiction but with almost historical accuracy. It seemed at first that we had a man for breakfast every morning.

Perhaps the tide turned from gun law to court law with Leadville's solitary lynching. One Frodsham, a renegade Mormon, was a terror of the camp. Whenever that sulphitic sheet the Leadville Chronicle recorded a pitched battle over a mine, Frodsham's name appeared in the lists of the rival forces. He took to lot-jumping on his own account. An owner disputed Frodsham's possession and escaped with only a wound. That two-gun cattleman Marty Duggan was then marshal of Leadville. He arrested the desperado, put him in the new jail of the new courthouse, just completed. That night a masked mob broke down the door, took out Frodsham and a young footpad named Stewart, and strung them up to a rafter of the unfinished jail front. After this episode, gunplays, duels and shootings grew less and less frequent.

Along with this wildness, dissipation, outright crime, ran counter-currents of heroism, honest effort, generosity, monumental energy. The preachers arrived with the advance guards of the gamblers and painted ladies. Parson Uzzell, Methodist, persuaded the big saloons to close down their bars for half an hour every evening while he preached on salvation and the evils of drink, and passed the hat for a new tabernacle. Father Robinson, who was to die a monsignor, commandeered for the foundation of his church some of the first bricks that came into camp. The gifts of Irish miners and mining men built the Church of the Annunciation wide and large, with an extremely tall steeple. When the railroad came through they completed their gift with a large bell. It still sounds the Angelus, giving Leadville, both Catholic and Protestant, a sense of pride in the thought that their town has the highest church bell in the world. For the only city of greater altitude is in the Andes, and travelers have reported its churches have no bells. Mr. Claggett, Presbyterian, arrived and bought at once a lot for his meeting house. Next morning he found that his property had been jumped. The jumper was at that moment driving a location

(Continued on Page 86)


# Ploughshares

Gun makers are making tools for mechanics. Tanks have become tractors. Explosives and poisonous gases have given way to dyes and base chemicals.

This transition from destructive forces to those of reconstruction has taken place in every factory. It has brought about a profound change in the whole philosophy of business.

We are governed again by the simple economic law that in the long run expenses cannot exceed income; dividends must be paid from profits; wealth is created only by hard work; credit is based on resources, not on prospects.

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(Continued from Page 83)

stake with a sledge hammer. Mr. Claggett ran forward, threw his body over the head of the stake. The jumper paused with his sledge hammer raised, hesitating to commit murder in that especially brutal fashion, until Mr. Claggett's yells brought armed Presbyterians to his rescue.

Doctor Mackaye gathered the Episcopalians of Sunday mornings into a second-floor hall over a particularly noisy faro game. He, too, raised funds—never was community more generous to good causes—and built the beautiful little church of St. George's. He was a most attractive man, with warm friends or admirers in nearly every element of the camp. When St. George's held its opening service some of the unregenerate whose gifts had helped build it decided to attend in compliment to their friend. They forgathered with Doctor Mackaye in the vestry room. Then they lost their nerve, and decided to stay where they were. Doctor Mackaye withdrew and began the service. One of them produced a pack of cards, gave a significant glance at the rest. A minute later they were sitting on the floor engaged in a quiet hand of poker. As the service went on the game became less quiet. During the anthem Doctor Mackaye appeared suddenly at the door. "Boys," he said, "I'd stop this if I were you. The congregation is getting a full house mixed with mansions in the skies."

At such speed did Leadville live that in three years it ran through the emotions and achievements of an ordinary generation. It would mean little today to say that a city of fifty thousand with all modern conveniences and luxuries had sprung up in that period of time. The railroad, the automobile truck, the telephone and telegraph, the better coördination of business render such accomplishment easy. But in those days and altitudes everything from a paper of pins to a furnace smelter must be hauled by mule more than a hundred miles over abominable perpendicular roads. The imagination of Leadville stopped at nothing. As fine houses began to go up on the eminence at the northern end of Harrison Avenue, the municipality named it Capitol Hill. For here the public buildings were to stand when Leadville became the capital of the state. They had convinced themselves that the run of silver carbonates would last forever. I was only a child during those great days of Leadville, and brought from them a child's trivial recollections. Caspar Whitney, however, was, when he staged over the passes, a youth in the perceiving years. I asked him lately for his strongest impressions of the camp in '79. "Its courage," he said, "and its optimism. Those people dared anything and hoped for everything." Old residents, telling over their stories of old days, relate incredible brutalities along with thrilling acts of gallantry and self-sacrifice. But whatever its vices or its virtues, they were always heroic, manly. Never did there exist such a man's town.

### *Memories of Morrisey*

Its very optimism was sometimes a curse to its inhabitants. A miner dug blindly in Carbonate Hill or Fryer Hill, struck a pocket, cleaned it out. Never did it occur to him that he could not do it again. Those mountains were full, chock-full of ore. Dig almost anywhere and you would strike it. In Leadville had gathered thousands whose sole business was to help the newly rich spend. Fortunes which seemed the culmination and reward of a hard, industrious, brave lifetime melted away in the folly of a few weeks. About such triflings with fate they tell you innumerable stories.

Let John B. Morrisey stand for the rest. He had never learned to read or write. A secretary finally taught him to scratch his signature; that comprised his whole literary equipment. Perhaps this as much as anything else was his undoing. All too readily did he sign his name on checks when advised or directed to do so. He began with a stroke of luck, and the initial fortune he increased by native shrewdness. Probably at the height of his career he had much more than a million dollars. The mining world of the West still tells a volume of stories about his ignorance and his shrewd ruses to conceal it. Once he yelled down the shaft, "How many of ye are down there?" "Seven," came the answer. "Will the half of ye come up?" He had a big gold watch studded with diamonds, but he could not read the dial. One night he came into the Clarendon Hotel rubbing his hands. "It's that cold," he said, "my hands is froze. I can't get out my watch. Would ye take it out for me an' tell me what the time is?" He saw the races at the old Leadville track—even before the railroad came it was reaping a harvest for the bookmakers—and he became enamored of the game. Someone persuaded him to buy a stable and become a racing man. Showy horses which invariably "also ran" frittered away his fortune. When he was down to his last paper collar he drifted back to Leadville. There, a few years ago, he died in the county poorhouse.

H. A. W. Tabor remains the great figure in this class. From the strike in the Little Pittsburg he played on; at the height of his fortunes, I have heard, he might have cashed in for something like twenty millions. He owed his success partly to luck, partly to that persistence which made him stay by California Gulch when the rest gave up, partly to an undoubted commercial insight. Beyond all that, his nature had a large, kingly quality. In his long, lonely years of the '70's when he was for months at a time the sole inhabitant of California Gulch, he had fallen in love with those mountains. He might have turned his properties into securities and gone East to a mansion on Fifth Avenue and a villa at Saratoga or Newport. He preferred to stay, play the game, and do something for Colorado. To him, both Denver and Leadville owe their first modern, substantial business blocks and theaters. But fortune lay for Tabor on the roof of the continent. When he went into mines farther south luck turned completely. Against his continuous run of bad fortune, even his shrewdness availed nothing, and his very persistence became a fetter. He died flat broke.

### *A Name Writ in Water*

Tabor had the yearning of large natures for some kind of worldly immortality. On most that he built he put his name. Fate, when he was dead and could no longer struggle, robbed him even of that. The Tabor Hose Company at Leadville is now City Hose Number 2. The Tabor Opera House at Leadville displays the sign "Elks' Opera House." The stately Tabor mansion in Denver passed from his hands even before his death, and saw fashion remove from its district. Now it is a modest hotel. The Tabor Opera House at Denver was an accidental triumph. I do not know the name of its architect, but on the interior he did a superb job in rich, dark mahogany. A wandering painter—some say a German, others a Bohemian—arrived in Denver at about this time and was engaged to decorate the drop curtain. He painted superbly, suggestively, a ruined palace, with lions crouching among the broken pillars; and underneath set these lines of Kingsley:

*Return the works of man back to the earth again,*
*Ancient and holy things fade like a dream.*

With the first soft beginnings of music, the glints of dull red light from old mahogany, the suggestion of that picture on the curtain—never have I known a theatrical setting which so prepared the soul of an audience to absorb the high and beautiful. Actors have told me that when the bill was Shakspere or any other poetic drama, they always played their best at the Tabor Opera House. Well, four or five years ago Denver awoke to learn from the morning newspaper that the Tabor Opera House had passed. The mahogany interior was being ripped out for the glittering decorations of a modern movie house. It was too late to rouse public sentiment. A Jesuit college, acting just in time, bought the curtain for their auditorium. The name of the house was changed. So flowed the last ripple over the water wherein was writ H. A. W. Tabor's name.

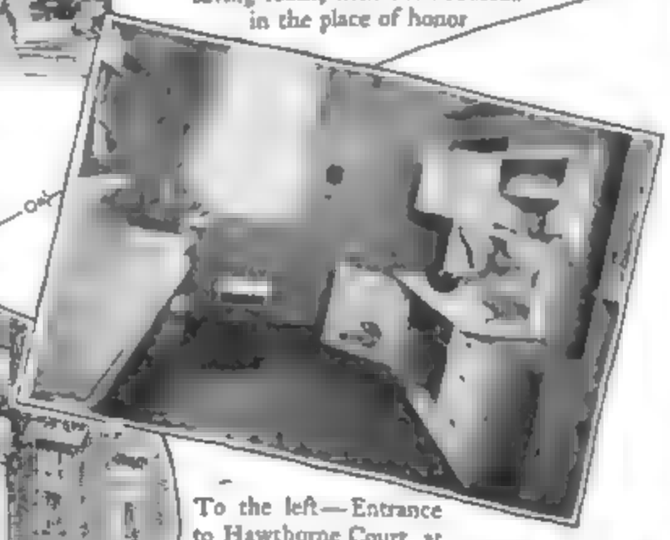
Ancient and holy things fade like a dream. Time is relative. The poets knew that before Einstein. Antiquity is measured not only by years but by intensity of life. By that measure Leadville of '78, '79, '80 and '81 is already ancient, and looks it. For the '80's were scarcely begun before mining Leadville began to fight the thought which nevertheless would intrude, that the bonanza might already be over. The carbonates were working out. By now the despised mining expert with his college education had begun on the puzzle of the geology in the Mosquito Range.

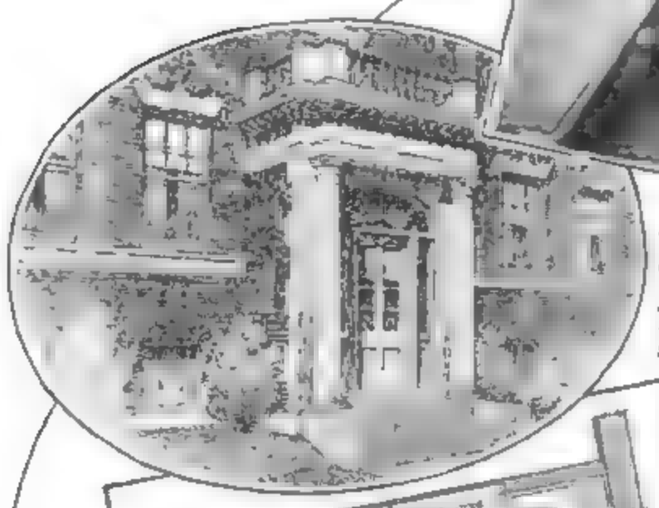
(Continued on Page 88)

Below are views of two of the apartments erected by the Queensboro Corporation, whose new buildings at Jackson Heights, New York, will house several thousand people. The kitchens are equipped with the HOOSIER

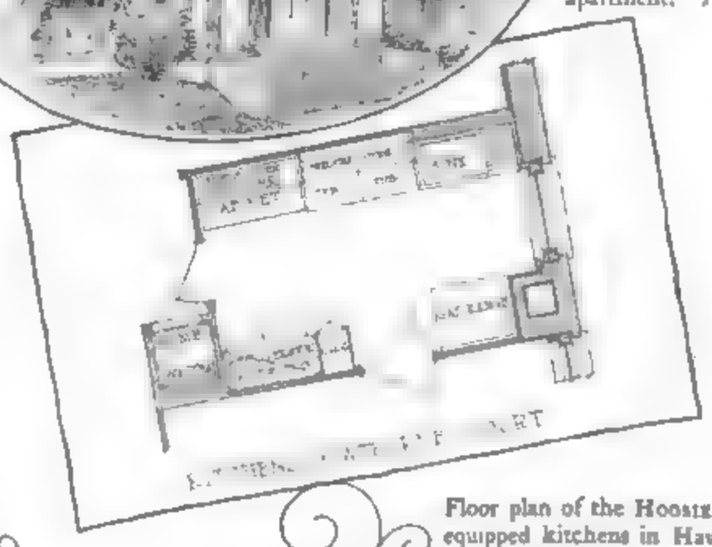
Laburnum Court, one of the HOOSIER-equipped apartments at Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Below—A typical Laburnum Court kitchen—a compact, step-saving room, with the HOOSIER in the place of honor





To the left—Entrance to Hawthorne Court, at Jackson Heights, N. Y. Another all-HOOSIER apartment.



Floor plan of the HOOSIER-equipped kitchens in Hawthorne Court.

# HOOSIER

## Kitchen Cabinets Are Used In The Best Apartments as REGULAR EQUIPMENT

There is no finer testimonial of the enduring helpfulness of the HOOSIER than the fact that all over the country hard-headed real estate men are equipping kitchens with the HOOSIER.

They do it for two reasons. First, because they can not economically build into new homes or apartments anything that will take the place of the HOOSIER.

—and, second, because there is no household convenience which is so attractive to a prospective tenant or purchaser.

### There is No Substitute for the Hoosier

HOOSIER is preferred by professional builders as well as by housewives because it makes kitchen-work more pleasant. It is not a mere storage cabinet, but a real labor-saving convenience, developed by nearly a quarter-century of constant experiment in the art of cutting out waste motions and relieving the monotony of kitchen-work.

There is no substitute for the HOOSIER. Only in the genuine HOOSIER cabinet will you find the exclusive labor-saving improvements which have made the HOOSIER America's favorite kitchen convenience.

In it you get the big, uncluttered work space with rigid, non-tilting table-top; the exclusive HOOSIER flour-system, with the wonderful shaker sifter; the patented revolving spice caster; the handy cutlery drawers that ride forward and backward with the extending table-top, and many other wonderful labor-saving conveniences.

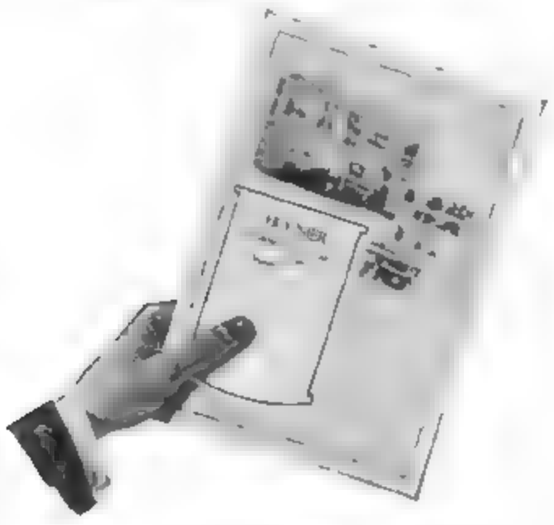
Above all, you get a work-table which has been adjusted to suit your height. This is one of the many features which are obtainable in no other cabinet. It is a most efficient means of banishing backaches and muscle-strains from the kitchen.

You will never know how much you need the HOOSIER until you have these splendid labor-saving conveniences demonstrated to you. If you really value your time and energy you will go at once to your HOOSIER dealer and ask him to show you why so many contractors and builders, as well as two million housewives, have put HOOSIER cabinets in their kitchens.

### *Buy the Hoosier on Easy Terms You'll Never Miss the Money*

It will not take you long to decide that you are wasting time and strength every day you do without the HOOSIER. But you can arrange to correct that condition at once. Just have the HOOSIER sent home on our liberal, moderate payment plan.

Write us for information concerning this plan and for complete illustrated literature concerning the HOOSIER.



### A Free Book for Home Builders

If you are going to build or remodel your kitchen, you need the HOOSIER kitchen plan book.

It contains the most attractive kitchen plans submitted in a competition in which 343 architects and architectural draughtsmen took part.

Printed handsomely in colors, profusely illustrated. Full of helpful hints for the home lover

By all means drop us a postal or letter asking for your copy. It's FREE.

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"Good To Eat—
Rich As Meat"

Everywhere in the Red Pennant Bags

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Give your nickel a full swing

Swap it for a bag of "Pennants", the big, crisp peanuts so good to eat and full of nourishment.

For that hungry feeling between meals and at bed-time—for the card table and after dinner—nothing quite rings the bell like delicious "Pennant" Peanuts.

You can enjoy them *every* day because they are good for you, and an actual aid to digestion because of their high oil content.

"Pennants" are peanuts at their best. Eat them daily for hunger and health. *"The Nickel Lunch"*

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Planters
PENNANT
SALTED PEANUTS

(Continued from Page 86)

For it is a puzzle, as yet but partly solved. Nature dealt lavishly with man when she upheaved this district. But in the upheaval she overdid the job—erupted again and again. Elsewhere, a fault is a fault. It goes measurably straight. It can be followed. Nothing like this on the Mosquito Range! To this day a mining engineer who proves that he was trained at Leadville signs his own letter of recommendation for a difficult job. Early in the bonanza experts began to sink deep exploration shafts on Carbonate Hill. They passed through wide veins of ore bearing silver and zinc. That last is a refractory metal: not yet did mining chemists know how to treat it. Rejecting it as useless, they sank to a new discovery of silver sulphides and galena so rich that in some specimens the pure metal shone out as white drops or as tiny coils like a fairy's bedspring. The day came when reduction works learned better how to treat zinc. The rejected veins became immensely valuable. The old placer diggings of California Gulch were traced out to their mother lode; up sprang such properties as the Little Johnnie on the dizzy heights of the Mosquito, and the Ibex at the head of the Gulch. Copper and iron were found in paying quantities; later, when applied science had still further caught up with Nature, tungsten and molybdenum.

### The London Fault

Like a pendulum, the fortunes of Leadville swung back and forth, but at each beat with a little diminution. In 1909 I visited it and wrote something about it for these columns. I was shocked to see at least two buildings out of three boarded up, and wrote of it as a dying camp. I wronged it. In that period it was producing nearly as much as in an average year of the '80's. Only modern machinery had come in. The pneumatic drill had succeeded the old process of hammering the hole by hand. One miner could now do the work performed, twenty years before, by ten. Also, some of the smelters had moved to lower levels. Railroads and automobiles had made so easy the journey to the outside world that the rich went elsewhere to spend their money. However, the swing of the pendulum went narrower and narrower. Its last great sweep came with the war, which made lead, zinc, tungsten and molybdenum highly valuable. With the armistice, metal prices dropped and labor costs rose. Not the most optimistic booster dare assert that the camp is just now what it was. Leadville people say that it has had the longest life of any American mining district—from 1860 to 1922, which is sixty-two years. And at the very worst it is not yet finished. Indeed, as I shall show, it may yield another real bonanza.

So much, at present, for Leadville. As soon as Carbonate Hill and Fryer Hill were all staked out, prospectors, both skilled and inexperienced, scattered over a radius of thirty miles about this focus of richness. In all that upended territory the deposits lie just as irregularly and unaccountably as on Carbonate Hill. Literally there are metal-bearing minerals almost everywhere. As you stop to put a tire on your automobile the old inhabitant who is your passenger will stoop and pick up a wayside stone. "Looks pretty rich," he will say. "Then why isn't it being mined?" you ask. "Oh, probably not enough of it here to pay," he answers. "Or it would cost too much to get it down to the smelters."

In the storybooks a man strikes it, finds that she assays big, and immediately rolls in wealth and marries the girl of his choice. The reminiscences of any old mining man prove that the strike and the big assay are only the uncertain beginnings of possible success. In this district especially the richest vein may pinch out or stop abruptly. It usually gives an irritating promise of reappearance, but where? The shrewdest geologist can do no better than guess. In the Fairplay district across the Mosquito lies the London mine, one of the greatest producers. It exists by virtue of the London fault, which disappears abruptly. Prospectors have searched these thirty years for the continuation of that London fault, and without success. Then again, you may prove that you have a considerable body of ore. Along comes the unromantic capitalist whom you have asked to back you. He figures the initial cost of installing roads and machinery, the running cost of freighting it down by ore wagon or pack train, balances that against the probable average value of the ore, and pronounces the fatal words "Won't pay."

However, in 1879 the men on the roof of the continent lived melodrama, believed in fairy tales. A prospector found mineral-bearing ore, got a favorable assay. The news leaked out—it always does eventually. From Leadville started a minor rush. The ground about his discovery was located at once; and a new camp was born In that beautiful crease of the mountains which runs up from Twin Lakes toward Independence Pass someone struck pay dirt. Within a week up sprang a municipality with a city government and a townsite. "The first lady to settle in our camp," the town advertised in the Leadville Chronicle, "will be rewarded with the title to a choice corner lot." In a few years this camp was nothing at all.

Through Leadville ran one day news of an exceedingly rich strike near Ten-Mile, where perpetual snows feed the headwaters of the Arkansas. Men deserted their half-dug prospect holes to pack and rush. Two weeks and they were all back again. An importer of groceries had started the report by means of a little salted ore, in order to work off his stock at bonanza prices. He decamped with his profits before the bubble burst, and so escaped lynching. The new camps, in the next few years, arose by the score. They varied in size from real towns with churches, schools and theaters, to handfuls of log houses. Some of them never returned a dollar of profit to the investors. These were usually abandoned overnight, as on sudden impulse. Some paid for a long time, had their little day of hectic prosperity. Then the main ore bodies were finished or the vein pinched out. A very few are producing yet; others will resume when metal prices come back But for the most part they lie dotted through the mountains, most picturesque, what with the huddle of their comfortable, hospitable log cabins about the gigantic shapes of their shaft houses, but asleep forever. Sometimes their windows are boarded up; sometimes they stare at you through naked sashes; more often the glass still glitters back to the violent mountain sun. Not enough small boys have come their way to finish them off. These ruins seem as venerable as Pompeii, as much rolled up in the scroll of history. Yet some of the miners who built them still sit by mundane firesides telling of the brave days when the Rockies were new to man.

### Relics of a Glorious Era

Let us travel rapidly through the district of dead camps as I did one day last June with Mr. Borden, the superintendent of the Leadville forest reserve. It is the business of our host and guide to know every inch of these heights. This is his general round of inspection, which he takes every fortnight or so during the summer. On his special tours he does not go by automobile but on foot with a camping outfit and a pack burro. The route which he traversed between dawn and midnight on the day I drove with him made a two-hundred-mile loop through indescribable mountain scenery. It began at Leadville, ran down the Arkansas Valley with the Divide at our right and the Mosquito at our left, to Buena Vista, where we crossed the Mosquito over Trout Creek Pass and beheld the colorful glories of South Park. Turning again to the left, we paralleled the Mosquito, with a few side excursions, and ran past Fairplay to the point where the Divide gives birth to this, her tallest daughter range. Through that tangle of peaks we climbed to Hoosier Pass, passed through Breckenridge, where dredges of a gigantic and monstrous aspect are tearing up four miles of mountain valley for specks of gold, to Dillon, upper headquarters of the forest reserve. Turning back, we crossed the Divide again by that precipitous pass where Frémont came exploring, and slid down to the valley of the Arkansas and Leadville. The roads are good; anyone with a mountain-geared car can make this trip; and everyone who goes touring in these mountains should. Here preserved are the relics of an era in American history as glorious as any of our battles.

First, Leadville, with which we began and ended. The size of a community has nothing to do with its soul. A certain great city of the Atlantic Coast—one of our first ten in population—still wears the aspect,

displays the qualities, of a small town merely grown large. In these times of her worst fortunes, even the Chamber of Commerce claims only eight thousand inhabitants for Leadville. Yet she bears, even to the casual eye, the mien of a metropolis. Down Harrison Avenue float at night samples of the population from the whole roof of the continent—miners, of course, mining men, the smart wives and daughters of these last, *cholo* sheep herders, farmers just alighted from buckboards, cattlemen from the forest-reserve ranges wearing chaps and two-gallon, forty-dollar beaver hats, tourist women in riding breeches and knickerbockers. The tourist, looking the place over superficially, wonders how a city so small can support such groceries, shops, department stores—large, modern, even smart. That, too, is metropolitan. From a district nearly a hundred miles in diameter the ranches, mines and sheep camps buy their luxuries and comforts in Leadville.

Even now, when prohibition has put a premium upon early hours, you may get from the lunch counters and cafés a meal at almost any time of night. One of these bears the title Saddle Rock, which connotes nothing to the tourist. To him who remembers old Leadville it means a restaurant the like of which existed nowhere outside of New York and Paris. Its French chef was imported from the most famous American restaurant of the day. To him came such luxuries as Baltimore oysters and terrapin in special packing, and fancy French wines. He found plentifully at hand such meats as bear, elk, mountain grouse, ptarmigan, and invented heavenly dishes whose very names have perished. The decoration was big-game heads and stuffed birds.

### *Saddle Rock Memories*

Behind the counter where the waitress now shoots forth your coffee and ainkers hangs a group of stuffed mountain grouse. That is the sole remaining souvenir of the old Saddle Rock. But subtly, indefinably, the Saddle Rock still seems metropolitan. Down the street stands that hotel, most modern in its day, which Tabor erected as part of his building program. Since then it has been improved with private baths. Long ago its dining room was closed; it opens now only when the Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Columbus or the American Legion gives a dance. Yet the air of its lobby hints that it is the central hostelry of a central city, to which the custom of its tributary region must come perforce. It proposes to take no back talk or invidious patronage from New York. The Elks have bought the old Tabor Opera House, and keep their rooms upstairs; but the auditorium still invites whatever traveling theatrical troupes come that way. On its boards once performed every stage celebrity of the '80's—such as Booth, Jefferson, Will Sheridan, Warde, James, Lotta, Maggie Mitchell, Rose Coghlan, Marie Wainwright, Modjeska, James O'Neil and William Gillette, in whose arms the author of these lines made his first appearance on any stage at the age of eight. I was a friend of the property man, who gave me a matinée job as super in The Private Secretary. The movie house glitters with metropolitan elegance. The court house, so oddly christened by the Frodsham-Stewart lynching, still adjudicates for al. the top of the world. Beside its steps is a row of benches on which of summer afternoons and evenings sit and chat the sociable characters of Lake County. Always among them are old men of shrewd, suspicious eyes who wear the full beards or ample mustaches of older days. These are old-timers, swapping anecdotes. One suspects that if he could make them talk freely before him, as did the loafers of Portsmouth Square before Stevenson, he would get more stories than Stevenson ever wrote. But they would be difficult; in the old prospector was bred the habit of secrecy.

And, Leadville asks you, and waits in vain for an answer, what other city of—at most—eight thousand inhabitants has a daily morning newspaper giving on its front page not merely or mainly local items but the proportionate news of the world? By its newspapers may you know a city. And Frank Vaughan's Herald-Democrat is metropolitan. Butler's daily contributions to the editorial page have the deserved honor of constant quotation by the Eastern reviews. In the idle hour between wrestling with business cares and making up the forms Vaughan writes verse, some of which deserves more than its local fame

An air all its own has Leadville. Not the least of its distinctive traits is its conservatism of customs and manners. For example, the old-time dance hall has elsewhere generally disappeared. But though prohibition is here, a dance hall still runs over that soft-drink palace where used to be the Pioneer Saloon. "There is only one Leadville; there can never be another," wrote a son of the camp. And Leadville will be Leadville to the last. "If we go down," it seems to say, "we go down with our flag nailed to the mast."

Climb to the high spur on West Ninth Street which terminates Capitol Hill and which gives the best view of the city and its surroundings. Your eye will be caught and held for a time by the Valley of the Arkansas below, the streaming slopes of Massive and Elbert above, the distant glint of Twin Lakes from the shadows of their guardian peaks. Green on the ridges, haunting blue in the hollows, soft gray flecked with glittering streaks of white at the summits, this range sits clean, primeval and eternal, as though man had never trodden and sullied its majestic misty folds. These summits of the Divide where the cloud argosies love to anchor seem to melt into the heavens; but the ridge of the Mosquito opposite splits the sky with bare, bladelike heights, ever glinting new schemes of color with changing light combinations from sun and cloud.

Look downward now, and behold Leadville in its bowl of the hills supporting the Mosquito. Were you dropped here from a magic carpet you might guess that you were beholding the roof tops of an Oriental city, a Russian city—anything but a modern American city. Why this difference, I am at a loss to explain. It defies analysis. The builders of Leadville wrought with the standard American materials of their time Yet everyone who has a real pair of eyes in his head perceives this strange distinctiveness of the city as a whole. Beyond, until the farther edge of California Gulch terminates the view, lie streets and scattered houses which you observe for some time before you perceive that no smoke rises from their chimneys and stovepipes. They are the deserted fringe, the relics of the '79 camp.

### *The Call of the Ghosts*

From this, lift your eyes upward toward the Mosquito Range. Out of the very town rises Carbonate Hill of bonanza memory. Considered literally, it is a wilderness of abandoned shafthouses, old dumps. Yet in all this superb view, Carbonate Hill is perhaps the one bit which a modernist painter would choose for his canvas. Seen as a painter sees, its contours are most beautiful and its coloring most unusual. The abandoned dumps, rising ridge on ridge, display every soft tint—as lemon, amethyst, azure, russet, mulberry, golden rose. And like the walls of the range above, these ridges take on new shades of color with every change of the shifting light. Down to the left lies the little ravished treasury of Fryer Hill. Here the old shafthouses are crowded so close together that from some views they look like one great structure built by a madman without plan or purpose. The active mines, now, lie farther up in the bright air.

The innumerable stacks of these two hills, like the chimneys of the city fringe toward California Gulch, gave forth last summer not one puff of smoke. Their old production of half a billion dollars, their tragedies, wonder tales, rough comedies, have passed into mountain history. They have ever their ghost stories. A great mine, one of the most splendid producers, was quitting for good. The old engineer, who had served its levers for many years, one night hoisted the last of the movable machinery, the last shift of men. He was preparing to close the throttle forever, to turn out the light and go, when his bell sounded that succession of long and short rings which means "Lower to hoist men from the six-hundred-foot level." Puzzled, he lowered away, stopped the cage at six hundred feet, waited. Came the signal "Hoist." He brought up the cage. It was empty. This happened thrice; each time the signal came from a different level. Then the bell rang no more. They who signaled were the ghosts of miners killed by accident during thirty years of a dangerous craft. They would not be left behind, lonely. I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

Continued on Page 91

Ellis Parker Butler

*Notice: This is the third of a series of six advertisements to appear weekly in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, written by Ellis Parker Butler, well-known humorist and author of "Pigs is Pigs," telling America about a motion picture screen play, "East is West." Mr. Butler accepted this commission only on condition that he be permitted to say exactly what he pleased on the subject.*

*The Famous Love-Boat Auction Scene in "East is West"*

## "She is Ming Toy—The Beauteous One—and her price is most reasonable, your Excellency."

The "Love-Boat" scene in this "East is West" motion picture is a flash of real drama, and for two reasons The first is the eye reason By the time the love-boat appears we have seen enough of China to feel that we are actually there, but it is the mean China of cheap streets and small shops and one-horse coolie-peasant farms. Then, suddenly, we are whisked down to this beautiful and gorgeous Chinese love-boat, as bright and showy as the gayest New York cabaret. That is a clever use of scenic contrast.

But the scenic contrast would be paltry if the reason for it were not inevitable. By the time the love-boat appears we are mightily interested in what is going to happen to the charming little Ming Toy (Constance Talmadge) and are worried about it. If Ming Toy were an ordinary Chinese girl, brought up to consider being sold at auction a possible fate, we might not care much, but Ming Toy "don't feel China" and does feel "good American-girl," and we do care. We hate like sin to see her slant-eyed wretch of a father dress her up for sale and drag her down to the love-boat, which is a sort of all-night Chinese cabaret with a slave auction annex. We hate the fat mandarin who looks her over as if she were mere live stock before he bids on her, and we would like to give him a punch in the eye. So, you see, the love-boat scene was inevitable. It had to be there It was a part of Ming Toy's life story. And, just as Wellington at Waterloo prayed for "night or Blücher," we want to know how much more of this Ming Toy has to stand, and why that muscular young American lad, Billy Benson, doesn't get busy.

(I'll tell you more next week.)

Ellis Parker Butler

Joseph M. Schenck presents

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

in

"EAST is WEST"

Directed by Sidney Franklin

Adapted by Frances Marion from the play by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer. Originally produced by William Harris, Jr.

A First National Attraction

*and now—*

# a really modern Fountain Pen

FOR long years, you have waited for the perfected fountain pen. Here it is, at last—The Dunn-Pen! As new and vitally different as the safety razor compared with the old straight-edge! As great an improvement over the ordinary rubber-sac fountain pen as the modern ocean liner over the old sailing ship!

The Dunn-Pen is the biggest improvement made since the invention of the self-filling pen. It holds nearly three times more ink than any rubber-sac pen of its size. Instead of a rubber-sac to take up ink-space, it has a simple, positive pump-action that fills it quickly and cleans as it fills. Only four major parts and no valves or springs.

You can write more than 80,000 words on one filling of the Dunn-Pen. A whole month's supply! And it's so perfectly balanced that you'll never get writer's cramp. It's a pen you can be proud to own or give—a thing of beauty and a thing of duty! Good for life-time service!

Examine the Dunn-Pen today. You can tell it by the Red Pump Handle. Note the Unlimited Guarantee that covers *not only the point but every part* of the Dunn-Pen, assuring unlimited satisfaction.

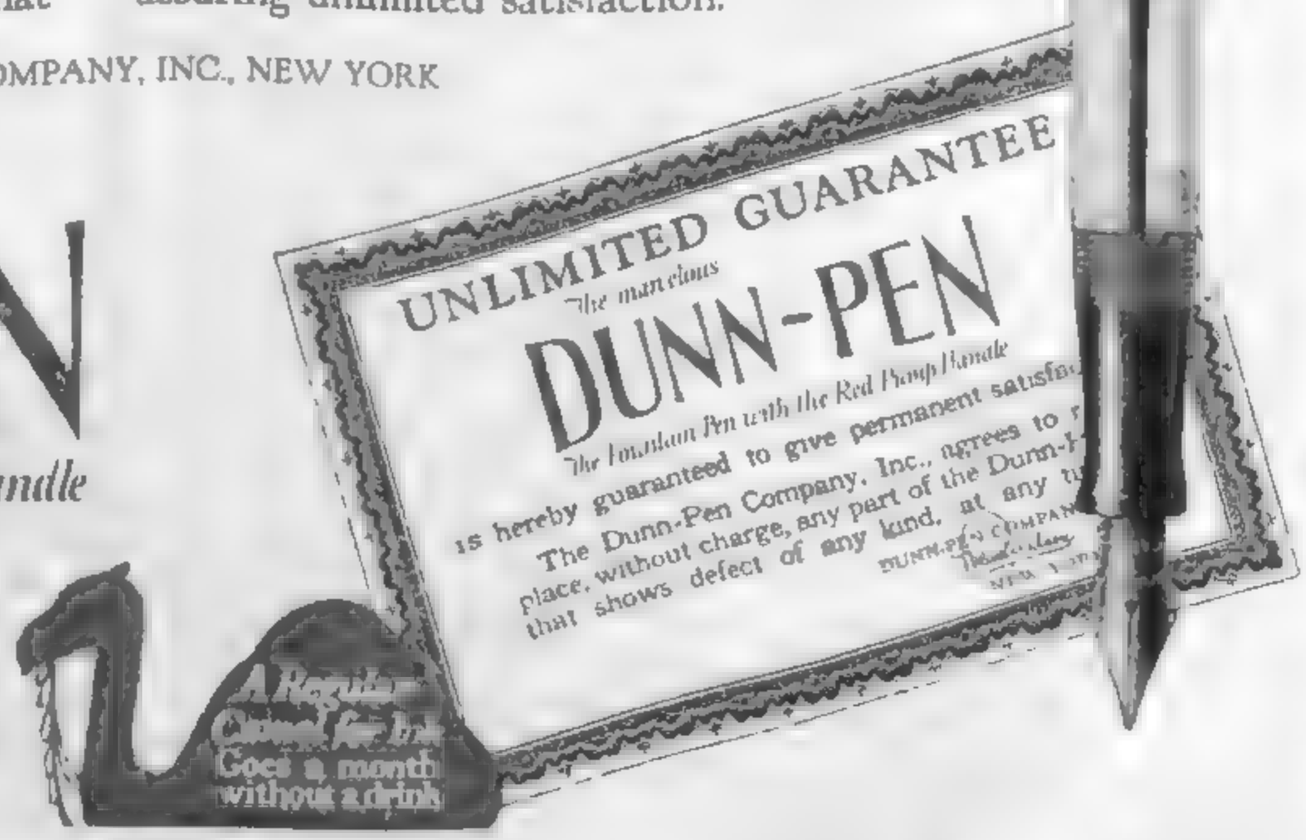
DUNN-PEN COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK

*The marvelous*

# DUNN-PEN

*The Fountain Pen with the Red Pump Handle*

*Illustrated is the "Camel Tatler," with transparent barrel showing ink-supply at a glance. Made also with black hard rubber barrel. 27 styles $2.75 up. Sold by the best dealers*


UNLIMITED GUARANTEE
The marvelous
DUNN-PEN
The Fountain Pen with the Red Pump Handle
is hereby guaranteed to give permanent satisfa
The Dunn-Pen Company, Inc., agrees to r
place, without charge, any part of the Dunn-P
that shows defect of any kind, at any t
DUNN-PEN COMPAN
Manufacturers
NEW YORK
A Regular
Camel for the
Goes a month
without a drink

(Continued from Page 89)

Yet in every probability the stacks of Carbonate Hill and Fryer Hill will smoke again. In these colorful dumps, and below them, remain millions of tons of low-grade ore, bearing the eight metals that made Leadville. Sometimes these ores can be worked with profit by existing means—as during the era of great demand brought by the World War. Just at present they cannot. But cooperation and modern methods could even now bring these fields into bearing. In dealing with low-grades, perhaps the heaviest expense is shipment to smelter. Stamp mills and other means of concentration, set by the shaft mouth, will some day economize mightily in that item. The concentrate, bearing the mineral value, will have only a quarter or a third as much bulk as the original ore. However, just at present a human factor makes such cooperative enterprises difficult. To succeed, it must start on a big scale. So long has this district been mined that ownerships are mightily complex. The larger areas remain in possession of old-time miners. They have what I might call the conservatism of recklessness. Mining to them is a bonanza or nothing. Each has faith that he possesses a bonanza.

Working as watchman for a group of shut-down mines far up on the peaks is a man who made his great strike in the early days, reached a high position in the state, kept on playing the game as he knew it, went broke. He still owns one of his old mines; it has not been in operation for years. Experts believe that its big values are gone, but its veins and dumps still hold much low-grade ore. So he received a tentative offer. "No," he said, "shake two hundred thousand at me and I'll listen to you. What could I do with ten or twenty thousand? Might just as well stay here and eat bacon and beans. It's a big stake or nothing!" Yet even if this attitude persists, time will bring its remedy. The pioneers are old, and the new generation sees through new eyes. It may be now, it may be later, but eventually Carbonate Hill and Fryer Hill will rewake to activity.

### Pap Wyman's Famous Place

That is a certainty. Characteristically, Leadville thinks less of that than of one fascinating chance of a big stake. Follow down the creased line of Carbonate and Fryer Hills, and you come to a small gulch. Beyond that rises a sort of whaleback, much higher than the others, on which are no shafthouses but only primeval dwarf pines and sagebrush. This is Canterbury Hill. Among the first men to locate there, an old inhabitant tells me, were a pair of prospectors. They struck rich pay dirt resembling that of Carbonate Hill. Then they disputed over some question of ownership, and one shot the other. When he had been acquitted on the grounds of self-defense he returned to his claim. It was not a mine now, it was a well; so fast runs the water on Canterbury Hill. Later prospectors had much the same experience. They got rich assays, but before anyone could ascertain the extent of the deposit the shafts filled up. One or two mines even paid before they were drowned out.

Now do the ore deposits of Carbonate Hill, dipping and growing richer at Fryer Hill, cross under the gulch and continue along the foundation of Canterbury Hill? If so there is a new bonanza down there. Remember that the two other hills produced half a billion dollars. Last year the citizens of Leadville pooled their funds, got help from the powder and smelting companies, and began a long tunnel into Canterbury Hill. It will traverse that level where the deposits are thought most likely to exist; better, it will drain the hill so that shafts may be sunk from above. The time is approaching, this autumn, when the tunnel will reach its first objectives. All Leadville, when it opens its Herald-Democrat of a morning, hopes to see the flashing headlines which announce the big strike. But these people of our most enduring camp have been at this business a long, long time; and they refuse to lose their balance. "It's just a good gamble," they tell you. "Don't let anybody make you believe it's a cinch. But if she pans out—whee!"

That smokeless fringe on the edge of town is still for the most part just an early-day mining camp as it was abandoned when population shrank and the survivors took to the more modern districts near Capitol Hill. Whole streets stand as they were;

*Lead Mine on Weston Pass—11,500 Feet—Temporarily Closed Down*

small, clapboarded buildings, the business establishments distinguished from the residences by false fronts; or little, compact, solid log cabins. Even the lower end of Harrison Avenue preserves its original state, and is mainly deserted. A three-story brick building bears the sign "Lodging house." This was once Pap Wyman's saloon and gambling establishment. Pap posed as the worst man in the world. It was merely his way of advertising; the whole camp understood. But he did conduct a place unique for life, wild gayety and, if you wish, wild dissipation. Every celebrity who dropped into camp went slumming at Wyman's. Among these visitors were to my knowledge such famous personages as General Grant, Texas Jack Omatundra, Edwin Booth, John L. Sullivan, Eugene Field, Billy the Kid, Bill Nye and Buffalo Bill.

Next door is a vacant lot, fenced with signboards. Here stood the Texas House, recently burned to the ground. No gambling establishment ever had wider fame in its time or turned more money. At its side door, adjoining Pap Wyman's, Marty Duggan, once the two-gun marshal of Leadville, fell dead with a bullet through his skull. Three gamblers had drawn lots that night to decide which should kill him.

You go on past a row of two-story buildings which were once prosperous gambling houses. On the farther corner of the cross street stands a small but very substantial building of rough gray granite. This was the first stone structure in town, and housed a respected bank. I forget whether it was this institution or another whose cashier first defaulted, then gathered all the available funds into his valise and withdrew to Mexico. At any rate, most of the banks promptly failed. The survivors of the crisis moved or remained farther uptown. The slag dump of a smelter on the edge of California Gulch grew cityward and surrounded the bank building until the hardening slag was soldered to its stones. There it is still, like a jewel in a matrix.

One of the surviving banks shows visitors a curious exhibit of native gold. Housed in a glass case are trays of leaf gold, bags of dust, nuggets large and small, and three or four gold bricks. Above all, broods a loaded 45-caliber revolver. This exhibit has a history. When silver was demonetized in 1893, the East experienced merely a financial panic, but Colorado went flat. Everywhere, banks were failing. One morning the cashier of this one was notified that the sinister line had formed before the front door. There was going to be a run. He let himself in at the back door, and summoned his native ingenuity. Considerable gold had lately been turned in by the miners. That gave him an idea. He sent the clerks rushing about town until they found a showcase. He arranged therein this exhibit and he put it up in the window. From the line old miners dropped out, approached to look, remained to debate, to reminisce, to forget what they had come for anyhow. The rest, reassured by this almost vulgar display of wealth, decided that standing in line was a bore. When ten o'clock brought the critical opening hour the line had melted away.

Start again from Pap Wyman's, pass through what was the tenderloin of the early days. You arrive at a very big but flimsy building, all deserted and boarded up, whose former uses puzzle you. It was Parson Uzzell's tabernacle. Drift round the corner. There is another building of inexplicable size. It was Ben Loeb's dance hall and variety. It is now a storehouse. On opposite corners from it stand the Jewish temple and the Episcopalian church. The temple is boarded up. St. George's, however, holds services now and then, when a lay reader comes up from Denver. I saw it on such an occasion last summer, and marveled that in a period when the arts were asleep and architecture ran to tawdry gewgaws, anyone should have built an interior so simply beautiful.

Turn back again, across the raised and worn wooden sidewalks of the older deserted city, and walk to California Gulch—sixty-five years ago the matrix for a crystal mountain stream, now a yellow gash to bedrock. Down from the big modern shafthouses of the Ibex, far up at your left, run scattered groups of abandoned log cabins. These are relics of the '60's, the period of the greatness in Oro. Tabor's old store has long disappeared, but the one cabin where he lived for a time remains, a shelter for burros. At the right lie the dead slag dumps of extinguished smelters, the live dump of a living one. Between them struggle lines of log cabins more modern in date but just as antique in appearance. A few years ago Mexican laborers came to Leadville, seeking work in the smelters. Following the fashion of their adobe towns in New Mexico they painted the doors and window sashes of their new habitation in soft blues, pinks and greens. This gives the log cabin the needed touch of color, relieves its severity.

Before we go with Mr. Borden from Leadville to its fringe of deserted towns, let me say that this mountain metropolis, unlike many a lesser camp, will not pass away. When I viewed it in 1909 I felt that it must pass eventually, since ore bodies do not renew themselves. I regarded the fine post office and Federal building, and called it a folly; some day, I felt, it must be torn down for its bricks. Since then, the sheepman has discovered these heights. Most of the country thereabout is forest reserve. On it the sheep feed of summers by hundreds of thousands. Also, a new factor has entered the calculation—automobile touring. Though this be the roof of the continent, its high, startling beauties are strangely accessible. The vanguard of the tourists arrived some three years ago; their numbers increase every year. Unless we fail to find a substitute for gasoline in the days of our children these heights will be sprinkled with resorts. "There is but one Leadville; there can never be another." It comforts one who remembers her old glories to think that this highest of our cities has an assured future.

### Relics of Other Days

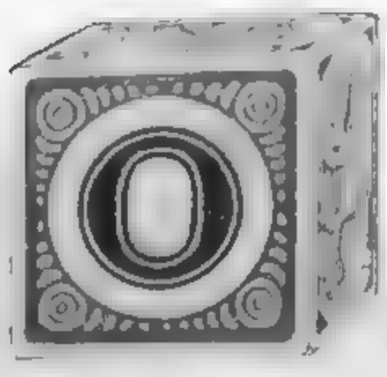
Proceeding down the valley of the Arkansas with Mr. Borden, the first stop is above Twin Lakes. I shall not try to describe these jewels of the Divide. I will say only that I have seen the famous Alpine lakes, inspirers of poets from Dante to D'Annunzio, and that none of them, for natural beauty, excels these two. The upper and perhaps more beautiful measures about a mile in length; the lower, three miles. In the '80's a big hotel, fringed with smaller ones, stood between them. Sailboats and an excursion steamer plied their waters; for they were only eighteen miles from Leadville and most convenient for pleasure parties. That passed with the passing of old days. Then John F. Campion, mining millionaire and passionate lover of these mountains, set between them a country place for his lavish hospitalities. He searched Europe for its furnishings. It had tennis courts, a bowling alley, fishing piers. Campion did not drink, but there was a bar for guests who did. In those days the lakes rang with innocent mirth.

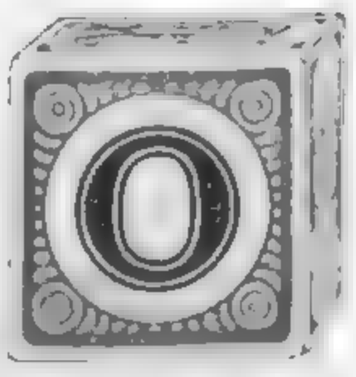
At Campion's death this house became a hotel. One winter night it burned down. Last summer perhaps fifteen or twenty campers occupied abandoned log cabins about the banks or tented on shelves of the gorges above. For visitors less hardy or expert there are only one small boarding house on the lakes and a modest log hotel at Dayton, a hamlet tucked away between the roots of giant Mount Elbert. In the gorge above, a stream tumbles over two picturesque waterfalls. Beyond that lies Brumley. I identify it as the municipality that offered a corner lot to the first lady in camp. Its irregular rows of log cabins, its stores, saloons and public buildings, straggle through gentle young woods, the saplings growing to the very door sills. A forest ranger seems now to be the sole inhabitant. But far above and beyond that there lies still a working mine. Over a precipitous mountain wall near Independence Pass its red dump spills downward like live glowing slag. How man ever got machinery to that height, how even jack trains can bring down the ore, I cannot imagine. But it is accomplished, and they say that the mine pays.

Far above, along the edges of the gorge, you trace for miles a line too straight for the work of Nature. It is the ruin of the great Granite flume, once considered an engineering masterpiece. Long sections of its wooden construction have rotted and fallen to ruin; longer sections are overgrown with morning glory and wild raspberry. Granite, in the Arkansas Valley,

*A Bit of '79—Relics of the Early Days, Leadville*

(Continued on Page 94)



*Send for a set of our Wool Soap Toy Blocks—20 to the set, round-cornered, 1⅛ inches square, attractively embossed. The children will love them as a plaything of delightful and instructive amusement. Send 5 Wool Soap wrappers, together with 25c in stamps or cash*

# A Fleecy Lather

# Another Wool Soap "Special" for one week only, November 6 to 11

## This 24-cake carton of WOOL SOAP to be featured by dealers everywhere at extra discount prices

Wool Soap
The Best Soap at any Price for
Toilet and Bath
Wool Soap
Save the valuable United Coupons with each cake.
A Floating White Soap

NEXT week, November 6 to 11, will again bring an unusual opportunity to every household to buy the handy family carton of Wool Soap, containing 24 six-ounce cakes, at a special discount price.

Mothers the country over will readily recognize the advantage this special week offer presents in actual money saving, in convenience and the assurance of a household stock on hand.

Dealers everywhere are prepared to extend a very special price on this family carton, for *next week only*. This price advantage is in addition to the economy which quantity buying always means. Count it up—the actual money saved on one carton will afford a good start toward the purchase price of another.

### *Advantages which mothers and housekeepers appreciate*

The mother of a growing family realizes what it means to be without soap just when the need for it is most urgent. On her rests the burden of keeping the household supplied—and doing it as economically as possible.

The convenience of having a several weeks' supply in the house will appeal to mothers who occasionally have this annoying situation to meet, and they will indeed appreciate a supply of the quality and price this offer makes possible.

Wool Soap is the only white soap with which United Profit Sharing Premium Coupons are given. All Wool Soap Coupons are exchangeable for valuable articles which every woman is glad to have.

### *Mothers depend on the purity of Wool Soap*

For more than a quarter of a century mothers have been using Wool Soap. Its purity, its dependable quality have made it the chosen soap for children's use in thousands of homes.

The choice of a soap for children's sensitive skin is very important. Strong soaps draw and irritate it, making serious skin infections easy and ruining the fine, delicate texture.

Only a pure soap, mild and soothing, should be used. Wool Soap is especially made to fill these delicate requirements. The fats used—and fats largely determine the purity of a soap—are refined enough to cook with.

The ingredients are so thoroughly blended that it has an unusual quality of lathering easily and cleansing quickly. No hard, irritating scrubbing is required to cleanse the skin with Wool Soap.

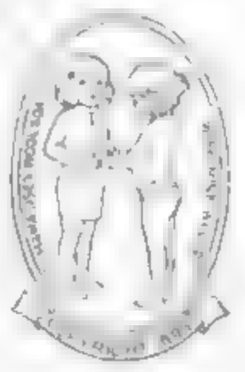
For family use, Wool Soap has come to be chosen by mothers as the logical successor of pure old Castile, now so difficult to obtain. They like its lasting quality, too—it is economical for children's use.

### *This special economy offer good for one week only*

Remember, this exceptional carton price lasts for one week only, November 6 to 11. Don't risk missing the advantages it offers by delaying to get your order in. Telephone your dealer—anywhere—*now* and he will see that you are supplied.

If your dealer does not have this carton of Wool Soap in stock, send us his name, address and a check or money order for $1.65 and we will fill your order promptly.

*For toilet and bath*



Swift & Company, Chicago: Dept. 4327

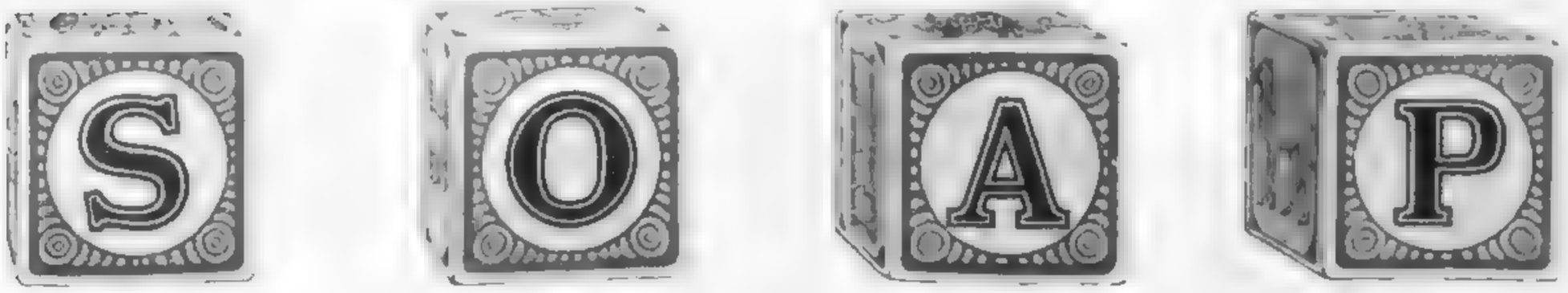
My dealer does not have the family carton of Wool Soap in stock. Enclosed is $1.65 for which please send a carton to

Name_____

Address_____

Dealer's Name_____

Dealer's Address




# For Children's Skins

Welsbach Gas Appliances are leaders in the field. Your dealer or Gas Company will gladly show you No. 1824, the Welsbach Semi-Indirect Lighting Fixture illustrated above

# Instant Heat as well as Instant Light

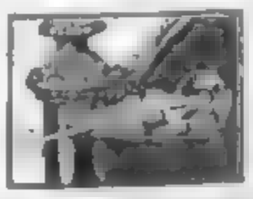
JUST as you can flood your room with light simply by pulling a slender chain, so can you obtain glorious, instantaneous, sun-like warmth by turning the handle of the self-lighter on

## Welsbach GAS HEATERS

"THE MOST HEAT FOR THE LEAST MONEY"

Welsbach Heaters are the final word in auxiliary heating comfort. They are always at your command, immediately responsive when perfect comfort depends upon instant warmth. Their hot, intense flames pour forth a steady, radiant, odorless heat straight out to you. There is no chilly waiting for the air in the room to be warmed, no hunting for matches, no smoke, no trouble. There is all the color and cheer of open-fire warmth, always ready for use whenever and wherever you need additional heat.

Every feature of the Welsbach Heater, its wonderful burner, the metal reflector, the manner in which the glowers are placed, all assure the greatest possible volume of warmth on the gas consumed. No warmth is wasted. *You* get the heat you pay for in the quickest, cleanest, healthiest, most economical way.



Just turn the handle of the lighter on the Welsbach Heater and a spark will ignite the gas without use of matches or pilot light. This wonderful convenience is to be found only on Welsbach Heaters

## A Complete Auxiliary Heating Service

*Six Welsbach Heaters, in a size and finish for every need, constitute the Welsbach auxiliary heating service. They are priced, east of the Mississippi, from $8 to $35. Go to your dealer or Gas Company today and ask to see the Welsbach line.*

WELSBACH COMPANY

Gloucester, New Jersey

MEMBER AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

(Continued from Page 91)

next stop on Mr. Borden's tour of inspection, would possibly have perished were it not on the railroad. The trains stop here to get their breath before crawling up the last stage of the Divide, or to discharge modest freights for the sheep men, the ranchers and the prospectors in the clefts above. So some twenty houses—perhaps more—out of hundreds, are still inhabited. A German keeps store and sells gasoline out of the can in a grocery all too large for its present uses. The church has long ago fallen to secular uses, but the school runs on. In winter the pupils ride through the snowdrifts from as much as fifteen miles away.

Granite was a gold camp. Like Leadville, it had its boom era in the '60's, its decadence in the '70's and its recrudescence, of which the great flume was a part, in the '80's. During the period between, a human backwash of wild men lingered in this region. Their Vigilantes did some lynching, at first possibly for good and sufficient causes. But lynching among these people soon became murder. Any man who was in someone's way might be found strung up to a tree. After the downfall of Oro, Granite became the seat of Lake County. Thither came a new judge, flanked by marshals of proved nerve, for the purpose of breaking up this custom. He had several mountaineer lynchers of the region arrested for murder. They were tried in the old log court house; the jury acquitted them without leaving the box. The court was cleared; but the judge remained at his desk, arranging his papers. The loafers without heard a single shot. They ran inside, to find the judge lying with a bullet hole between his eyes. After the second discovery Granite scoured this element out of the hills.

### A Leadville Woman's Find

There still exists in the archives of Lake County a petition to the authorities when Granite was the county seat. It came from a remote placer camp far up among the summits. The inhabitants wanted a polling place of their own, they said. Traveling down to elections at Granite was too troublesome and, further, too dangerous, owing to grizzly bears, mountain lions and desperadoes. Denial of a polling place was depriving them of their birthright, the franchise.

Up from Granite to the summits between Mount Harvard and Twin Lakes, runs Clear Creek. Far toward its headwaters lie Vicksburg and Winfield. To Vicksburg I drove one day in my flivver, up a road made for six-mule ore teams and long ago fallen into virtual disuse. After sticking six times on sudden rises of the grade and being rescued by my passengers, I learned that the four miles from Vicksburg to Winfield are even more difficult; so I took Winfield on faith. It lies, they say, along the verge of a cañon. How suddenly it was abandoned is proved by this incident: A year or so ago a Leadville woman, visiting Winfield on a fishing trip, had the curiosity to rummage its old post office. She found in a sack undelivered letters postmarked in 1879 and 1880, which the postmaster, when he left with the rest, had not troubled to send to the Dead Letter Office. Until the influenza epidemic carried him off, Winfield had one inhabitant. He stuck when the rest left, stuck for nearly forty years, firm in the belief his prospect was a bonanza. He had found somewhere a turquoise arrowhead, once, doubtless, the treasure of a Ute chief. Visiting fishermen tried often to buy it from him. He always consented to bargain, but never to sell. In time it dawned on the shrewd that he never would sell. This arrowhead was his one claim to distinction and, further, bargaining over it afforded him long conversations to break his loneliness.

Vicksburg, set on the fertile bottom of a pine-bristling gorge, seems still to have a touch of permanence. Whoever built it, you feel, built with faith that the bonanza would last. The squat, substantial log cabins are set along a straight street in straight rows. The site is not quite high enough to extinguish deciduous tree life; the graceful quaking aspen grows profusely all about. Along the avenue, whose name time has effaced, the miners planted in 1879 rows of aspen saplings. They are big trees now, for the sheltering walls of the gorge have guarded them against the violent winter storms, and the prospectors or campers of this forty years seem to have trimmed and tended them. One row forms fence posts for a rancher who pastures along the creek bed. Here, almost two miles above sea level in the fastnesses of the Rockies, they make an *allée* curiously like those of the château grounds in France.

One permanent inhabitant remains. He has, on the mountain above, a claim whose narrow veins yield fine values in silver and copper. As soon as the snow is off the ground he begins digging. By autumn he has piled up a respectable dump. Then jack trains come up and pack it down to the railroad. He sells it to the smelters and realizes enough to keep him in town, comfortably and at leisure, all winter. Were his claim more accessible he would doubtless have a small bonanza.

From Granite, Mr. Borden's journey of inspection takes him to well-named Buena Vista. Turning abruptly to the left and east, he wriggles over Trout Creek Pass; another abrupt left-hand turn and he is running again parallel to the Mosquito, but on its eastern slope, opposite to Leadville and with soft-carpeted South Park to his right. "On the Leadville side of the Mosquito," an old miner has said, "the Lord shot the ore in with a cannon, but on this side with a sawed-off shotgun." Rich ore bodies abounded when the prospectors began digging in 1879; but usually they were comparatively small. So the old camps lie scattered so profusely through this especially involuted range that no living man can number or name them all. Occasionally a sheep herder looks down a gorge—and behold, there is an unknown town with cabins, stores, even sometimes a stamp mill. None can tell whether it panned out before it worked out, sending its original locators back East with a fortune, or whether it died a-borning. Yet generally these old camps are not quite uninhabited. In most of them lingers at least one antique challenger of fortune, still believing in his claim. Once, traversing the country just below timberline as guest of a boss sheep man, I passed through a typical old camp. One chimney, however, was smoking, and a bent man with a white sea-lion mustache came to the door, bade us good morning.

"How does he exist up here?" I asked as we drove away.

"On hope," said the sheep man. He pointed upward; there Sheep Mountain, from the dappled green and gray of its farther slope, drops to a perpendicular, metallic-colored cliff. "On hope and his claim up there, which he's been working for forty years. He does odd jobs. For example, we pay him a little to store our provisions for the herders, and our salt. When he's scratched together a few dollars he hires a man to turn the winch while he sinks her a little farther. He still expects to strike it, but I've been thinking lately that it's getting to be a race between that shaft and death."

### Rip Van Winkles

"You know," continued the boss sheep man, "many think that the great London fault runs up this way. Last year I stopped my machine in Weston Gulch over yonder and started to climb the mountainside trailing a band of sheep. Along came a man who looked like Rip Van Winkle after the twenty years' sleep—his beard was just as long and white, his clothes just as old-fashioned and just as ragged. He stopped me. 'Are you going up there?' said he. 'Yes,' said I. He pointed to a fault in the rocks away above. 'You see that streak?' said he. 'Would you mind bringing me back two or three little specimens from it? I ain't up to climbing such a trail any more.' I brought back a pocketful of rock. His hands were trembling when he took it. He got out a glass and examined it piece by piece. 'Pshaw!' was all he said. He dropped the rock and went back down the road without another word. He was looking for the London fault, I suppose—had been looking for it these thirty years."

As the men of this element passed from their sixties into their seventies, they became a problem to Park County, wherein the eastern slopes of the Mosquito are situated. They were too feeble for hard work, and their prospect holes were not means of support. The mountain people, who have a vivid and affectionate sense of their past, regard these veterans somewhat as the North in general regards G. A. R. men. They must not go to the poorhouse. Then some county father had a happy idea. The sheep and cattle men, making inspections

or carrying supplies, constantly use the old mining roads. Everything considered, these highways remain in pretty good condition. Their great drawback is loose rocks, ground up from the earth below or deposited by spring snowslides and freshets. The county assigned to these men sections of road near their claims and put them on the pay roll, at a dollar a day, to throw out the rocks.

Among these old camps I shall describe only one or two. Mount Horseshoe is not the highest peak of the Mosquito, yet as seen from the east it is perhaps the most picturesque. From its summit the serrated cliffs, tinted with the metallic spectrum characterizing all the rocks of this range, fall away in a magnificent curve like the apse of a cathedral. Set into it, like the altar into the apse, stands Leavick. None has lived there these many years, yet it has in death a merry and busy air. Something makes you feel that you would have liked this camp. Along the stream, now purged of tailings and restored to its pristine purity, run a blacksmith shop, a livery stable, a grocery and what may have been a town hall, probably used also as a church or a theater whenever a parson or a barnstorming troupe drifted that way. I excavated with an old shovel in the trash heap behind the blacksmith shop, and turned up everywhere broken fragments of old-fashioned tools. The rows of cabins begin farther up the hill. Inspect them from any angle, and in the background lie patches of perpetual snow.

One of these is not a log cabin but a small slab house. It looks out on the winding street through an oriel window, fashioned of simple materials but most beautiful and proportionate, although the glass has long since disappeared. Within the house you see signs that Leavick was abandoned suddenly. The cookstove remains, two legs now rusted off; so does much of the furniture. That happened often after a camp gave up the ghost. Winter was coming on, usually, when the company decided to quit. All available transport was needed to get out the heavy valuable machinery. The family packed up its more portable goods and turned the key in the door, vaguely promising itself to send back some day for the rest. In a dead camp far above Ten-Mile still rests a billiard table in reasonably good condition. The expense and trouble of getting it up there were worth while in the boom days when miners would stand in line waiting to play at a dollar a game. Getting back to the level earth a second-hand billiard table was another matter. Just so, the family of the house with the oriel left its large furniture behind. Ruined and disarranged as it is by time and mountain tramps, the interior fulfills the promise of the exterior. Usually these cabin walls were finished inside with old newspapers or at best with the conventional wall paper of the stores. Here is a soft tint of cartridge paper, bearing still the ghost marks of pictures. Was it man or woman who wrought this? You inspect one of the broken chairs and get your answer. There, faded and falling to pieces, is a throw, hand embroidered. I feel that she loved these mountains, whoever she was, and settled down among them to build a worthy nest. I picture her coming up the trail of summer afternoons, her arms full of columbine and aster and mountain laurel, her eyes shining with satisfaction as she glimpsed her pretty oriel, sole architectural beauty of the camp. And I hope that whatever husband or father brought her there took away for her his pile.

### *The Road to Fairplay*

Yet Leavick, though uninhabited, is not wholly desolate. Where the Horseshoe fades into Weston Peak, stands on a dizzy crest the Hilltop mine. I guess its altitude at about twelve thousand five hundred feet. Even though they work only in summer, its miners dig always through frosted ground. The Hilltop suspended operations last year, owing to the price of metals; when that condition improves it will resume. Wheeled or hoofed transport to that spot is impossible, and the Hilltop brings down its ore by an aerial tramway, whose foot is anchored near the old shafthouses of Leavick.

Past the gulches which lead to Weston Pass and Leavick, the forest superintendent's route of inspection runs across the level floor of South Park to Fairplay, edging a gorge below Mount Silverheels. This central camp of the eastern slope did not equal Leadville in the great days, and had not so far to shrink. Consequently it has no deserted fringe. The gold-floored stream which gave Fairplay its original reason for being had, before the '80's were passed, yielded the richest of its dust to rocker and pan. The hydraulic process was ripping out the rest when the protests of the valley farmers plugged the hydraulic nozzle, as everywhere in the West—it ruined the streams. Its successor is the dredger, or hell-digger. Just below the town one such has dammed a trickle of water into a pond on which its monstrous form rocks like a ship at sea. Every week the crew of the hell-digger shuts off power, cleans up the gold from the riffles, and sends it under heavy guard to Denver. Rumor says that the profits are one thousand dollars a week. Some day, according to the same authority, the hell-digger is going to rip up miles and miles of pasture-land lying to the south; for prospects have shown that pay dirt everywhere underlies this terrain.

Then Mr. Borden goes into low, and climbs to Hoosier Pass at about the point where the Divide gives birth to the Mosquito. Near timberland his dizzy road borders a precipice. Here he stops usually, and looks back over the infinite depths and distances of Beaver Creek Valley. He is searching for trace of forest fires, the personal devil of the ranger. But his passengers will probably look westward, where the peaks rise more than fourteen thousand feet. Opposite humps a steep and enormous ridge, which bristles with lodgepole pine to the definite barrier of timberline. From behind it peeps a tip of mountain, plastered with snow. That is Mount Lincoln, some hundred feet higher than Pike's Peak.

### *The Silent Neighbors*

Mr. Borden shoves his car above timberline and at the graciously parked summit of Hoosier Pass lets the radiator boil to silence. When, braking with everything that he has, he descends through a primeval forest of huge yellow pine, spared by the timber ravishers of the early days, he is following the westward course of the waters. These streams, transparent as mountain air, empty into the Colorado, the Gulf of California, the Pacific. Here you feel both in the landscape and in the air of the towns a subtle difference. You are on the rim of the Intermountain Plateau, where the course of the human spirit, like that of the waters, runs no longer eastward toward New York and Chicago but westward toward Salt Lake and San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Mr. Borden will dine at the ranger station of Dillon amidst the plain but smart appointments of a government institution. Turning back, then, he will traverse in the darkness a road sprinkled with camps. Sometimes, as at Kokomo, you shoot past lights, hear above the chug of the engine pianos, phonographs, clicking pool balls, all the sounds of pleasant evening pastime. More often the headlights, as they come round a curve, reveal dead camps tucked away at the foot of the cliffs. Finally you enter Robinson, a fine and large town with several streets of stores and saloons, with not only log cabins for residences but several houses approaching the dignity of mansions. Robinson will be no darker at three in the morning than it is now at eight in the evening. The only spot of light comes from a candle in the upper window of a big house. Here squats the sole surviving inhabitant. No one but he knows what he has, or thinks he has. He has never told. The old-timers know the virtue of a closed mouth. Too often have they seen a little windy conversation blow away a fortune.

Farther up in the range two such veterans hold down a dead camp. They have not spoken to each other for years. Not that they have quarreled or developed the irritation of lonely men. It isn't that. Really they esteem each other. No, each is afraid lest in a moment of gabbly sociability he betray the secret of his bonanza.

A few miles out of Dillon, Mr. Borden's machine swoops downward like an aëroplane. He has crossed Frémont Pass. Now the waters flow to the Arkansas, the Mississippi, the Gulf of Mexico, the Atlantic. So round the corner of Canterbury Hill with its living hopes to the merry lights of Leadville, to bed, to another day at managing his principality of a million wild, upended acres.

# Elastic, and Made Like Hand Tailored Clothing

Until you wear Lawrence Tailored Knit Underwear you won't know how comfortable underwear can be—or how well it can fit. Each garment is cut separately by hand, like hand tailored clothing.

Ordinary underwear is cut by machine, many layers of cloth at a time. The material creeps and sizes vary.

Every Lawrence garment runs *true to size* and fits perfectly in armholes and seat. Made of long staple cotton, elastic and absorbent—amply warm for protection without overheating in office or home.

Lasts longer, too—doesn't split or tear and the buttons can't pull off. In any style you want at moderate price.

Lawrence Union Suits, Undervests and Bloomers for Women—perfect in fit, dainty in tailoring and finish.

Lawrence men's garments [illegible] Label—combed yarn [illegible] and durability and finish [illegible]

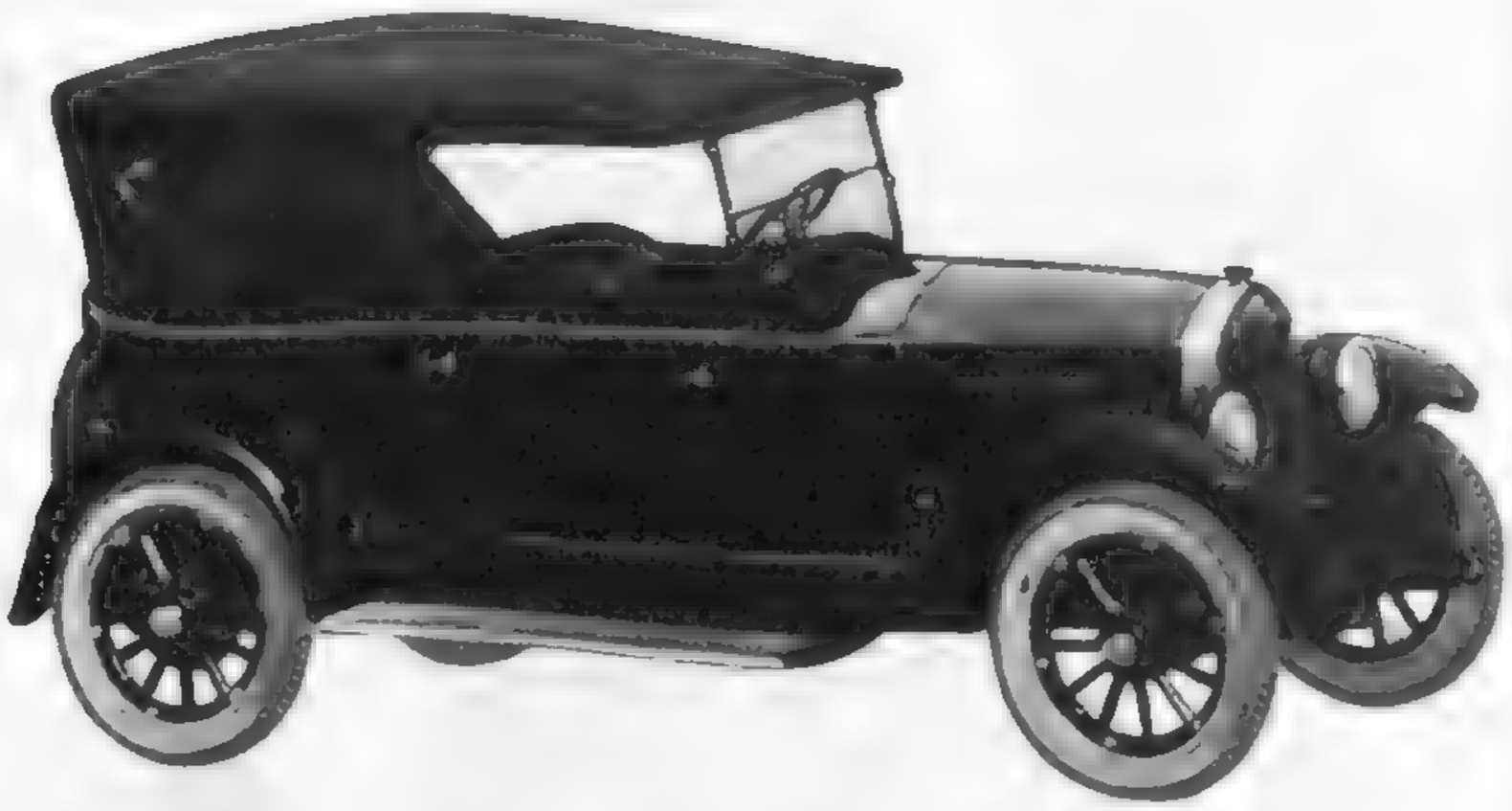
**Lawrence Manufacturing Co.**
*Established 1831* Lowell, Mass.

[illegible] and Medium [illegible]

E. M. Townsend & Co., *Selling Agents*, New York City

# LAWRENCE
*Tailored Knit*
# UNDERWEAR

# Announcing a DORT SIX



## The Dort Six Touring Car

**$990**

*F. O. B. Flint*

The new Dort Six is a worthy companion to the famous Dort Four. Wheel base, 115 inches; semi-elliptical front springs; cantilever rear springs with bronze bushings throughout; sturdy 5-inch deep channel steel frame; 31 x 4 cord tires; barrel-type headlamps; spiral bevel-geared rear axle; artillery-type wheels; disc wheels optional, but extra; spare tire extra; Timken and Hyatt bearings; Bosch ignition; multiple-disc clutch; slanting windshield; nickeled radiator; full crown fenders; nickeled door handles and foot rest, and many other appurtenances and equipment of the very finest cars. Price, $990, f. o. b. Flint.

DORT

# A *New* Powerful Motor and *New* Beautiful Body Lines

## —*a worthy companion to the* DORT FOUR

This amazing new Dort cuts straight through accepted values to set up a new standard for six-cylinder cars.

It embodies certain far-reaching advances in design and engineering that till now have never been purchasable save in cars nearly twice the Dort price.

And when placed in comparison with cars that rival it in price this new Dort will actually establish for itself a unique and exclusive class of its own.

It is an aristocrat in appearance; it has power in abundance; it picks up nimbly; rides smoothly; grips the road tenaciously at high speed, and travels thriftily—24 miles per gallon of gasoline; tire mileage by actual tests over 15,000 miles. And, most important, it has the stamina to go thousands and thousands of miles beyond the usual life of a car.

First to impress you will be the long, graceful body lines, indicative of the fine running balance of the car; the handsome finish, sparkling nickeled radiator and door handles; the smartly tailored top that accentuates the beauty of the body; the full molded crown fenders, barrel-type headlamps, and slanting windshield that harmonize so perfectly with the body contour.

A closer inspection reveals a wonderfully staunch chassis, long, flexible cantilever rear springs, and deep-cushioned upholstery that assure the utmost in riding comfort and traveling ease.

But to really appreciate all that this new Dort offers, you must ride in it. Or better yet, drive it. Then you will fully realize its superlative qualities. You will experience a new thrill in motoring.

Behind the wheel of this new car, with its 45-horsepower motor, you will form a new conception of power and flexibility—2 to 60 miles an hour on high gear; pick-up from 5 to 25 miles in less than 9 seconds.

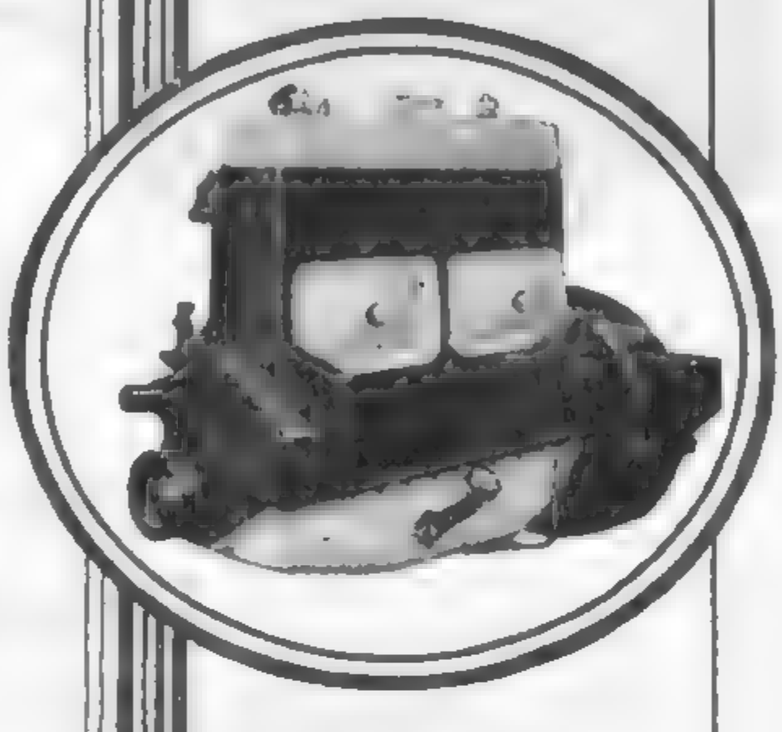
Dort engineers have gone straight to the basic principles of internal combustion motor design to work out results in performance that are today recognized as most urgent. They have produced a motor that develops its greatest power where power is needed most—at practical speeds. In hill climbing, hard pulling, and for quick acceleration in traffic full power is available instantly.

The perfection of the Dort Six valve mechanism with its full pressure oiling system—the most perfect to be found anywhere—is one of the finest pieces of motor design ever conceived. All reciprocating parts have been lightened; the crank shaft and its bearings made unusually large, and both so liberally supplied with force-fed lubrication as to produce smoothness and quietness never before attained.

The Dort Six with its many admirable features exemplifies the fullest measure of six-cylinder motor car efficiency.

*Dort Six Touring Car, $990; Dort Six Roadster, $990; Dort Six Yale Sedan, $1195; Dort Six Yale Coupé, $1145; Dort Six Harvard Sedan, $1495; Dort Six Harvard Coupé, $1365. All Harvard models are equipped with Disc wheels. Disc wheels extra on other models.*

DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
*Flint, Michigan*



### *The New Dort Six Motor*

*Remarkable fuel economy. Twenty-four miles to the gallon at a speed of thirty miles an hour.*

*45 horsepower; removable head motor.*

*All moving parts lubricated by combination force feed and splash system, the most perfect ever employed in motor design to this time.*

*Crank shaft extra large and in perfect static and dynamic balance. Both crank shaft and connecting rod bearings unusually large.*

*Extraordinary speed and acceleration. Two to sixty miles an hour on high gear. Five to twenty-five miles an hour acceleration in less than nine seconds.*

*Cylinder bore, 3⅛ inches. Stroke, 4¼ inches. Displacement, 195 cubic inches.*

*Thermo Syphon Cooling.*

Independent
-Competitive
-Progressive

The Mackay System—POSTAL TELEGRAPH-COMMERCIAL CABLES—was founded in 1883 as an Independent-Competitive-Progressive American wire communication system dedicated to the service of American interests. At the outset it was little more than an idea, but that idea proved to be an inspiration.

Its independent and progressive attitude has urged it ever to the fore in rendering a service characterized by speed and accuracy, while the competition it has supplied in its chosen field has raised the standard of the whole communication industry and has attracted public patronage which has made possible the development of The Mackay System into the world's longest line of telegraphs and cables.

Today POSTAL TELEGRAPH-COMMERCIAL CABLES reaches into every important point in the United States, spans both the Atlantic and the Pacific, and connects Cuba and the American mainland with its own lines, and through its direct connections with other telegraph and cable companies and administrations offers facilities for communication with every nation on earth, making it

*The pulse of the world!*

THE MACKAY SYSTEM
POSTAL TELEGRAPH
COMMERCIAL CABLES

POSTAL TELEGRAPH
COMMERCIAL CABLES
CLARENCE H. MACKAY, PRESIDENT

# THE SELF-MADE WIFE

(Continued from Page 21)

The salespeople who called her "modom." That taxi driver who had received her ten-cent tip.

But worst of all—Tim. Tim growing daily more ashamed of his family, more anxious to hustle them out of town; bewildered, disappointed Tim, crosser at every fresh blunder of Corrie's—lecturing her perpetually. Nothing that she did or said or ate or wore or thought was right!

Corrections, corrections, criticism! At first she was scared and humble, ashamed and eager to please. Then her pride rose—the haughty pride of the country born, the angry pride of the wife.

No woman who has been a helpmate to her husband for nine years can obey him unquestioningly. They have been equals. Or, if they have been poor, perhaps she has been more the head of the house than he, from that necessity which gives authority to the one who can manage rather than to the one who can make. But more than all, that insidious passion, which is stronger and perhaps more dangerous than all other passions, has crept into her love—and her husband has become her child.

When Tim began to find fault with Corrie she was as startled as if one of her little sons had struck her in the face. Soon she resented it as greatly.

Corrie was folding the dresses quickly now, trying not to look at them—each a reminder of some painful incident, hurting her as she touched them.

Everything that she had bought had been wrong. She had not known where to go or what to select.

Helplessly, Tim would press bills into her hand each morning and urge her to go out and buy something fit to wear. Hopelessly, but loyally, Corrie would trot out every morning and collect new mistakes; returning in the evening, white and nerve racked from the fatigue of all-day shopping—only to hear Tim's angry criticism.

"Why don't you try to look like that woman?" Tim would exclaim as they passed some beautifully dressed, immaculately groomed lady on the street. Or he would peer eagerly at someone in the hotel dining room. "Buy a hat like that, Corrie!" he would whisper sharply.

Faithfully Corrie would try to obey him. But she did not know where the exquisite creatures who caught Tim's fancy bought their exceedingly subtle garments. Besides, she was afraid of the small smart shops into which she had stumbled once or twice by accident, and from which she had retreated in panic. The uniformed doormen, the awful hush of the carefully refined atmosphere, the suave, scornful, tremendously refined saleswomen, so much better dressed than she, had caused her knees to tremble and her tongue to stammer. Corrie did not know the axiom that to buy clothes well one must be well clothed, but she felt the practical application of it. So she wandered about in the large department stores, confused but comforted by her obscurity in the crowds, waiting a long time to be served, and then asking timidly for something in the show case that had struck her fancy.

A kindly face would draw her across half the store, a friendly voice would induce Corrie to buy anything. So that she fell a prey to those middle-aged ladies, of motherly mien, who tell you authoritatively what is being worn now in Paris.

The things that Corrie collected which were being worn in Paris! And Tim's face when he saw them!

"There must be plenty of fine clothes in New York if you've got the money to buy 'em!" Tim bellowed at last in extreme exasperation. "There's no excuse for your looking like a freak, Corrie!"

Corrie blushed until all the delicate skin of her body seemed to burn.

"A freak!" she cried wildly. "All right! You're ashamed of me! I knew it! I won't stay here another day! I won't stand it!"

And she broke down in a fit of hysterical crying

Tim apologized, but in an annoyed, insincere way. He was not really sorry.

They had just had luncheon with Mr. Digley, the senior member of Tim's firm. And Tim had been more ashamed of her than he had ever been. She knew it. She had looked like a freak, as Tim said, in one of the latest-from-Paris creations, which quite smothered her prettiness under its heavy absurdity

Mr. Digley had been kind, too kind; too tactful about ignoring her blunders, while his keen sophisticated eyes seemed to penetrate all her secrets.

"So sorry that Mrs. Digley is in Europe," he had murmured. "When she returns I hope we may have the pleasure ..."

And Corrie had thanked her stars that Mrs. Digley was in Europe, secretly hoped that she would remain there forever.

Well, thought Corrie as she folded her past mistakes on this Monday morning—well, at any rate she had been spared Mrs. Digley. That lady had never called. And Mr. Digley, on the one occasion on which she had seen him again, had not mentioned his wife.

After Tim and Corrie had given up the too hastily purchased house in Carrsville, and had acquired this old country house of which Tim was so inordinately proud, he had brought Mr. Digley out for dinner one night. "Dragged him out" Corrie shrewdly phrased it, and as shrewdly suspected that Tim wished to correct, by this means, the previous bad impression.

But Corrie blushed now as she thought of that evening. She had really tried, had been in a flutter of nervous willingness to help Tim, but everything had gone wrong. The girl burned the roast, and let salt get into the ice cream, and forgot the finger bowls. Corrie tried to talk cleverly, and got out beyond her depth and floundered foolishly, and had to confess that she had never read the books of which she was speaking, or heard any opera at all. Tim got cross and Corrie resented it, and they almost quarreled before the embarrassed Mr. Digley. The children behaved like little demons, apparently just because there was company. The boys were rude and pert; and the baby screamed when Mr. Digley tried to pet her.

"Well, I give up!" Tim said at the end of that trying evening, when they were at last alone. "I'll never bring anyone else out here as long as I live!"

"I hope you won't, I'm sure!" Corrie retorted angrily.

And then the inevitable quarrel and tears.

But this time Tim had gone to his own room, leaving her to cry—alone.

Corrie sat down on the bed, and stared at the clothes which she had now neatly folded and laid on chairs. What should she do with all those things? Dozens of hats and dresses, and yet, like Flora McFlimsey, she had nothing to wear. She would never wear any of those clothes again, and subject herself to Tim's ridicule. Perhaps to Miss Vincent's.

What if Miss Vincent should see her in any of those absurd things? Corrie blushed angrily at the thought. No, she would stick to her plain cloth dress and the old ginghams. They, at least, made no pretensions to style or beauty. They were simply decent coverings for the body, and as such she could wear them without loss of self-respect.

There was a knock at her door. Corrie started up.

"Oh, Mrs. Godwin," Miss Vincent's voice called softly.

Corrie went to the door but did not unlock it. She stood tense, holding the knob, her eyes smoldering

"Well?" she replied ungraciously.

"Please open your door, Mrs. Godwin," Miss Vincent said. "I should like to ask you something."

Slowly Corrie unlocked the door and, opening it half an inch, peeped out.

Miss Vincent stood in the hall, smiling, and looking very lovely.

"I'm going in to town," she said, "and I wondered if you wouldn't like to come, too, Mrs. Godwin?"

"No," replied Corrie; and added reluctantly, under Elena's clear gaze, "thanks."

"Mr. Godwin asked me to do some shopping for the children, and I'd like to have your advice," Elena went on pleasantly.

"Get whatever Mr. Godwin told you to," Corrie said.

Elena flushed. "Mr. Godwin asked me to do this shopping," she said gently, but with an emphasis on the word "asked."

Corrie did not reply.

"You don't wish to help me select the children's clothes, Mrs. Godwin?"

"No."

Elena stepped forward, and put her hand on the outer knob of the door.

"May I come in?" she asked. "I really can't talk to just half of your face, you know."

Corrie glanced at the heaps of clothes in swift panic.

"No!" she gasped. "I'll come out."

She stepped quickly into the hall, closing her door sharply, and standing with her back against it.

"I wish you would go to New York with me," said Elena with a winning smile. "We could shop and have luncheon, and then go to a movie if you like, since there isn't a matinée today."

"No," Corrie said. "No, thank you."

She looked at Elena in her simple, beautifully tailored frock of beige cloth, at her chic small hat and fur, the smooth even curve of her dark hair, her perfectly fitting shoes and gloves and veil. And she saw a swift mental picture of herself beside this sophisticated beauty -Corrie from the country in an overelaborate dress, dangling ribbons, fluffy hair that wouldn't stay in order, accessories that didn't harmonize. And she felt that she would rather die than subject herself to the humiliation that this picture called up.

"I don't care to go in to New York," she said, setting her lips tightly. "I don't care for New York one bit."

Her air was dignified, but something of her misery must have shown in her eyes, for Elena suddenly held out her hand.

"Won't you let me be your friend, Mrs. Godwin?" she said, quite simply and sincerely.

Corrie drew back. "I feel friendly enough toward you," she replied in a tone that quite belied her words.

Elena flushed, and her head lifted. "You've avoided me ever since I've been here," she said. "I've had no chance to speak to you alone. That's why I am making an opportunity now."

"I don't know what you are getting at," Corrie answered.

"I know that I have offended you by coming here and taking charge of your household, Mrs. Godwin. I can't tell you now why I consented to do it. But some day you will understand, and forgive me. In the meantime, won't you believe that I want to be your friend?"

"Tim got you to come here," said Corrie. "It's his affair, not mine. It's all right, whatever you do. I don't care. Make the whole house over. I don't care. I've given up."

"You've given up? What, Mrs. Godwin? What have you given up?"

"Everything. Tim thinks I'm not good enough any longer. All right, I give up. He can do as he pleases. I give up."

All the accumulated bitterness of her musings quivered in Corrie's voice. She tried to drop her eyes so that Elena should not read the pain in them, but Elena caught and held Corrie's eyes with her own, intense, glowing.

"But, Mrs. Godwin," she said, "you haven't given up Mr. Godwin?"

Corrie flushed, looking at Elena in doubt and perplexity.

"I don't know what you mean," she stammered. "I'm married to him."

Elena smiled faintly. "There are few people, now, who have your faith in marriage."

"What has that got to do with me?" asked Corrie bluntly.

"I hope that you will never find out."

"What are you hinting at?" cried Corrie angrily. "Speak out!"

"I am very sorry that I have spoken at all of any personal matter. I hope that you will pardon me," Elena replied coldly. "In the future, Mrs. Godwin, our relationship shall be just as you wish it."

She paused a moment before turning away. And Corrie felt that, although she had offended Elena deeply, she had only to stretch out her hand to bring her back as a friend. But Corrie's stubborn pride interfered. She made no movement. And Elena quietly left her.

"I hate her! I hate her!" Corrie told herself. And yet she felt like weeping, felt alone and desolate and as if she had lost something precious.

She remembered a time when she was a little girl and had been angry at her mother. Her mother had tried to make up by offering to take her to town. But Corrie had refused to go, just out of childish spite and stubbornness. Then, after her mother was gone, she had cried herself sick from disappointment and loneliness.

And now secretly, deeply she wanted the things that Tim offered her—yet she could not take them. She could not humble herself by giving in to him after he had treated her, as she thought, so badly. Especially after he had humiliated her by placing another woman's authority over hers.

Feeling the need of comfort, Corrie turned toward the nursery. At least the children loved her and needed her.

As she entered the long, white, many-windowed room, Miss Kelly, the trained nurse, was putting on the baby's coat preparatory to their morning walk. She had little Corrie on her lap and was talking to her in a bright, cheerful voice as she gently pushed the fat little arms into the close-fitting coat sleeves.

"And now this little pony must go into the stable. Whoa there, Dobbin Grey, you're getting into the wrong stall. Now—now—in you go! Whoa!"

The baby shook and gurgled with laughter and, turning, threw both arms around the nurse's neck and showered kisses on her firm, rosy cheek.

Corrie watched with a jealous pang. Just a week ago the baby had furiously rebelled against this stranger. Now little Corrie no longer woke and cried for her mother, let her come and go with cheerful equanimity.

"Good morning, Mrs. Godwin," Miss Kelly said, lifting her head and seeing Corrie standing in the doorway. She put the baby down from her lap.

"Say good morning to mamma," she told the little girl.

The plump, rosy baby ran toward Corrie with outstretched hands and an eager, charming smile. But Corrie, even as she took her child up in her arms, felt no comfort. The smile was for everyone, the clinging arms, the kisses.

"We were just starting out for a walk," Miss Kelly said, rising. "Would you like to come along, Mrs. Godwin?"

"I don't suppose I've got to have a special invitation to go out with my own child," Corrie retorted sharply.

"Why, you must have misunderstood me, Mrs. Godwin," Miss Kelly said, flushing.

Little Corrie, twisting impatiently in her mother's arms, looked toward the nurse, and held out her hands.

"Bye-bye, bye-bye," she commanded.

Corrie hugged her baby tighter. "Mommy will take you bye-bye," she promised.

But little Corrie kicked out impatiently with one chubby white-shod foot, and still looked at Miss Kelly.

"Nono, bye-bye!" she repeated imperatively.

Nono was her name for the nurse, derived from that person's penchant for forbidding things.

Corrie reddened at the baby's expression of preference. "You can have the day off, Miss Kelly," she said. "I'll take charge of the baby."

Miss Kelly looked doubtful, and not at all pleased.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Godwin," she replied, "but I don't want the day off. If you'd like to take the baby out for her walk, alone, I'll wait here. Her nap is at 11:30."

"Nap at 11:30? What for?"

"I give her a little nap in the morning, and a longer one in the afternoon."

"I never heard of such a thing! A nap in the afternoon is plenty. Besides, she never would take even that for me!"

"I think she needs a great deal of sleep. She is a very nervous child."

"Why, she's the picture of health!"

"Yes, but her nervous system has suffered from a lack of regular hours. You've perhaps noticed how her disposition has improved since she's lived systematically?"

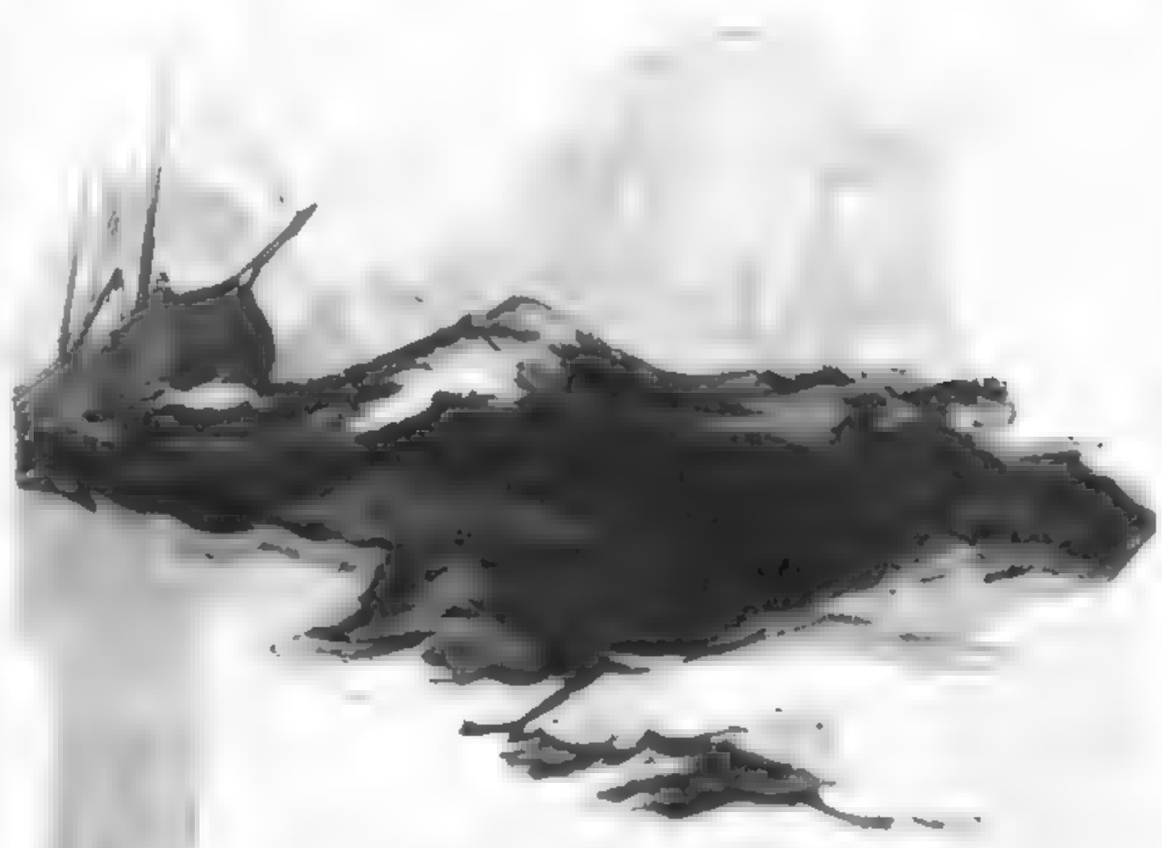
Just at this moment her royal highness, tired of having all her suggestions ignored, grew red in the face and began to beat Corrie with her tiny fists.

"Bye-bye! Bye! Bye! Bye!" she demanded indignantly.

"There! You see! She's just as bad as ever," declared Corrie triumphantly. "It's all nonsense about regular hours. I never had them. And the boys too. They never would go to bed when I told them. Where are they, anyway?"

"In the schoolroom, Mrs. Godwin."

"Well," said Corrie, thinking of a plan by which she could be free from Miss Kelly's interference altogether—"well, I'll just call it a holiday and take all the children

Water can not enter this vault!

BECAUSE it is air-tight on the sides and top (the same as a diving bell), the Clark Grave Vault is permanently water-tight. This vault does not require any man-made seals; it does not depend on any mechanical device.

The hood, of rust-resisting twelve gauge Keystone copper-bearing steel, which is doubly welded into one solid piece, automatically locks to a base of the same material. The hood keeps out all water; the fastening to base prevents illegal entry.

*Every school child is familiar with the experiment of lowering an inverted glass into a basin of water. The water can not enter the glass, because the air within keeps the water out. The hood of the Clark Grave Vault acts the same as the inverted glass.*

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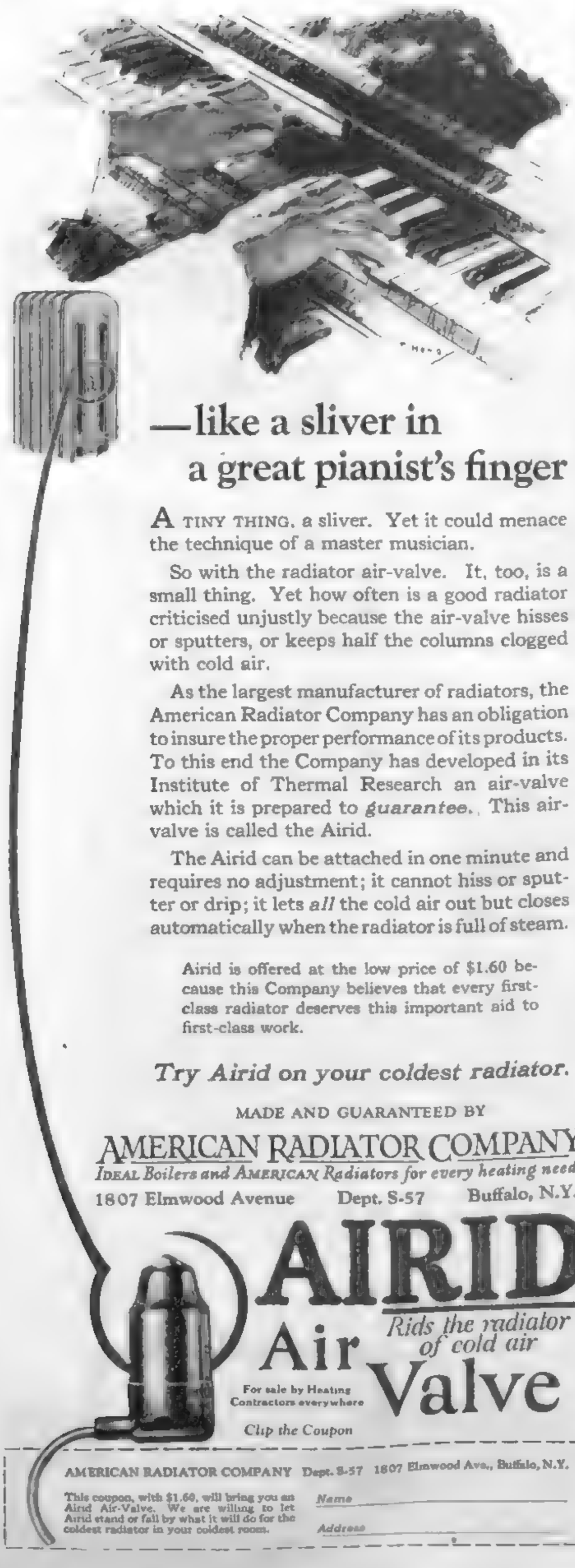

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out with me. I've got to do a little shopping and so forth in Carrsville, and they might as well come along."

"But, Mrs. Godwin!" cried Miss Kelly, looking more and more distressed.

"Well?"

"I—I do wish you wouldn't!"

"Why not?"

"It's so bad for the baby—really it is. And she can't enjoy it."

"Of course she does. She's always loved to go shopping. There, there, there now. Do hush! Mommy going to take you bye-bye!"

"Very well," said Miss Kelly. "Of course I can't interfere if you really—but, Mrs. Godwin, may I ask just one thing of you?"

"What's that?"

"Please, please don't give the baby candy."

"A little stick candy won't hurt her."

"Oh, yes, it does! She was feverish the other day after you gave her sweets. I must ask you not to."

"She's my child. I have a right to——"

Miss Kelly's eyes suddenly flashed.

"No, you haven't the right!" she exclaimed with extraordinary determination. "You have no right to do things that are bad for your children. I'm sorry to be rude, Mrs. Godwin, but somebody ought to tell you."

"Do you mean to stand there and tell me I'm a bad mother!" Corrie exclaimed, too atunned with surprise to be angry, for she had always considered herself a model of motherly devotion.

"You don't mean to be a bad mother," said Miss Kelly, "but you really are."

"Well—of all things!" Corrie gasped.

"You have spoiled the children terribly," Miss Kelly went on. "I might as well tell you everything I want to, now I've started! You've spoiled them, and then when they were naughty, as a natural consequence, you were ill-tempered with them. And I don't know of anything worse for children than the combination of indulgence and ill temper. It poisons their natures just as surely as improper food poisons their stomachs."

"Well!" cried Corrie furiously. "Well, if you are through now, Miss Kelly, I'll tell you something! I guess a mother's natural instinct is better than all the ologies that ever were learned in school any day! And I don't need any old maid to teach me how to raise my children!"

"I shall be glad to leave as soon as you can get another nurse," replied Miss Kelly. "But as long as I'm in charge of the baby I consider myself responsible for her health."

Her words dashed into Corrie's anger like cold water, and she felt a little ashamed and frightened. Tim would be furious if she discharged the baby's capable nurse.

"I—I didn't mean that exactly," Corrie said. "But I'm going to take the baby to Carrsville." She set little Corrie down. "I'll be back for her in a few minutes," she said. And she walked out quickly before Miss Kelly could reply.

Feeling as if all the world were against her, certainly all her own little world, Corrie went in search of her sons.

The schoolroom was downstairs, and had originally been a study, opening off the library.

As Corrie approached, the sound of the governess' voice came out to her:

"And then the great Thor said to Loki——"

Through the open door Corrie could see the absorbed faces of her little sons. Their lips were tense with excitement. They seemed to drink in the story with their eyes. And no coercion had ever made them sit so still.

They had never looked at Corrie with such eager interest. She had not told them stories. She had been so busy attending to their physical needs that she had starved their imaginations.

"Well, Miss Glenn, all through with lessons?" Corrie asked, stepping into the schoolroom.

"Why, no, Mrs. Godwin," replied Miss Glenn, surprised. "We have only started the morning's work."

"Oh! I thought you were just telling stories," murmured Corrie.

"Yes, I am telling the boys one of the Norse myths."

"Oh, well, then, if that's all—I thought I'd take them to Carrsville with me."

Corrie made this announcement with quite a flourish for the boys' benefit, expecting a shout of delight from them. But her sons only looked at her silently and without enthusiasm. And their faces had clouded at the interruption to the story.

Miss Glenn looked bewildered.

"After luncheon, you mean, Mrs. Godwin?" she asked.

"No; now."

"But their lessons are not over yet."

"Well, I'll call it a holiday."

Still no shout from her sons. What was the matter? They had always hated going to school. She had expected to win them completely with this indulgence.

"We got to look at our cocoons before we can go anywhere," Tim said at last. "And Miss Glenn was goin' to show us how to plant our gardens this morning. We got 'em all dug up yesterday."

"There's no need of you doing such work," Corrie said sharply. "We've got a man attends to all that."

"But these are our own gardens," protested Tim.

And James interrupted rudely, "Aw, go on with your story, Miss Glenn. Don't pay any 'tention to mommer. What happened to Lok.?"

"I'll teach you to be saucy to me!" exclaimed Corrie, taking a step toward James.

But Miss Glenn intervened, nervously but firmly. "Mrs. Godwin, please—just one moment. James, apologize to your mother."

"Sorry; 'pologize," mumbled James.

Corrie forgot her anger in astonishment.

"Why, he never apologized before in all his life!" she exclaimed. "I never could make him apologize. He's as stubborn as a mule."

"If I didn't, I was afraid Miss Glenn wouldn't finish the story," explained James candidly.

"Well, finish your story if you're so bent on it," Corrie said. "But be ready to go in about ten minutes."

Miss Glenn looked distressed but did not protest. She was a little, elderly, sweet-faced woman without Miss Kelly's great physical stamina and its resultant moral courage.

Up in her room, feeling more forlorn and left out in the cold than ever, Corrie prepared for the trip to Carrsville. She put on her dark cloth dress and thrust an old blue hat carelessly down over her hair.

"Nobody's going to see me," she told the dowdy reflection of herself in the mirror.

"I'll give the children a real treat," she thought. "Do everything they want, and make them love me best again."

VI

IT WAS midafternoon in the dusty little town of Carrsville, and the sun had come out with the fierce unexpected heat it occasionally displays on an early spring day.

Corrie had refused to use the motor, because the presence of the chauffeur always embarrassed her. She felt that the dignified Lawrence would not approve of many of the places she wanted to visit in Carrsville. And she had been afraid to try to drive the pony cart through the narrow crowded streets. So she and the children had come in on the banging, jolting interurban trolley.

They had explored the ten-cent store, which had always been the children's favorite shop, and Corrie had handed out dimes with reckless abandon. So now they were loaded down with lumpy parcels of all shapes and sizes, and all most uncomfortable to carry. One or other of the children was constantly dropping something and having to go back to look for it under the feet of other shoppers; or tearing open the wrappings of some particularly treasured possession and wanting to play with it on the street. Tim Junior had selected especially trying objects—garden rakes and miniature hoes and shovels, which poked Corrie in the ribs as she walked at his side, or threatened to rap the baby's head as she dragged at Corrie's skirts.

At noon they had luncheon in a noisy glass-fronted restaurant, attracted by the display of exceedingly sticky cakes in the window. The boys ordered what they liked. And as the baby had begun to whimper with fatigue, Corrie let her have a little cake with her glass of milk.

Since then they had visited several soda fountains in the hope of refreshing themselves, but everyone was hot and tired and cross. And a picture show had not rested them, although the baby slept fitfully in Corrie's aching arms.

When Corrie wanted to go into the principal department store of the village the boys rebelled.

(Continued on Page 102)

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*Continued from Page 100*

'Aw, what's the use? You don't ever buy anything. You just price things," Tim commented shrewdly.

"Why don't you go somewhere and buy you a pretty dress?" James asked, giving his mother the frank disparaging stare of cruelly candid youth.

"Aw, mother wouldn't buy anything but white saucepans," Tim said out of his knowledge of Corrie's shopping habits.

It was quite true. Corrie had a passion for kitchenware. In the days when she had been her own cook she had not been able to afford the utensils that would have made her work pleasant. Now, ironically, she could supply her servants with all the things she had wanted herself. White self-basting roasting pans, white double boilers, white-lined, blue-rimmed frying pans, white-enameled cake boxes, fascinating sets of small white jars, gleaming white self-refrigerating ice boxes, glittering white kitchen cabinets—all the immaculate paraphernalia on which she had once cast longing eyes she now bought recklessly, lavishly, feeling a deep pleasure in satisfying the need which no longer existed.

"I ain't goin' in there an' look at ol' fryin' pans," Tim declared.

He planted his feet wide apart and thrust his hands into his pockets, standing like a rock in front of the store.

"Me neither," said James, with the imitativeness of the younger brother. "I won't go in there an' look at ol' fryin' pans."

"Flyin' pan," echoed the baby, pouting out her rosy lips in the pathetic *moue* that precedes tears, not knowing what her brothers' quarrelsome tones indicated, but quite ready, in her tired and sleepy state, to join any quarrel.

"I think you are just as mean as you can be!" Corrie told her sons energetically "Here I've gone every single place you wanted to go, and now you won't go in just one place I want to!"

"Well, you got plenty fryin' pans," Tim said obdurately.

"Why don't you get a hat?" James asked brutally. "That ol' hat's a sight, mommer"

"You shut up!" Corrie cried, reddening "You're the sauciest child I ever saw"

'Miss Glenn says it's rude to say 'shut up,'" remarked James coolly.

'Mind your own manners! And don't give me any of your impudence"

"Miss Vincent has awful pretty clothes," Tim remarked casually

"Shut—I mean, stop talking about clothes. You're as bad as your father."

"Daddy isn't bad!"

"I mean about clothes."

'Daddy's got nice clothes."

"Everybody's got nice clothes but you, mommy," said the appallingly frank James "Why don't you get some? Miss Glenn an' Miss Kelly an' Miss Vincent an' daddy an'—cook! Say, I saw cook dressed up Sunday, and she looked swell."

"Don't say 'say' and 'swell,' James," his older brother admonished.

"I'll say whatever I want to, Mister Smarty."

"Talk to me like that an' I'll bust you one in the eye, you little goof!"

"Tim! Tim! James! Stop it now!"

"Ee—ee—ee! Bye-bye! Bye-bye!" The tired baby began to fret.

"Oh, there now, there now," Corrie said, picking her up. "Don't cry, precious. Mommy take you home soon."

"Caky—ca-ky," whimpered the baby, uncertain just what she did want, but determined to make trouble.

"No, no, precious; no more cake."

Certain, now that it was denied, that she did want cake and nothing but cake, the baby uttered a long, tortured, piercing shriek, which caused passers-by on the street to turn and stare accusingly at Corrie.

"Oh, goodness! Let's get inside. We can't stand here with her acting like this," Corrie exclaimed nervously. "The worst child! Come in, I tell you, James. Oh, mercy!"

In attempting to enter the store, with her head bent over the baby, Corrie had collided violently with a large woman who was coming out.

"Beg your pardon," Corrie mumbled, trying to pass.

But a large hand seized her arm in a strong grip, and a loud voice cried, "Is it? Yes, it is! Corrie Godwin! Well, I declare! And I was on my way up to your house this minute."

Corrie raised her head and looked questioningly into the large beaming face of the lady she had bumped—a mammoth woman, strikingly, showily and expensively dressed, a creature who exuded prosperity like a strong perfume.

"Why, I ——" Corrie stammered. "On your way up to my house?"

"Yes. You don't know me! Well, Corrie! Why—I'm Dood!"

"Dood?"

"Dorothy—Dorothy Sears. You haven't forgotten my pet name, Dood? Say, gosh! Are all those yours?"

She stared with a look of comic dismay at the three dusty, disheveled children, who returned her stare in open-mouthed awe at her proportions

"Yes," said Corrie, shifting the suddenly silent baby to her other arm. "Dorothy Sears. Well! What you doing here? I thought you lived out West."

"I do—did, I mean. But come on out of here. We can't talk. Folks here seem to think I just been let loose from a circus Gangway! Gangway!"

Swinging her huge shoulders she pushed her way impressively through the staring crowd, followed meekly by limp, bedraggled Corrie with the whining baby and the two small boys laden with lumpy parcels.

"Follow me," Dood ordered. "We'll get into the car."

Halfway down the block a lavender-tinted limousine was drawn up to the curb, with a liveried chauffeur and footman in attendance. Dood airily waved her hand.

"My little boat," she explained. "Special body. Like the color, Corrie?"

The footman opened the door before the astonished Corrie could speak

"Pile in," Dood directed, giving her bewildered guest a hospitable push.

Corrie entered the car, which was upholstered in gayly flowered cretonne, and sank down gratefully on the mauve cushions. The children, still silently awed by the enormous stranger, disposed themselves and their dusty packages, and Dood ordered the chauffeur to "drive around anywheres."

"Funniest thing, Corrie, I was just on my way up to your house," she repeated as the car glided smoothly away.

"How did you know where I lived?" Corrie asked.

"Well, it ain't your fault I ever found out!" Dood retorted. "It's been nine years since you wrote me a letter, Corrie Godwin. You realize that? An' Lord knows I've lost track of everyone at home since ma died. But J. D.—that's my husband, Mr. Sears -says maybe the postmistress at home would know; so I wrote, and she answered your address was Carrsville. That was before we came on East, and I made up my mind soon's we got to New York I'd come right out and surprise you, Corrie. But the shoppin' I had to do! An' gettin' settled in a twenty-room apartment an' eight servants—well! An' the wild parties we been on! Honestly, Corrie, I couldn't get the time until today So I drove out, and that looked like the biggest store back there, an' I went in an' asked did they know where the Godwins' house was, and they said yes, top of the hill, Wilson Avenue. An' I was just startin' there when you bumped into me. Well, this world's a small place, after all, ain't-isn't that so, Corrie?"

Dood settled back with a deep breath, the rustling of silk, and the clank of many thin bracelets which adorned her plump wrist.

"Gosh!" she philosophized. "Poor folks don't have the time to keep up with one another, once they get separated. Friends are a rich man's luxury, I guess."

"I don't know why I didn't write," Corrie faltered, still bewildered by the sudden appearance of this friend of her girlhood.

She and Dood had grown up together in their native town of Powderly. But Corrie had long since ceased to keep up with the affairs of her home town or her former friends. That Dood had gone away to Chicago, become a stenographer, and later married, Corrie knew, but nothing else And Dood's cordiality now made her ashamed that she had neither written to nor thought of her friend in years.

"I been so busy," Corrie murmured apologetically. "And I didn't know what had become of you, Dood. You know how it is. But I'm real glad to see you now."

"I'll bet you are," Dood replied with cheerful self-complacency. "I happened

*Continued on Page 104*

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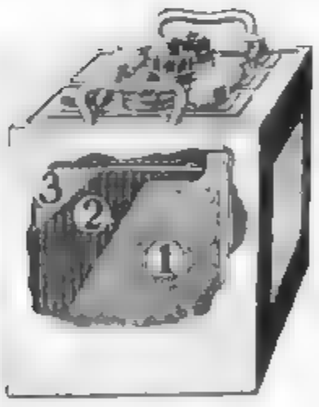


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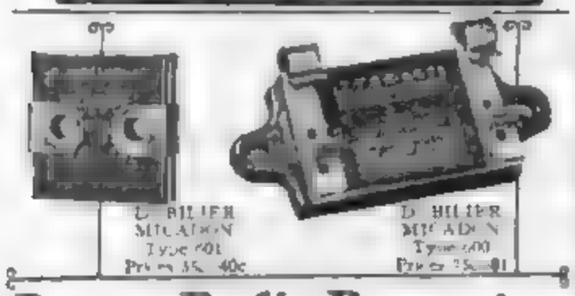

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(Continued from Page 102)

along just at the right time for you, didn't I? You look all beat out."

"I am," Corrie sighed, relaxing.

"Here, let me hold the baby. She's gone to sleep," said Dood, reaching out for little Corrie and depositing her in her wide silken lap. "She's pretty," she added. "Looks like you use to, Corrie."

Corrie flashed a quick, startled glance at her friend.

"Have I—have I—changed much?" she faltered, with the terror of the years that all women feel.

"Well," said Dood, scanning her judicially, "now that I look at you close, you haven't really aged a bit. I guess it's that hat."

"Oh, dear!" Corrie exclaimed. "I do wish everybody wouldn't pick on my clothes."

"Now, I didn't mean anything," said the kind-hearted Dood. "I'm sorry I spoke. I realize how hard it is, with three children an' all—but it does make a difference if a woman can afford to fix herself up. How do you think I look?"

She glanced admiringly into the oval side mirror at her own finery—a smart black frock and cape collared with monkey fur, diamond earrings, many thin platinum-and-diamond bracelets, and a heavy rope of pearls, the sheerest black chiffon hose, many-strapped black suède slippers, and a huge black hat with a startling paradise plume. Her broad face was apparently covered with calcimine, through which the natural healthy color struggled, and her lips were painted into an exact Cupid's bow.

"Some vamp!" she remarked admiringly to her own reflection.

"I didn't recognize you," confessed Corrie frankly.

"I've fleshened up. And then, too, it's my hair," Dood admitted with equal frankness. "I've had it touched up a little."

She pushed back her hat, displaying a fringe of hair of a somewhat purplish tone.

"I was a brunette when you knew me, Corrie, wasn't I?" she cried with a hearty burst of laughter.

Corrie laughed for the first time in many days. "You always were a case, Dood," she cried gayly.

"Well, we might as well be goin' on to your house, hadn't we?" Dood asked as the car began the ascent of a long steep street. "Is this Wilson Avenue?"

"Why, I don't live here any more!" Corrie exclaimed.

"You don't?"

"No, we gave up this house."

"What's the matter? Tim lost his job?"

"Why! Haven't you heard?"

"Don't tell me if it's bad news. I can't bear it. Whatever it is, I'll help you out, old girl. You can count on me."

She patted Corrie's hand with her pudgy, ringed fingers.

"I don't need any help," Corrie replied, stiffening.

"Now if that ain't like you! As proud and stubborn as ever! But listen now—whatever I'd do for you, kid, I couldn't miss. I tell you, Corrie, if you haven't already guessed it, I'm simply rollin' in dough. Couldn't spend it all if I tried! You come along with me, you poor kid, you, and I'll set you up to a new outfit an' everything."

"You don't have to do anything for me," Corrie cried, exasperated. "I'm just as rich as you are!"

Dood started back as if from a blow. Her round mouth and eyes fell open, and it was a full minute before she could speak. Then "Well, I'll be—darned!" she uttered simply. "Who'd 'a' thought it?"

"Why not?" demanded Corrie, her quick temper rising. "You didn't have any more to start out with than I did."

"I didn't have but one suit to my back when I went to Chicago," said Dood solemnly. "An' three clean shirt waists. But I landed my boss, and now he's come to be one of the richest men in the whole Northwest. And as soon as I knew we were comin' on East, Corrie, I made up my mind to do something for my ol' pal."

"Well, you can't do anything for me," replied Corrie. "I've got all I want."

"Then why in the Sam Hill are you wearin' that hat an' dress?"

Corrie flushed deeply. "I got my thoughts on other things than clothes," she retorted.

"Scat! You're bluffin', Corrie. I know you. Have you got a car?"

"Yes."

"Well, where is it?"

"In the garage at home."

"Yes, likely! With you trampin' the streets with all those kids. An' why haven't you got a nurse?"

"I have."

"Pshaw, Corrie! Come off. Be a sport now. Don't act proud with your ol' pal."

"I tell you I've got a nurse and a governess and a cook and a maid and a chauffeur and a gardener," Corrie said. "I don't care whether you believe it or not."

"Where do you live?"

"In the country, near here. It's an old house. Over a hundred years old. All the furniture's old too. We could have had new furniture if we'd wanted it, but Tim says old furniture is more stylish."

"Sure it is—antiques are doggy."

"What?"

"Doggy—smart, you know."

"Oh!"

"Have you got a butler, Corrie?"

"No."

"I have."

"Oh."

"You ought to get one."

"We—we are thinking about it—sort of."

"Don't let Tim be a tightwad, now he's made good."

"Tim isn't stingy."

"Not with himself, maybe; but don't let him be tight with you."

"What do you mean? Tim would give me anything I want."

"An' you in those doll rags!"

"For goodness' sakes leave my looks alone!"

"But that's a thing no woman can afford to do, kid."

"I'm married—got three children. I've got other things to think about."

"An' in the meantime what's Tim thinkin' about?"

"What do you mean?"

"Where does he work?"

"He's got an office in New York. Why?"

"Gosh, Corrie! Do you know how many million good-lookin' girls there are in New York?"

"I don't care how many."

"Well—you better."

"I wish everybody would stop telling me what I better do."

"All right. I never was one to butt in. Where let's go now? Soda fountain?"

"No. Drive out to our place," Corrie said. "I want to show you my beautiful old house."

After the car had turned into the country road Corrie said, "I'm sorry Tim won't be at home. He never comes out until late."

"I'd like to see ol' Tim again."

"He's—changed," said Corrie reluctantly.

"Yes—they all do—with money," sighed her friend.

Half an hour later the maid opened the door for Corrie and her guest, her well-trained face displaying no surprise.

Miss Vincent asked me to say that she and Mr. Godwin are having tea on the terrace," she said.

"Mr. Godwin is here?" Corrie asked sharply.

"Yes, madam."

Dood rolled her eyes.

"Well, Tim came home early for a change," she said dryly. "Who's Miss Vincent, Corrie? Pretty governess?"

"No!" said Corrie, flinging up her little head proudly. "She's a friend. My friend!"

(Continued on Page 107)

*Everything That She Had Bought Had Been Wrong. She Had Not Known Where to Go or What to Select*

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San Tox

SAN-TOX FOR PURITY

Look for the San-Tox Drug Store. The nurse's face and the name San-Tox are your guide and protection.

Continued from Page 104.

Tim had come home unexpectedly early that afternoon, driven by a rare headache, and a fit of restlessness which he could neither conquer nor explain. He found Elena on the terrace, which overlooked the distant river. She was seated at a tea table, charming with silver and fragile cups and blue flowers, the tiny blue flame of a spirit lamp quivering in the light breeze.

"Won't you join me?" she asked as Tim hesitated. "This is really the only cool spot today. Have you ever known such weather in April?"

"No," said Tim. "I had a headache. That's why I came home early."

"Then do have some tea—the best thing for it. Sit there."

She indicated a deep cushioned Canton chair, and Tim sank into it gratefully.

He had never known the intimate charm of the tea hour, with twilight approaching and a pretty woman's white hands moving gracefully among the tea things.

Elena wore a dress of heliotrope crêpe, with wide lace sleeves which brushed against the table with a whispering sound, falling away from her round arms, on which the fading sunlight cast violet shadows.

"I had hoped that Mrs. Godwin would be back in time for tea," said Elena, handing Tim his cup. "I am afraid that she will be very tired. She took the trolley in to Carrsville, you know."

"It's ridiculous!" Tim exclaimed sharply. "She only does those things for spite. Because she's angry at me."

"And with me," Elena said calmly.

She leaned toward him across the tea table, looking at him with wide, earnest eyes.

"Tell me," she said, "do you think that Mrs. Godwin can ever forgive me?"

"What has she to forgive?" Tim exclaimed sharply. "You've done nothing but good to her."

"Oh, but that is the hardest thing to forgive. I don't know which is more horrid—to do good or to have good done to one."

She shrugged her shoulders slightly and made a little gesture of distaste.

"I'm sure it's horrid of us to discuss Mrs. Godwin—to want to make her over. But I have a real reason—I'm not just meddlesome. If only Mrs. Godwin would let me make a friend of her. I thought I'd try once more this afternoon, when she came back all tired from shopping. There's nothing that so breaks down one's morale as a hard day of shopping, and then a nice cup of tea. But you came home early and spoiled everything."

"Well," said Tim, "I'm tired too. I deserve sympathy as much as Corrie, I guess."

"I don't know. But you are very responsive to it at any rate."

Her eyes stole around to him under her lashes, and the corners of her mouth lifted in a smile.

"Tell me," she said, quite surprisingly, 'are there any pretty stenographers in your office?"

"Why—I haven't noticed."

"Then there aren't."

"But why do you ask? You don't think ——"

"No. You don't go to revues, do you?"

"No. But why ——"

"There are so many pretty girls in New York. Have you noticed?"

"Yes, but what ——"

"So many of them want only one thing," said Elena. "It's necessary to them. They feel that they have the right to it. You can understand that? I can."

She held out her long rosy-tipped fingers.

"Look at my hands. What good are they? How easily work would spoil them. Can you imagine me in a kitchen washing greasy dishes?"

"Don't!" Tim said, and took her beautiful hand involuntarily.

She drew it away gently, and let it fall in her lap.

"Everything that I have or am was made by money," she said, looking at him gravely. "It is my background. I should be very unattractive in another setting. I wonder if you realize that." He was about to speak, but she stopped him.

"Please don't. I wasn't trying to provoke a compliment. I was only trying to say that there must be many girls who can't get along without a great deal of money, who feel that they have the right to luxury, and who—who might be willing to do something—very cruel—to get it."

Tim was silent, looking at her with troubled eyes, puzzled and almost afraid. He wanted to tell her not to go on, yet he was terribly curious to know what she was about to say.

"I knew a man once," she said in a low voice, and looking away from him—"a man who had a very devoted wife, but—he divorced her for one of those beautiful girls who need luxury so much. Whom do you blame most, Mr. Godwin—the man, or the wife who couldn't keep up with her husband's wealth and position, or the girl who was willing to ruin another woman's life to get what she wanted?"

Tim did not answer, while his mind darted wildly about. What connection had Elena with this story? The wife? No. The girl? Impossible!

He looked at Elena searchingly. Her face was calm, but tears had come slowly into her eyes, enlarging them, making them shine with extraordinary brilliance. She was that rare woman who can weep beautifully—without noise or grimaces.

He wanted to help her. He felt drawn to her as he had never been. He wanted to take her in his arms. He held himself rigidly in his chair, and looked away.

"If anything is troubling you—if there is anything I can do ——" he said in an expressionless voice.

But she rose quickly, and moved away to the edge of the terrace.

"No. It all happened a long time ago," she said.

She looked out over the river silently for a moment, then she turned toward him with a smile.

"This is the hour of confidences, you know," she said. "Twilight is a very lovely but a very dangerous time."

The horn of an approaching motor sounded from the other side of the house.

And a few moments later Corrie, holding her head high and with a bright flush on her cheeks, came out on the terrace, followed by the magnificent and tremendous Dood.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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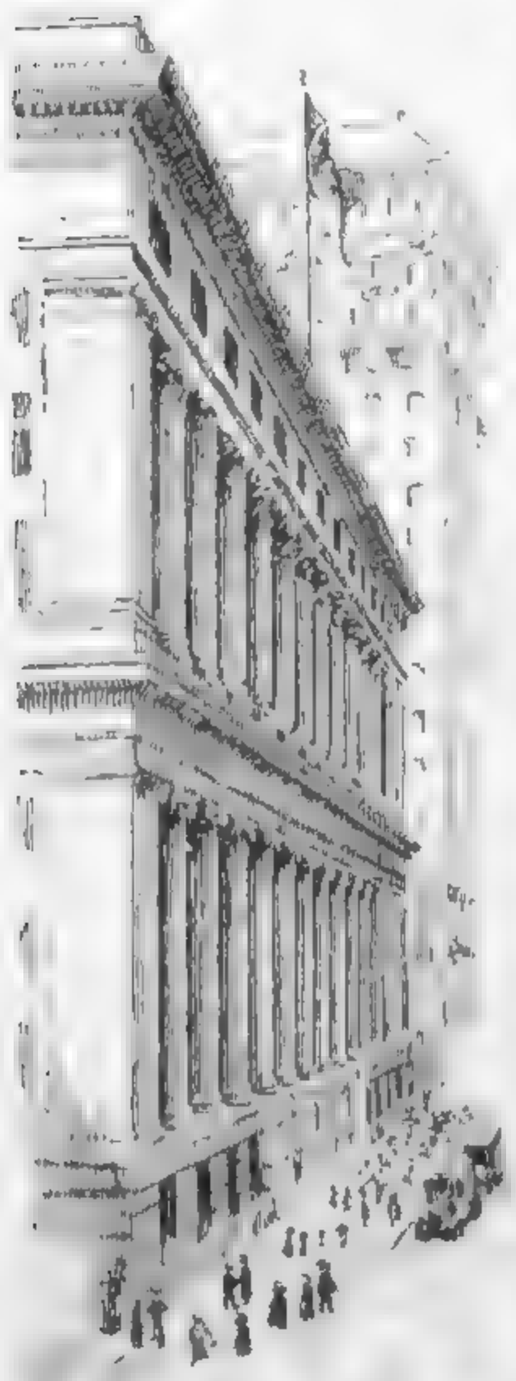

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# POOR TESSIE

(Continued from Page 13)

The occupant of the craft clasped her hands about her khaki-breeched knee, leaned back, and lifted large, dark, doubtful eyes.

"What's the inducement?" she inquired cautiously.

"The 3:45 train."

"Not good enough. I never did care for trains much, and I particularly don't like 3:45 trains. They break up your day."

"Phil Leonard's on this one. Wire for you from New York."

The canoeist yawned. "Damn Phil Leonard," she observed languidly.

"Is that any language for a nice young girl to use to a pious and respectable father?"

"I've heard you use worse to a golf ball, dad."

"I ought to be using it to a golf ball at [illegible]," said Mr Erickson. "But somebody's got to meet that train."

"Send Martin."

"He's out with the motor boat."

"But, dad, I've got a kind of a sort of a date."

"It sounds too indefinite to be important."

"Oh, if it was important I'd chuck it of course. It's only working up my part for the club show. I've found somebody to play opposite me."

"Local talent? Where did you find [illegible]?"

"We-ell, he really found me. At the bottom of the lake."

"Oh, he did! What were you doing there?"

"Cooling off. But he thought I was a desperate young suicide."

"What gave him that interesting notion?"

"I'd been rehearsing Tessie in loud and passionate tones, down on the point. Dad, I was good too. He was taking a siesta under the willows when I snapped into the what's-the-use-life-is-too-hard-for-the-poor line, and he came to in time to hear it and see me flop into the lake, and he came after me like a Saint Bernard dog. Some surprise when I started for the surface and a mouthful of fresh air, to find myself all mixed up in a rescue party."

Mr. Erickson's eyes twinkled. "I'd like to have heard your few well-chosen remarks when you got your breath back."

"Weren't any to hear. As soon as he got us to shore he fuffed out. Fainted."

"Hardy hero!"

"The poor boy was all in. He'd been having flu. I got him unclamped from my ankle and brought him to with tea, and he came out pretty dopy and called me Tessie, and didn't even have the sense to figure that blighted young telephone girls don't put on one-piece bathing suits to drown their despairing selves in; so he made me promise not to destroy my bright young life because things would be better by and by and there's a silver lining to every cloud and it's a long worm that has no turning, and words to that effect."

"And you kept up the part?"

"For four days running, now. You see, he seemed to kind of like me that way, so the least I could do for him after he'd pulled his hero stunt was to stay that way for him. I'm sure I'm much more interesting and unusual to him than I would be as Miss Linda Erickson, of Standiford, Long Island and New York. Besides, think of the practice I'm getting. It's taken me all my time to live up to being Miss Tessie Malone, the persecuted telephone girl of Brooklyn; but, believe me, dad, that's the way to get a part. At first I made some slips, but he didn't notice 'em. Now it's easier every day because I'm supposed to be improving under his correcting influence. He's molding my young life for me."

"Very interesting," commented her father dryly; "but it doesn't catch any 3:45 trains."

"Oh, all right!" sighed the girl. "I'll go. Do me good to lay off the part for a day, anyway. Do him good, too," she added reflectively as she climbed out of the canoe. "You know, dad, I think he's beginning to be a little worried for fear that Tessie might set her young affections on one hopelessly above her in worldly station."

"And you haven't encouraged him to believe it, of course, you small devil!"

"Not more than ju-u-u-ust enough to keep him interested. He's a blighted being too. Got a bad jar, and it's given him a poisonous grouch on the world. But now that he's saved the girl's life and given her something to look up to, he's got to stick around and see the thing through. That gives him something to think about besides his much-abused self. He's perkin' up quite some, dad. Wouldn't wonder a mite but what we could use him fer the harvestin' later on."

Mr. Erickson laughed. "You're mixing your parts, Linny. And your noble preserver sounds to me like a bit of a prig."

"No; he isn't a prig a bit. He's a pretty darn decent sort," returned the girl with emphasis. "But he's up against a game that's new to him and he doesn't quite know how to play it. And, dad; come through on this thing. If I meet Phil today you've got to take him off my hands tomorrow afternoon."

"But look here, Linnie; I thought you were quite keen on Leonard."

"Oh, I was for a while," she returned airily; "as keen as I ever get on any of 'em. But he doesn't fit into the scenery up here. 'Too starched. I get more of a kick out of Noble Preserver."

"Do you, indeed! Well, I'm not going to preach the conventionalities to you at this late date, but what's going to happen when you throw up the part of Tessie?"

"Why should I throw it up? We're leaving in a few days, anyway."

"Suppose you ran across him somewhere, afterward? Or isn't he the sort that you'd be likely to run across?"

"I should think," said the girl consideringly, "that he's the sort you might run across almost anywhere in the world, and find him quite at home there. I expect you're right, though, dad. I'll come out in the open tomorrow and invite him to dinner. Shall I? But if he blows up and chucks me back into the lake where he found me, you'll have to get me out of it."

"I'll get you out of nothing," answered Mr. Erickson grimly. "You got yourself in and you can get yourself out."

"I've got out of worse before," reflected Miss Erickson as she changed, preparatory to her trip into the city; "but never of quite the same kind. Oh, well; tomorrow's tomorrow."

That ruthless spoiler of human plans, the east wind, came sweeping over the Finger Lakes region in wild persistent gusts of rain the next day, and the next after that, and then the third; and Miss Linda Erickson vainly sought a sufficient pretext for braving the weather and visiting a desolate wave-whipped point, a mile away, and affording no other shelter than a fringe of lashing shore willows. When she did announce her intention of going out for a breath of air Phil Leonard proffered himself as companion with an insistence that she could not well evade. So she fumed about the house in a state of nervous restlessness quite alien to her temperament; not, she told herself, that she so much wanted to see the partner of her rehearsals as that she hated to have him think that, in the language of Tessie, she would throw him. Or, perhaps he wouldn't mind—which was worse to contemplate. She figured him going to the place on that bright Friday afternoon, confident of finding her there, though there had been only a tacit understanding—the worst kind to break, she said to herself guiltily—and, disappointed, waiting about; and coming back in the morning and maybe catching a chill and being ill with nobody to look after him.

More likely, though, he'd gone on, bag and baggage, with only a mild regret for an amusing episode ended—a picture which she liked, on the whole, rather less than the other. Still, it was probably the best solution, and one that would save all sorts of difficult elucidations; but sound solutions were so seldom pleasant ones! She made the discovery that a surprising proportion of her recent imaginings had played, with the liveliest interest, about that problem and prospect of the transformation of Tessie Malone into Linda Erickson. To deprive her of that thrill would be unfair on the part of the fates!

Involuntarily she found herself wandering frequently to the wide windows looking out on a lake that was blurred and dimmed in the sweeping parade of rain squalls That Leonard was invariably in the immediate background was coming to affect her with an inexplicable distaste. Hitherto she

had found his companionship pleasant if not specially exciting.

It was certainly neither when he strolled after her, on one of her visits to the window, and she felt his hand close upon hers as he said, "It's a rotten nuisance, isn't it, Linny, old girl?"

"What is?" she answered listlessly.

"All this rotten weather stuff, when we ought to be out playing around the landscape. Still," he added tentatively and half laughingly, "there are others besides outdoor sports."

He slipped an arm around her and, as she made no movement, bent his face to hers.

"Don't, Phil," she said.

"Why not? You weren't so stand-offish last spring."

"Oh, I'm not a prude," said she indifferently. "But you never saw me take any wild interest in the petting game, did you, Phil, even with you?"

Mr. Philip Leonard, being not overweighted with imaginative qualities, was at a loss. "No?" he said, with that arch and rising inflection which covers a multitude of inadequacies.

"Do other flappers go in for necking and that line, the way our set does?"

Leonard stared. "What other girls do you mean?"

"Oh, shopgirls and stenographers."

"I'll say they do!" was his emphatic opinion. "And then some! But what's the idea, Lin? Why the sudden interest? Goin' in for girl missions?"

"Just wondering what their line was. And what men handed them. The usual run of men, I mean," she added thoughtfully, thinking of one who, she suspected, was decidedly out of the usual in his attitude toward the other kind of girl. "I'm working on my part for the club play, you know, and that's the kind of part it is. It's a kind of burlesque, you know, but even at that —— Ah-h-h!"

Through a wind rent in the whirling gray curtain there was sharply disclosed, less than a quarter of a mile out on the white-flecked lake, a canoe under reefed sail, gallantly plunging across the swift savage charge of the waves in smother after smother of high-flung spume.

"That guy must have an important engagement somewhere," commented Leonard, "or else he isn't stuck on living to a green old age."

"I wonder if he isn't," said Linda Erickson, half to herself, and shot an apprehensive glance at her companion, but he was intent upon the adventure in the offing.

"He's coming about. The poor boob; he'll never make it! He has, though! Some seaman! But if it's his idea of a pleasant day's sport to go tacking around a lake like this in a rig like that, I think he's a nut."

"Come on; let's go out for a run," said the girl jubilantly.

She felt unaccountably exhilarated, thrillingly alive. Her playmate had not gone, then. She read into the defiant hardihood of his adventurousness his man's necessity for appeasing disappointment and anger in a struggle against the powers of wind and wave. He was missing her. And waiting for her. Well, let him wait one more day. Then, if he appeared at the untrysted meeting place she would —— What would she do? Throw off the disguise? Or play the exciting trickeries of the game through to the finish? Or flip a coin for it? The canoe came racing past, down wind toward the camping place, and, suddenly reckless, the girl darted to the steps and threw up her arm. If he caught the signal that would involve explanations and hasten the issue. But the sailor, intent upon his craft, made no return sign.

The east wind, which had blown a smilingly anticipatory Phil Leonard thither, shifted to northwest that evening and blew him, crestfallen, away again, leaving Linda Erickson's sky clear for the morrow. Yet in spite of all her eager anticipations something deep within her quivered and was fearful as, clad in her rough khaki, she made her way, after luncheon, to the point of little willows. In vain she sought to armor herself in the gay and confident hardihood of Tessie Malone. It seemed to have dissolved without leaving in its place the careless poise of Linda Erickson. But at the first sight of him, as he came striding up the shore from his beached canoe, it returned in full strength, for there was a sullen glower in his expression as his eyes sought her, and the girl, in whatever impersonation, was not one to accept that assumption from any man.

"Why haven't you been here?" he demanded without greeting.

Almost Linda Erickson had retorted "What claim have you to speak to me that way?" But Tessie Malone interposed just in time with an equally disdainful and much safer "Where do you get that stuff?"

"You haven't come here for four days."

"Well, what if I haven't?"

"Where have you been?"

"Say!" The little chin was high in the air; the sweet eyes were narrowed and uncompromising. "Do you want a route map? How d'you get that third-degree line? I ain't seen your name signed to any pay check of mine."

He eyed her blackly. "I saw you at the station," he said. "It was dark, but not dark enough."

"Oh, flash a caption, will you? I don't know what the picture means."

"You came up in a closed car with a man just as the train pulled in. You were kissing him."

"You're a liar!" cried Tessie Malone and Linda Erickson in one breath, fervent with conviction. Certainly Linda had not kissed Phil Leonard good-by at the station—or elsewhere, for that matter.

"No; I'm not the liar."

"Then I am; is that the idea?" She walked up close to him, lifting her face to his, all courage and pride. "Why would I lie to you?"

"I don't know," said he miserably.

"Think I'm afraid of you?"

"No. But I saw you, I tell you. Do you suppose for an instant I could mistake anyone else in the world for you at any distance?" he demanded with passion. "It was two nights ago, at the far end of the platform."

"Oh!" The girls' mind raced back. Her father, leaving on the New York train! "Oh!" she repeated in a curiously changed tone. "That was my boss."

"Your boss! So that's the kind you are!"

"What's the kind I am?"

"The kind that lets her employer make love to her."

"What if I am? What's that to you?"

What, indeed! To that challenge Ross found no reply.

"What kind of a girl did you think I was?" pursued Tessie, who was now enjoying her part greatly. "Your kind?"

All the anger died out of him, leaving him helpless and dulled. "It doesn't matter," he said wearily. "Of course you're right. I'd no business to call you to account for anything. I'm sorry. It's my silly nerves, I suppose. They aren't straightened out yet."

He turned away and walked down the shaly slope. Her taunt followed him.

"Ring off when you're finished, why don't you?"

He stopped, looked back at her, puzzled, hurt, uncertain, suddenly boyish in her eyes. And as suddenly she felt an almost uncontrollable desire to stretch out her hands to him and tell him that of course she understood and it was all right—impulses which were swept away instantaneously in the wild gust of mischief that took exclusive possession of her soul and her lips. He heard the voice which had so enthralled him drop to the rich and plaintive murmur of that first overheard reverie.

"Oh, what's the use! What's the use! There ain't any luck for a girl like me. What chance ——"

She stopped short. So savagely had he whirled and advanced upon her that she thought for the moment he was going to strike her. His hands fell, heavy and painful, upon her shoulders.

"What, again? You're back at that idiocy? What do you mean by it?"

"D-d-d-don't," she chattered, shaken to and fro helplessly in his strong grip. "You h-h-h-h-h-hurt me."

Her body swerved, softened toward him, and as if by some inevitable compulsion she was in his arms, her upturned lips merging with his in a long kiss.

They stood apart and looked at each other, questioning and wondering and searching, two friends who had abruptly become lovers—and therefore strangers.

"I didn't mean to do that," said the girl.

"Neither did I."

"What made us?" Her uplifted eyes were shadowy and troubled.

"I don't know. But—I've wanted to ever since—from the first."

"Have you? So have I." But a moment later she slipped a shielding hand between her face and his. "No, please," she whispered. "It—it scares me." Both Linda

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and Tessie spoke with one voice in that quivering and reluctant denial.

He released her instantly. But she still clung to one button of his coat, twisting it from left to right and back from right to left until, unable to endure the strain, it came off in her fingers.

"I'll sew it on for you," she murmured, staring at it with dismayed eyes as if contemplating irreparable disaster.

"Will you?" he returned with inane earnestness

Both laughed, and the overcharged atmosphere cleared.

"There's something I got to tell you," she murmured.

"Is there? What is it?"

"Shut your eyes. And let me get a start. I may want to run away."

He obeyed. But she found it unbelievably difficult and alarming, the decision which she thought she had reached. Too many doubts and misgivings inhered in it. How would he take it? Would he be angry? Or amused? Or would he accept it jocularly as a bit of clever trickery? After it was told, Linda Erickson would have to hold him at arm's length, and—she found herself already disliking that necessity. That explication, which any time before would have been so simple and easy, had now surrounded itself with uncertainties and complications. In some way the stark revealing significance of that kiss had at once destroyed and established something between them; there was a new status which she feared to maintain and equally dreaded to risk losing. So, womanlike, she paltered and clung to the rôle of Tessie

"Did you kiss me because you caught me with my boss and figured I was easy?" she asked, playing for time.

"Ah! I'd forgotten that." He drew back from her, but her hands groped after him.

"Oh, no!" she pleaded in the disarming sweetness of her voice. "It wasn't anything. Honest, it wasn't. Don't get me wrong."

"I think you'd surely better tell me whatever you have to tell," said he gravely and a little coldly.

Instantly the rebel in Tessie asserted itself. "Oh, do you? Then I won't."

"All right. That's for you to decide."

"Then what'll you think?"

Again he set his hands upon her shoulders, exploring her face. His own cleared as he met her unwavering glance, level with pride.

"Nothing that you don't want me to."

"I truly believe you wouldn't," she breathed in the momentarily unguarded intonation of Linda Erickson, but he was too concentrated upon the wonder and the riddle of her to notice. Instantly she recovered her rôle.

"Is that the line men like you generally hands out to girls like me?"

"I don't know. I never knew a girl anything like you before."

"As bad as that?" she bantered.

He did not accept the bid for flattery. "As different as that."

"That's what keeps up the excitement," she mocked.

What followed for Tessie in the next few days was an all but inexplicable puzzle to Linda when that hitherto cool and self-controlled young lady found time to take thought upon her changeling otherself. Toward all that sentimental pastime to which the casual slang of the day had given the expressive term of "necking" Linda Erickson had entertained a tolerant contempt.

Not that she had reached the advanced age of twenty-two without some experiments in a subject which, for many of her friends, was a major phase of life; but she found in them little interest. Tessie, it appeared, was quite startlingly different. Or perhaps it was Tessie's companion who constituted the difference from anything that Linda had experienced. Anyway Tessie did not care. She was content to live for the immediate day, the warm comfort of his arm about her shoulders, the thrill of his kiss upon her lips, deliberately disavowing all sense of responsibility. Let Linda worry herself with such considerations and restrictions!

Anyway, it would soon be past, and who would be the worse for it? Not Tessie. She was free of the smallest regret or afterthought for anything that had occurred; it was all too fair and frank and honest for that. That fairness, frankness and honesty could hardly be said to form the foundation of Tessie's personality did not trouble Linda in the least. She was now too thoroughly committed to one of her strongest habitudes of mind, a natural histrionism, and she took to living not the part but the character of Tessie Malone. So those two talked and talked and talked of everything under heaven and above earth, Tessie building and maintaining, at infinite and hourly risk of self-betrayal, a structure of the sprightliest phantasy, Ross accepting it all with an ever-growing absorption in this strange, unknown and vivid type; both finding a thousand points of surprised contact as young minds will under the emotional stimulus of such a relationship. One topic only was tacitly barred—the day of reckoning. For parting is inevitably a reckoning in such circumstances. When the day came Tessie was the one to bring forward the issue.

"I'm beating it tonight, buddy."

He sat silent, looking not at her but across the glowing silver blue of the water to the far undulations of the hills opposite.

"Well; ain't you going to say something?"

"What do you want me to say?"

*Continued on Page 112*

PHOTO BY A. Z. BAKER, PORTLAND, OREGON

*Mount Cleveland, Glacier National Park, Montana*

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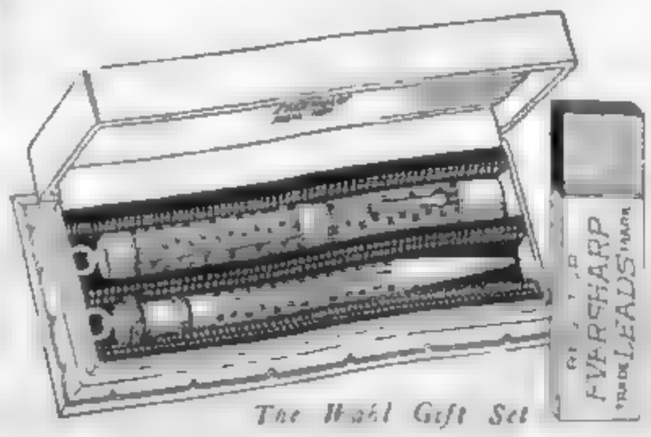


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# Cushion Truck Wheels

*The* Resiliency is Built in the Wheel.


(Continued from Page 110)

"Oh, good luck or good-by or something."

"It isn't good-by, Tess."

"Oh, isn't it!"

"No. I'm coming to see you."

"Yes, you are!" she jeered. "I can pipe you in our flat making talk with the old people. Did you ever know a fireman?" pursued Tessie, improvising rapidly. "My old man's one."

He received this with one of the cheerfulest of his grins. "That's nothing. My grandfather's in an insane asylum."

"Does it run in the family?" she queried pertly. "We've both been acting like a couple of nuts, haven't we?"

His regard was heavy upon her. "Have we? I suppose it has been an insane performance. I know I'm crazy about you, Tess," he concluded moodily.

"Well?" She scattered a handful of shale, crisping into the quiet water. "Where does that get you?"

"Nowhere. I don't know."

"You see! It doesn't—don't mean anything." Linda had broken through for the moment.

"Doesn't it?" he muttered. "It means so much to me that I'm afraid."

"I ain't. What's the difference? It's only a few days out of a lifetime. And when it's over—why, it's over."

"That's an easy philosophy. Too easy. Things don't happen that way. Not to me."

"They've got to, this time."

"Aren't you going to give me your address?"

"I am not."

"I know it's Fourth Street, Brooklyn."

"There's an awful lot of Fourth Street."

"But how am I going to know what becomes of you?"

"What do you care?"

"I care a lot. A big, deep lot. You know that, don't you, dear?"

"Well, you can just get over caring," she returned mutinously.

"I wish I were as sure as that! But even so, it wouldn't stop my worrying."

"What about?"

"You and your job and the rest of it. I don't suppose there are any convenient lakes in Fourth Street, Brooklyn, but if you were down on your luck again ——"

"Oh, that was all a bluff," she said lightly. "I been meaning to tell you that you weren't a reel he-ro. I wouldn't have drowned myself. When I got down there I didn't like the looks of the place a-tall and I was just going to swim out when you pulled your rescue stunt. You near scared me to death."

"Was it a bluff about the lost job too?"

"N no-o-o-o."

"Well, there you are! Tess, you're going to need money, aren't you?"

Involuntarily she drew away from the support of his shoulder. "Not from you," she murmured in a startled tone.

"What's the matter? When we spoke of it that first day it was all right."

"That was before you kissed me," said she naively.

"It ought to be simpler now, then."

"Stupid! A lot you know about girls."

"I don't really know a thing about the girl I'd like to know the most about," he answered desolately. "That's what makes it so hard to let you go like this."

"Likely we'll meet up one of these days. If we're meant to we will. Don't you believe that?"

"Fatalism? I do not. Tess, we can't leave it that way. Can we?"

She jumped to her feet, to absolve herself from the touch of his hand, the pleading of his eyes, lest she should break over and blurt out the truth and, facing him as Linda Erickson in the sorry triumph of her successful harlequinade, have to abide the event. Now was the time if ever. But a sort of pride in and loyalty to the otherself, Tessie, withheld her.

"No," determined Linda to herself, thinking in Tessie's language. "If he won't come through for Tessie he'll get no help from me."

He was speaking again. "I want one promise from you"

"What is it?"

"If luck does go wrong, let me know. Even if you don't want to see me again, let me help."

She nodded. "All right. Where?"

He gave her his card. "Mahlon Ross, —— Broadway. Telephone, XXX Charlton."

"Mahlon," she said. "What a queer name! I like it. I've got to go now. Tell me good-by, buddy dear."

Her last glimpse of the canoe was blurred to her vision as it shot into the cove beyond the screen of willows.

"Linda," said she to her recovered self with severity, "just because that little simp of a Tessie imagines herself half in love with a man she's decided to quit is no reason for you to get swollen eyes and a pink nose. Snap out of it! But I do think," she concluded thoughtfully as she climbed the steps of the Erickson cottage, "that Tessie didn't give him quite a fair show. I wonder if Linda would have done any better."

### III

BETWEEN acts Linda Erickson applied herself to the peephole in the curtain. More serious matters should have claimed her attention, her first entrance being only three minutes ahead. But she had a prideful confidence in herself, born of former triumph. For this was the second production of Fallen by the Wayside, the September performance at the country club having been such a pronounced success - due largely to the manner in which Tessie Malone was played—that the community hall in Standiford had been taken for a benefit for the local hospital.

Rehearsing for the repetition had not been an unalloyed satisfaction to Miss Erickson. On one count she was rather anxious to be rid of Tessie forever. For that headstrong and impetuous young working girl was far too much occupied in mind with Mr. Mahlon Ross; so much so, indeed, that his memory had been more than one mind could contain comfortably, with the result that the surplus had run over into Linda Erickson's consciousness, where, for sundry reasons of her own, she found it inconvenient. With a singular perversity she had decided that a man capable of so irresponsible and reckless an affair with a girl like Tessie was not the kind with whom the somewhat fastidious Miss Erickson would care to have any close association. If it occurred to her that Tessie was quite as responsible for the flirtation as Ross she refuted the defense with the counter argument that Tessie was only a telephone girl and wasn't supposed to know any better. Linda's double life was producing a lamentable confusion of values in Linda's troubled mind.

So long as she was involved in the character of Tessie she could not hope to rid the otherself of the intrusive Ross. Tessie once relegated to the past, however, Ross should logically follow her into forgottenness.

Unfortunately logic does not always function effectively in emotional crises. Ross had stuck persistently in her consciousness after Tessie was put aside, and now, to make matters worse, here was Tessie called back to existence again. So Linda, driven to decisive action, had determined to have it out with him once for all, and had —per Tessie—summoned him.

But had he come? It rather appeared not. She had bidden him find an early and conspicuous place, and then was sorry that she had, and now was enraged because he hadn't. Row by row she scanned the packed and fashionable audience in the baffling light. No Mahlon Ross that she could discover. Contemptuous Linda told herself that nothing could be more in character; but, deep within herself, Tessie knew better. Still, even loyal Tessie had her doubts. Well, if he really didn't care enough to answer her call ——

"Ready, second act," the stage manager announced.

Mechanically Linda walked off stage Her interest in the performance was dulled Thanks to her long absorption in the part she would go through with it well enough, she felt sure, but for her it would be a flat, stale and uninspiriting effort.

"Places, please."

She took her seat at the desk. The curtain rose. Facing partly away from the audience she contrived to give it a sidewise glance of examination, but in the glare of the footlights it was only a mass of silhouettes, black picked out with white. Getting out of her chair Tessie stretched, yawned, turned, flumped downstage, began her business of groping for a lost hairpin, preparatory to her opening line, when —— A specialty not contemplated by the management was abruptly introduced. From a far, dim, front-row corner of the balcony sounded a voice, gaspy but perniciously articulate:

"Tessie!"

Some said "Sh-h-h-h-h!" in scandalized tones. Some laughed. Others applauded.

thinking it a realistic interpolation. The girl faltered, gave one quick little uplift of the chin toward the unseen speaker, recovered herself and attacked her lines. But her opening speech was just one appalling stutter and fumble. A sense of shocked surprise, of coming disaster seeped through the audience and communicated itself back to the actress, and at that her pride came to her aid. She pulled herself together, gaining confidence and control as she went on, and when she reached the burlesque suicide scene she gave it with a fervor that carried the house with her, playing direct to that far corner of the balcony as she appealed to heaven for justice upon the shrinking villain—and the too-self-forgetful Mr. Ross did his shrinking part with infinite realism when he found the eyes of the audience following the accusatory gestures of the persecuted girl—who had ruined her young life by dipping her chewing gum in strong liquor.

The change from Tessie Malone to Linda Erickson, after the curtain, was dilatory, but, so far as costume went, complete. Whether it was equally comprehensive in a deeper sense, the practitioner of the double life felt less certain when she caught sight of Mahlon Ross waiting on the outer fringe of a congratulatory circle. At that first glimpse of him something in her throat gave a little thick quiver. In his evening clothes he looked taller, browner, firmer of texture, even, than she recalled him; but the quizzical slant of the brows, the questioning eyes, the mobile mouth, the careless ease of carriage—were all the confirmation of memories made more poignant. It struck Miss Linda Erickson that even by her exacting standards Mahlon Ross was an eminently presentable person.

"Can you ever forgive my disgraceful break?" was his greeting when he finally reached her. "You carried it off magnificently."

"You seemed to be suffering from temporary shock," she answered demurely, "though I don't know why. Didn't you know from the program?"

"There were no programs."

"Heavens! So there weren't. I'd totally forgotten about the printing falling down. You didn't expect Tessie until you saw her? How entrancing!"

"I was bored and tired and half asleep, and suddenly she came walking out of the crowded past into the empty present and—am I not pardonable for losing hold on myself?"

"Are you asking Linda Erickson or Tessie Malone?"

His look slowly took in the grace and splendor of the elaborately gowned girl, with a desolating momentary sense of remoteness and inaccessibility. He shook his head. "I could hardly trust Miss Erickson to understand. There's nothing about her that I really know, except the voice. Every tone of that ——" He broke off. "No; my plea must be to my true friend."

He touched the breast pocket of his coat, where rested a typed note, received on the previous day, giving brief directions as to time and place, and ending:

> There is going to be a special telephone stunt and I am in charge. Look out for me after it. Your true friend,
> TESSIE MALONE.

"Tessie?" she said lightly. "Tessie's dead. Tonight was her finish."

"I loved Tessie," he said quietly.

A hundred or more people had already assured Miss Erickson that evening that they just loved or absolutely adored or were plumb batty over Tessie, but none other had produced the curious and annoying effect of making her flush from neck to forehead. Opportunely there arrived a handsome dark man bearing himself with a middle-aged athleticism, to whose congratulations the girl turned a happy smile.

"Did you like it, dad?" she said. Then, to Mahlon: "This is my boss. Mr. Ross, father."

"Boss, am I?" retorted Mr. Erickson as he shook hands with the young man. "It's a new rôle for me. However, just to live up to it while the living's good, suppose you run up to the house, Linn, and get the accounts of this flourishing enterprise, which, as treasurer, I naturally left on my desk."

"I've got a car here," said Ross. "Can't I take you up, Miss Erickson?"

"You can take Miss Erickson up," answered the girl with significance.

"That doesn't need an interpreter," was his prompt reply.

But as they drove out of the light and traffic of the town upon a more secluded road Miss Erickson was inexplicably discontented with the lightly impersonal slant which her escort gave to the conversation. For herself it was all right and quite what she had specified for, of course; but inwardly Tessie the irrepressible was demanding the tribute of memory.

"Don't you think you ought to put an artificial wreath on Tessie's grave?" she demanded finally.

He answered her in the same words as before, but with deeper conviction: "I loved Tessie."

"Oh, yes; in a way, maybe."

"In every way."

"You didn't make it any too plain to the poor girl."

"Whose fault was that? If she hadn't dropped me out ——"

"It wasn't Tessie's. Perhaps it was Linda Erickson's."

"You're making that sufficiently clear to me now, Miss Erickson."

"Don't get peeved, buddy." At that only half intended echo from the past she could feel the quick, hard-drawn breath that for the instant pressed his shoulder against hers. "What's the matter? You jumped," she added mischievously.

"Ghost voices."

"Yes, Tessie's a ghost. She died of forgetfulness."

"I traveled from one end to the other of Fourth Street, Brooklyn, three separate times," he said, "getting myself treated like a book agent in several thousand flats, none of whose occupants had ever heard of Tessie Malone."

"No!" she cried. "You didn't!" She laughed, but there was a tremble in her mirth. "And if you'd found her, what would you have done?"

"Asked her to marry me." Nothing could have been more matter-of-fact than his tone.

"What?"

"Why not? I've never seen any other woman who absorbed every thought and wish of mine as she did."

"Do you know," said the girl slowly, "I think Tessie would have been game enough to turn you down. She'd have figured out that she couldn't live up to you, and that, after the novelty had worn off, you'd be ashamed of her. She was a wise little guy, Tessie, in her way. . . . Turn in here, Mr. Ross."

The car threaded a shrubby driveway and drew up at a flight of steps. Ross helped the girl out.

"Then Tess didn't care enough," said he.

"I'm not sure she didn't. But she had her pride too. And she thought that if the man did care a lot he was a snob not to go through with it."

"I was," he confessed. "I admit it. A snob and a coward. The two things always go together. Snobs are afraid of their own world."

She darted away from him, leaving a golden gossamer of laughter in the air. Her call rang back from within doors: "Wait there. It may take me a few minutes to find the papers."

He dropped into a porch chair, his mind groping amidst uncertainties, hopes, enterprises, conjectures. So deeply did he become engrossed that he roused himself only when the marvel of her voice at his side complained, "Are you asleep? I've spoken to you twice, buddy."

He jumped to his feet. She stood before him, trim and dainty and again attainable in the rough khaki outfit.

"Tess!" he cried.

When at last and rather reluctantly she released herself—"Yes; that was Tessie," said she. "For good-by."

He had jealously retained hold upon one hand, pressed to his heart. Now there was a manipulation of dark magic, and when she caught it away to hold it up to her view something sparkled significantly on the finger.

"Oh!" she whispered. "Did you get that on purpose? For Tessie?"

"For the girl I love. I don't much care what she calls herself."

"I—I think that must be Tessie. But, buddy dear, suppose Linda Erickson should wake up tomorrow morning and find that ring on her finger. What would she do?"

"I should think she'd call up XXX Charlton."

The girl drooped her lips down upon the stone.

"Poor Tessie!" she sighed.

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LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
SAINT LOUIS, U. S. A.


# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

breakfast, but never until that morning had I thought about the pits left in my saucer. Suddenly it flashed across me how wasteful it all was—those half dozen pits each morning—and I said to myself, "Why should those pits be thrown away? Why shouldn't they work for you, Bill Guff?"

From that moment I began to save my prune pits. What for, I had no idea. But I had had my vision! I knew now that I could make good!

### CHAPTER IV.

EARLY DISCOURAGEMENTS

AT FIRST everyone discouraged me, but I did not care. Indeed, it heartened me, for I knew no one ever made good unless he was discouraged at the start. However, at eighteen I had a severe blow. The doctor forbade me to eat prunes!

If you have never saved prune pits—and to the best of my knowledge no one besides myself ever has—you have no idea how fast they accumulate, nor how black the world seemed as I set aside the old horsehair trunk that contained my treasures, and turned my mind to some other way of making good!

### CHAPTER V

EARLY INVENTIONS

I FELT my next step should be to invent something, or, failing that, to get hold of someone else's invention. And thus it proved. I believe it is not generally known that I was the inventor of the straw hats worn in summer by ice-wagon horses, or of the pink, blue and white paper trouserettes worn by all French chops in the better restaurants—but these two perfectly simple things laid the foundation of my fortunes. The tongs that come with boxes of candy, to be thrown away immediately upon opening, have been attributed to me also, but erroneously. I only bought the patent from a friend who had spent his entire fortune and eighteen years in a cellar perfecting them.

But now that I was making good I felt the need of a factory to make it in.

### CHAPTER VI

THE GREAT FACTORY WHERE I MAKE GOOD

WELL, I wish you could have seen that factory when I first took hold of it! Rolls of dust under the beds, cracker crumbs and foreign matter all over the place, and the ice boxes hadn't been cleaned for goodness knows how long! By jingo, but it makes me proud to look at it now! Twelve square miles of overhead, with accrued interest as high as you can see it, and fiscal years, production, indebtedness, sinking funds, deposits, capital and labor wherever you look. To say nothing of the f. o. b. and the smoke.

Yet always, above the whir of the machinery I seemed to hear a voice that said "Prunes!"

### CHAPTER VII

THE WAR—AND MY OPPORTUNITY

THEN came the spring of 1917 and the Government's stirring call for prune pits and tin foil! At last my vision was vindicated! I was the only man in the United States able to respond immediately, though it is an everlasting regret to me that I had not foreseen the demand for tin foil. Needless to say, I gave prune pits till it hurt. What was done with them I do not know. Nobody seems to know. Nor do I care. Enough for me that in my country's hour of need I could serve her. I had made good! —*Katharine Dayton.*

(THE END)

## You are Old, Grandma Williams

*"YOU are old, Grandma Williams," the young man exclaimed,*
*"Yet your silvery tresses are bobbed.*
*For a dame of your years you should feel quite ashamed.*
*Oh, I think that you ought to be mobbed!"*

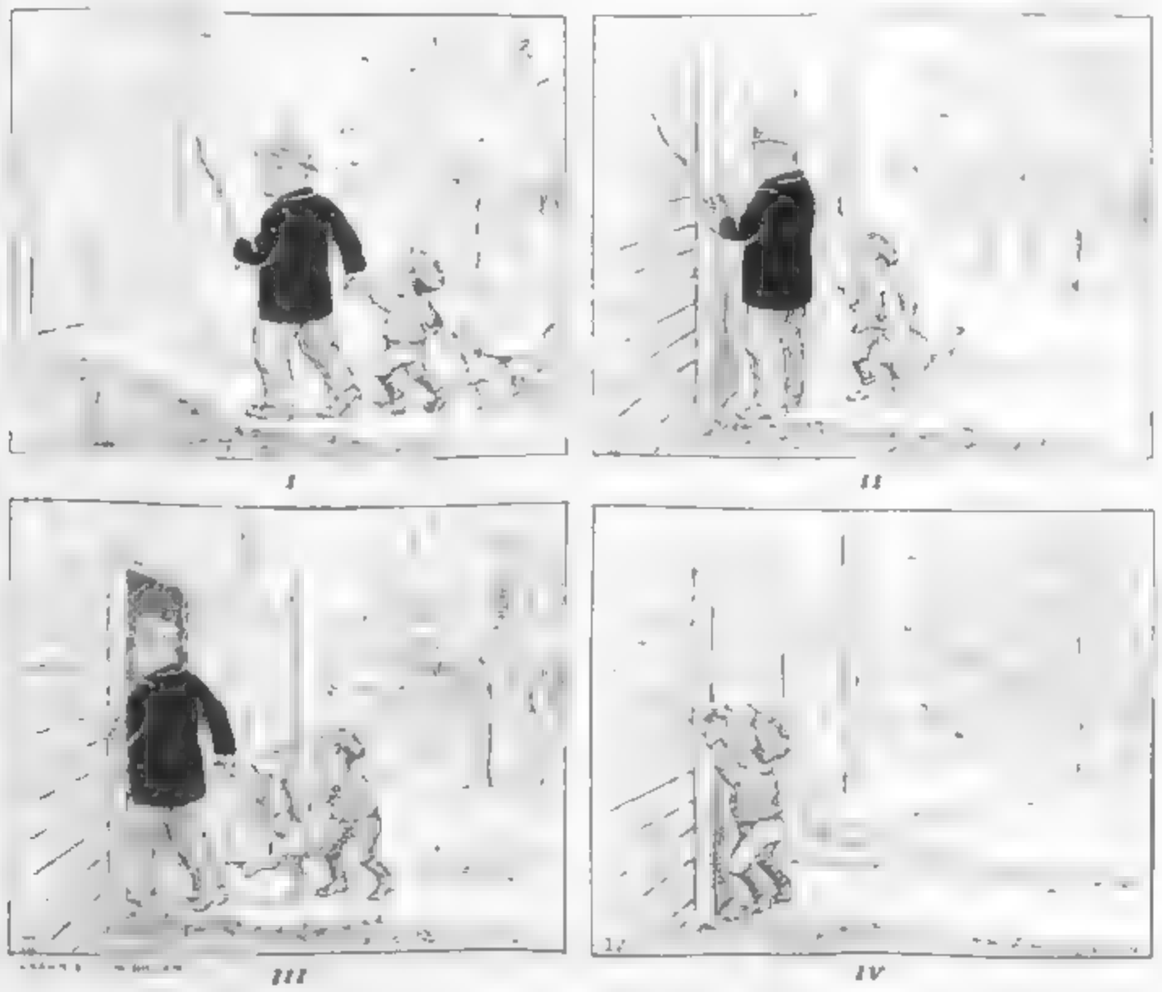
*"In my youth," Grandma Williams replied to the lad,*
*"I would sit in the parlor and knit;*
*And I weep when I think of the sad time I had,*
*That's the reason I jazz it a bit."*

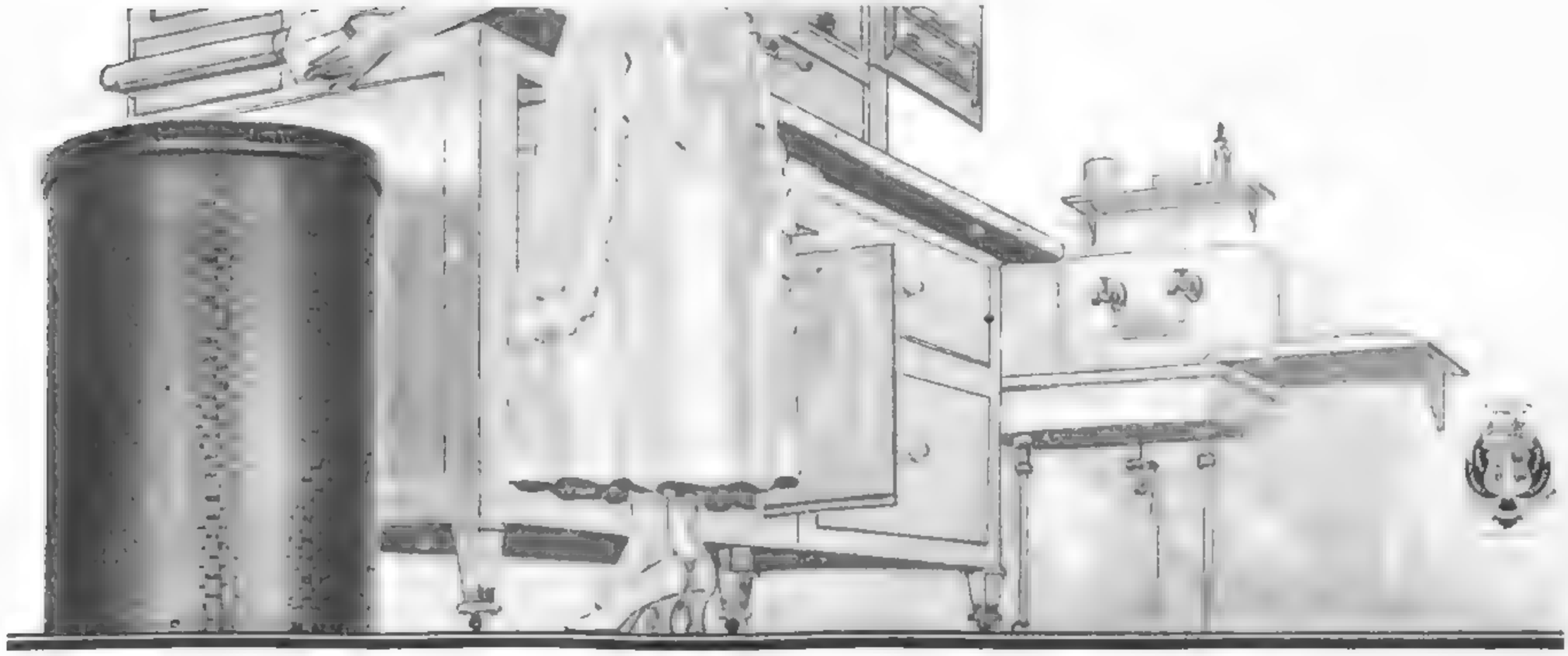
*"You are old, Grandma Williams," the young man remarked,*
*"Yet your stockings are rolled at the knees;*
*And the fellows all tell me your corsets are parked*
*When you dance at those afternoon teas."*

*"Can that stuff!" Grandma Williams replied with a shout.*
*"Though my get-up don't suit you, perhaps,*
*Yet it gives me more freedom for moving about*
*When I sit in a session of craps."*

*"You are old, Grandma Williams," he said once again,*
*"And your language is far from polite*
*When you speed past a cop. And it gives me a pain*
*To know that you joy-ride at night."*

*"Oh, a woman's as young as she feels," she replied.*
*"So just try to get that in your noddle;*
*And I ain't had such fun since your grandfather died.*
*Say, they're starting the band, kid. Let's toddle."* —*Newman Levy.*





# It's Hard to Keep a Tidy Home without Handy Places for Trash

"There's never, never an end to picking things up!" The lament of every housewife. Isn't it perhaps mostly because there are no convenient places to throw things?

A man—or a woman, for that matter—crumples up the paper wrapper of a package, and puts it on table or chair simply because he doesn't know what else to do with it conveniently. In another room it's perhaps a piece of string or a discarded newspaper or shavings of a sharpened pencil—there always seems to be *something*.

A substantial, appropriately good-looking trash basket in every room, conveniently placed—isn't that the answer? It gathers the trash automatically—saves you many steps and bendings and "preachings."

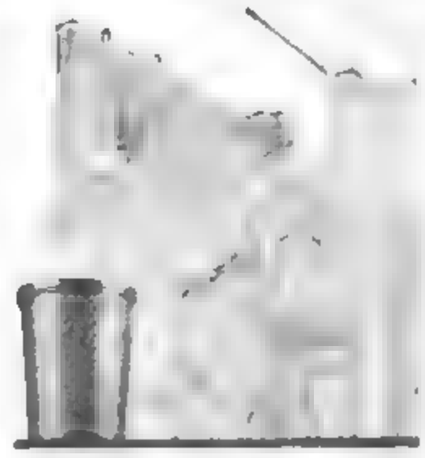
The Vul-Cot Basket is famous in the business world. Now it's starting to do for the Home what it has done for the Office. For the office it had to be plain. For the home it's entirely new and different. A beautiful basket-weave design is stamped right into the fibre in colors which will harmonize perfectly with any of your furniture—a rich brown and a deep green for general use in library, living room and bed room; an attractive neutral walnut for the kitchen; and light colors appropriate for use in the bath room and perhaps some bed rooms. And the new home sizes also are most convenient:—a smaller basket for the living room, a large one for the kitchen, and a roomy clothes hamper.

Attached to every Vul-Cot is an absolute guarantee to replace any basket that fails in normal service within five years.

Your favorite department store, stationery store or house-furnishings store should now have Vul-Cots in stock. If for some reason you can't get Vul-Cots in your neighborhood, write us at once, giving us the name of your dealer, and we will see that you are supplied.

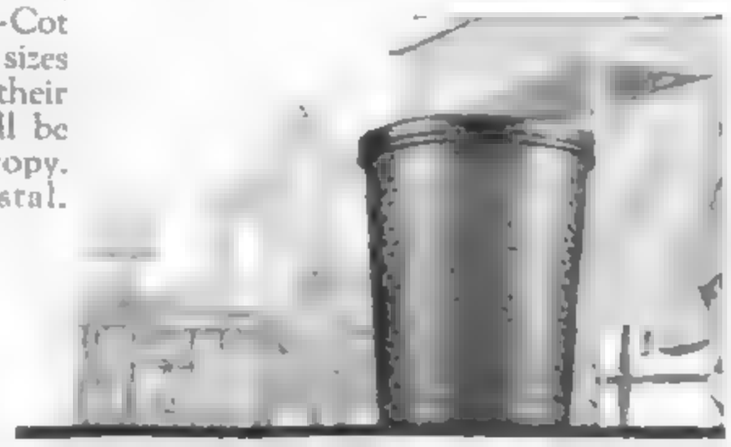
An interesting color-booklet illustrates all of the Vul-Cot Home Receptacles; gives sizes and many suggestions of their helpfulness to you. We'll be glad to mail you a free copy. Just ask for it on a postal.

AMERICAN VULCANIZED FIBRE COMPANY
Wilmington, Delaware



*In the Bed Room*

*In the Bath Room*



*In the Living Room and Library*

# VUL-COT RECEPTACLES Guaranteed for 5 Years

VUL-COT IS A MATERIAL OF A MILLION USES—AS HARD AS BONE, TOUGH AS LEATHER, DURABLE AS STEEL

# A cleaner, safer Towel-Service for your office

Every ScotTissue Towel contains millions of soft Thirsty Fibres, which absorb four times their weight in water. They make ScotTissue the quickest-drying, most satisfactory towels made.

*Plate-glass Mirror* (worth $3.00)
*Nickel-plated Rack* (worth $ 1.50)
*150 Scottissue Towels* (worth $ .50)
$5.00

ALL FOR $3

Our recent announcement offering the ScotTissue Towel outfit to the public has met with such instant response that our manufacturing facilities are being taxed to the utmost to supply them in sufficient quantity.

Modern offices and homes everywhere throughout the country are enjoying the superior, sanitary Towel service they've always wanted.

ScotTissue Towels are the greatest aid to "Clean Hands in Business." They are so easy to use—so efficient, convenient, economical and safe. They provide a clean, fresh, white, soft, thirsty towel to every person for every wash-up.

Ask your stationer, druggist or department store for a ScotTissue Towel outfit. If he can't supply you, send us his name and $3.00 and we'll see that you are supplied.

*Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh, non-absorbent paper towels. Look for the name on every towel.*

Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.
New York Philadelphia Chicago
San Francisco

# Scot Tissue Towels

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*for "Clean Hands in Business"*


# THE CHANGING EAST

(Continued from Page 19)

Nieh's father was governor successively of the provinces of Kiang-su and Che-kiang. This means that he was a rich man's son and destined for the more or less useless life of the conventional Chinese official. At an early age, however, he determined to do something constructive for his country, and not only studied English with tutors but took private courses in electrical and chemical engineering. When he was twenty-five some shares in the Heng Foong Cotton Mill at Yangzepoo, near Shanghai, came into his hands. It was one of the pioneer mills of China, had less than 15,000 spindles, and was being run at a considerable loss. Without experience or technical knowledge he determined to reorganize the institution.

Through his father's influence he borrowed 80,000 Shanghai taels—a Shanghai tael is worth about seventy cents gold—and was so successful in his administration that the first twelve months of operation under his management yielded a profit of 120,000 taels. Nieh still owns this mill, which now has 40,000 spindles and employs 1600 people. This is the type of man who, with the possible exception of H. Y. Moh, is the foremost factor in China's cotton spinning, for he helped to organize the Chinese Cotton Mill Owners' Association and was responsible for the Cotton Improvement Committee, of which he is chairman.

Nieh is tall, lithe and spectacled. With him I went out to see his latest venture, which is the Great China Cotton Mill, located on the Whangpoo River, a small tributary of the Yang-tse, about twenty-five miles from Shanghai. Woosung, not far away, was the rendezvous for Chinese pirates in the old days when river brigandage flourished in those parts.

Here Nieh has constructed what is in many respects the model cotton mill of China, for the series of immense concrete structures, with power plant and subsidiary buildings, cover an area of twenty-five acres. The entire establishment represents the last word in equipment and welfare facilities. Hygiene as well as output is among the first Nieh considerations. The Great China Cotton Mill represents a real advance in Chinese industry. It employs 2800 people and I have not seen a more contented lot anywhere. All together, Nieh is interested in half a dozen big mills, and in each one his ideas of factory efficiency, based on the American model, rule.

Near by is the China Machine Works, which was also established by Nieh, where he manufactures spindles, looms and machine parts. In this adjunct he is taking a step towards self-sufficiency. Though Nieh realizes that China owes a great debt to foreign industrial influence and still needs foreign aids, he is a disciple of that self-help which in the end must spell the social and commercial salvation of the country.

### *The Rise of Mr. Nieh*

Nieh's career—he is only forty-two—is an epitome of what the progressive Chinese can do the moment he gears his keen intelligence and application to modern things. I was amazed at his knowledge of American and European industries. He is perhaps the leading advocate of vocational education in China and has endowed various schools of this kind. On the way out to the Great China Mill we stopped at a social settlement which is called Hull House, in honor of the institution founded by Jane Addams at Chicago. It is supported by several individual cotton-mill owners of the new type, who pay twenty-five cents a year for the education of each child taught there. With this paltry sum a Chinese child is not only taught to read and write but also gets manual instruction. Nowhere else in the world can a small amount accomplish so much as in China.

I can give no better evidence of the caliber of C. C. Nieh than to say that on the morning that he took me out to the Great China Mill he was a few minutes late in keeping the appointment. In apologizing for what he regarded as a discourtesy he explained that the reason for his tardiness was that he had just delivered an address before the National Christian Conference then in session at Shanghai, on the relationship between business and morals; a highly necessary coordination, I might add, for China. Nieh is not only a Christian but practices the gospel that he preaches. He is the exact opposite of what is known in China as the rice Christian, who is so often charged with capitalizing conversion for utilitarian purposes only.

Of equal rank in the Chinese cotton Who's Who is H. Y. Moh, who is one of the richest men in the republic. In him you have the increasingly familiar type of the Chinese self-made man. Twenty-two years ago he did not know a word of English and was an obscure clerk in the store of a cotton merchant at Shanghai, who had brought him up, for his parents were poor. Today he is managing director of three cotton mills representing 150,000 spindles and 600 looms and with a paid-up capital of 6,000,000 Shanghai taels.

Like Nieh, Moh was ambitious from boyhood. After serving as clerk in the Shanghai Maritime Customs he became an English instructor in a normal school, having first taught himself the language. Later he became connected with the Kiang-su Railway and rose to be chief of its police department.

### *Mr. Moh's Constructive Work*

In 1909, when he was thirty-two years of age, he had saved enough money to give himself the technical education that he had so long desired. He first entered the University of Wisconsin. Subsequently he studied at the University of Illinois, where he completed a course in agriculture and took his degree as Bachelor of Science. He also took a special course in soap making at the Armour Institute in Chicago and studied cotton planting and manufacturing at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. When you consider that by this time he was well advanced in the thirties, it is plainly to be seen that the Chinese of his type take no half steps in preparation for a life work.

Upon his return to China, Moh established his first cotton mill. At that time it was in 1915—the general belief among the Chinese was that they could never successfully compete with Japan in cotton textiles. The Twenty-One Demands had been enforced and it looked as if Nippon had fastened a strangle hold upon big Chinese industrial production. Moh, however, proved, as did Nieh, that China could more than hold her own.

Since 1915 Moh's business life has been one continuous expansion. The important detail, however, lies in his efforts for standardization. He was the first manufacturer to spin fine yarns and he was also the pioneer in the manufacture of shirtings and jeans. In 1914 he established the cotton experiment station which is named after him, where American seeds are distributed gratis among farmers. To encourage Chinese agriculturists to use American seed he set up at his own expense in Shanghai a cotton ginnery with American gins. Not only is he the author of a widely distributed book called Simple Remarks on Cotton Improvement, but he has also translated F. W. Taylor's well-known Principles of Scientific Management into Chinese. Incidentally Moh organized the Chinese Industrial Bank and the Chinese Cotton Goods Exchange, of which he is president. It is doubtful if any American magnate can surpass this record of constructive advancement both of self and of industry.

If you met H. Y. Moh in a crowd of Chinese you would never single him out as the individual who has achieved so much in such a brief time, for he is only forty-five. He is undersized, wears Chinese attire, his face is keen and his eyes alert. I asked him to analyze the Chinese industrial situation for me and he said:

"We have just begun our development. China is so vast that the slight work done so far by a few of her enlightened merchants and industrial workers in the different commercial centers is insignificant when you apply American standards. Even cotton manufacturing and flour making, the two best-developed branches, have not become half of what they should be.

"The first factor which has retarded our industrial development is the lack of adequate communications. We have only 2½ per cent of the mileage of the United States. With railways and good roads, combined with navigation lines connecting China with America and Europe, we can supply raw materials and foodstuffs to the

whole world. Mankind need not worry about coal for at least another thousand years if China can open and transport her enormous coal reserves by modern methods.

"We also need uniform currency and an adequate banking system. Our banks need to be reorganized because interest rates, especially in the north, frequently go up to from 10 to 20 per cent a year. This is a great inconvenience to business. What China needs badly is a standardized currency. We have too many different kinds of money and it creates confusion.

"The frequency of political disturbances has also retarded the industrial advance. Many valuable properties are without protection from bandits, and farsighted business men shrink from pushing industry in the interior at their own risk. If China can eliminate militarism industry will at once be speeded up.

"Then, too, there is the scarcity of technical knowledge and practical experience. With technical knowledge the Chinese can easily succeed in any industry, because there is such little competition and usually 100 per cent possibility for a modern business enterprise to prove successful.

"The Chinese are gratified over the assistance given us by America at the Washington Conference. The Shan-tung question was settled and this settlement involved all China. It means that the economic pressure following Japanese encroachment on our territory is removed. If the money for the redemption of the Shan-tung Railway is raised by the people in due time, and the railway and other valuable properties are restored to us, China has a good chance for self-reformation."

I could continue this roster of cotton magnates over a considerable space. Nieh and Moh, however, are sufficient to show the quality of the progressives who are not only building up Chinese industry but Chinese morals as well. When you contemplate the romance of their achievements you have the feeling that the era of productive advancement for the whole country is really launched.

### *Causes of China's Backwardness*

In passing, it may be worth while to point out a little-known reason for China's industrial backwardness. I am reminded of it because Moh referred to the lack of technical knowledge among his countrymen. The average Chinese still thinks and speaks in the language of the great sages of the past. These philosophers naturally knew nothing of modern scientific appliances. Therefore they have handed down no words of wisdom about railways or machinery. In many parts of China people still oppose railroads because they think the noise of the locomotives disturbs the spirits of their ancestors. It follows that the Chinese language has no Western technical phrases. The native engineer or industrial manager must, therefore, resort to English to give instructions to his subordinates who do not speak English. By rote they learn the meaning of the technical phrases.

The cotton industry represents only one phase of Chinese industrial development. There has been a conspicuous growth in flour manufacture. The forty mills of 1912 have expanded to one hundred and three, including those of Manchuria, at the present time. In Shanghai and vicinity there are thirty modern flour plants.

The Great War speeded up Chinese flour milling. China raises about 200,000,000 bushels of wheat a year, which is ordinarily about one quarter the American production. In connection with wheat growing you have the usual handicap due to shortage of transport. The great provinces of the northwest yield immense quantities of wheat, but it cannot be transported to Eastern China, where it would bring four or five times the price that it fetches at home. Julean Arnold estimates that it costs from fifteen to twenty cents a ton-mile for transportation in Shen-si by native methods as compared to one-seventeenth of a cent a ton-mile for haulage of wheat on American railways. Hence the more wheat the Shen-si farmers raise the worse off they are, because it becomes a drug on their own market. In any consideration of Chinese industry you invariably reach the same blind wall reared by inadequacy of transport. Until China has at least 50,000 miles more of railway she cannot come into her own industrially.

All experts unite in the belief that after cotton, silk offers perhaps the best opportunity in Chinese industry. Here you touch one of the ancient activities of the Chinese, for in years gone by it vied with tea as the principal export. At the mention of Chinese tea and silk there is conjured up a picture of the old days when galleons sailed the high seas and the Chinese merchant was in reality a prince. China had the monopoly on both these commodities and they were known and dealt in wherever the trade winds blew. The phrase "China trade" was synonymous with wealth and commercial power, and it had a traditional background rich with the aroma of what romancers called the spices of the East.

Tea and silk, so far as export from China is concerned, have fallen on evil times. Eighty per cent of America's supplies of raw silk now comes from Japan, while China provides only the remaining 20 per cent. One reason is that the American high-speed machine looms cannot use the Chinese skein made for the Chinese hand looms, as it is too long and not uniform in texture. It does not meet the requirements of what is known as the standard American skein. Another reason is that for years diseases have ravaged the Chinese silkworm, whereas the Japanese employ more scientific methods in caring for the worm.

### *Reforms in the Silk Industry*

Since 1920, when the silk bubble burst in Japan—the story of the panic was told in a previous article of this series—silk production has been in a bad way in Japan and China, but notably in China. The Japanese trouble is due to inflation and mad speculation, while the Chinese dilemma grows out of general bad business conditions together with lack of standardization in production. The Silk Association of America and the United States Department of Agriculture have combined to help China out of her hole. Sericulture is now being reorganized under scientific preceptorship.

The fact that Japan has snatched the bulk of the silk export from China is just another evidence of the value of science in modern industry. Most Chinese silk is much finer in quality than the Japanese, but Japan has got away with the trade because she has used more modern and therefore more aggressive methods. As a matter of fact many Japanese dealers buy silk in China and sell it as their own product. The Chinese silk trade, however, lacks the element of gambling which has on more than one occasion demoralized the Japanese market.

Chinese silk reform must begin with the raw material. The principal defect has been disease-ridden silkworms. Under the auspices of the International Society for the Improvement of Sericulture in China a campaign for improving worms has been inaugurated. The most conspicuous work is being done in the Sericulture Department of the Canton Christian College, which, by the way, is one of the most useful and practical institutions in the Far East and is located on the Pearl River, a short distance from Canton. Groves of mulberry trees have been set out here and immense numbers of certified egg sheets, as they are called, are being produced for sale to Chinese farmers. The result is that the worm crop is already 50 per cent better. Good worms mean good cocoons, and therefore good silk. Just how much this helps the Chinese silk trade is revealed when I quote a well-known silk expert. He said:

"Without planting another acre in mulberry trees or investing another dollar in raising cocoons, the Shanghai district, with disease-free eggs, can raise from three to five times the amount of silk now produced. This means adding $50,000,000 gold to the wealth of the section." The Shanghai district, by the way, and the Canton area form the two most important silk-producing regions in China.

One agency in the reform of the Chinese silk industry is the Shanghai International Testing House, established largely through the efforts of the Silk Association of America, with Chinese coöperation. Silk that passes its test is accepted in any market on certificates from the testing house. A similar establishment will be set up in Canton, which is one of the great silk centers of China.

With their usual intelligence the Chinese are taking advantage of the aid given them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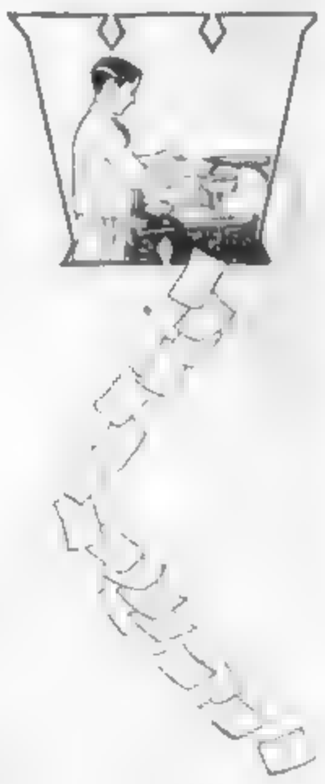

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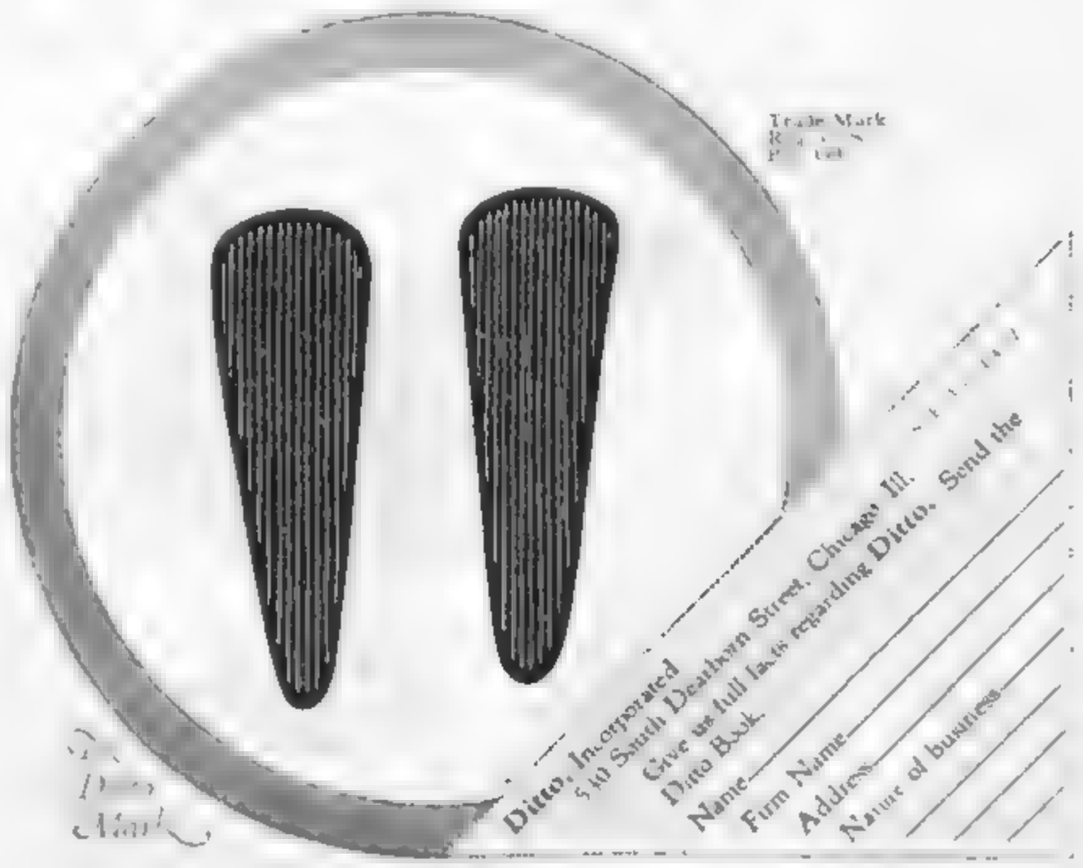
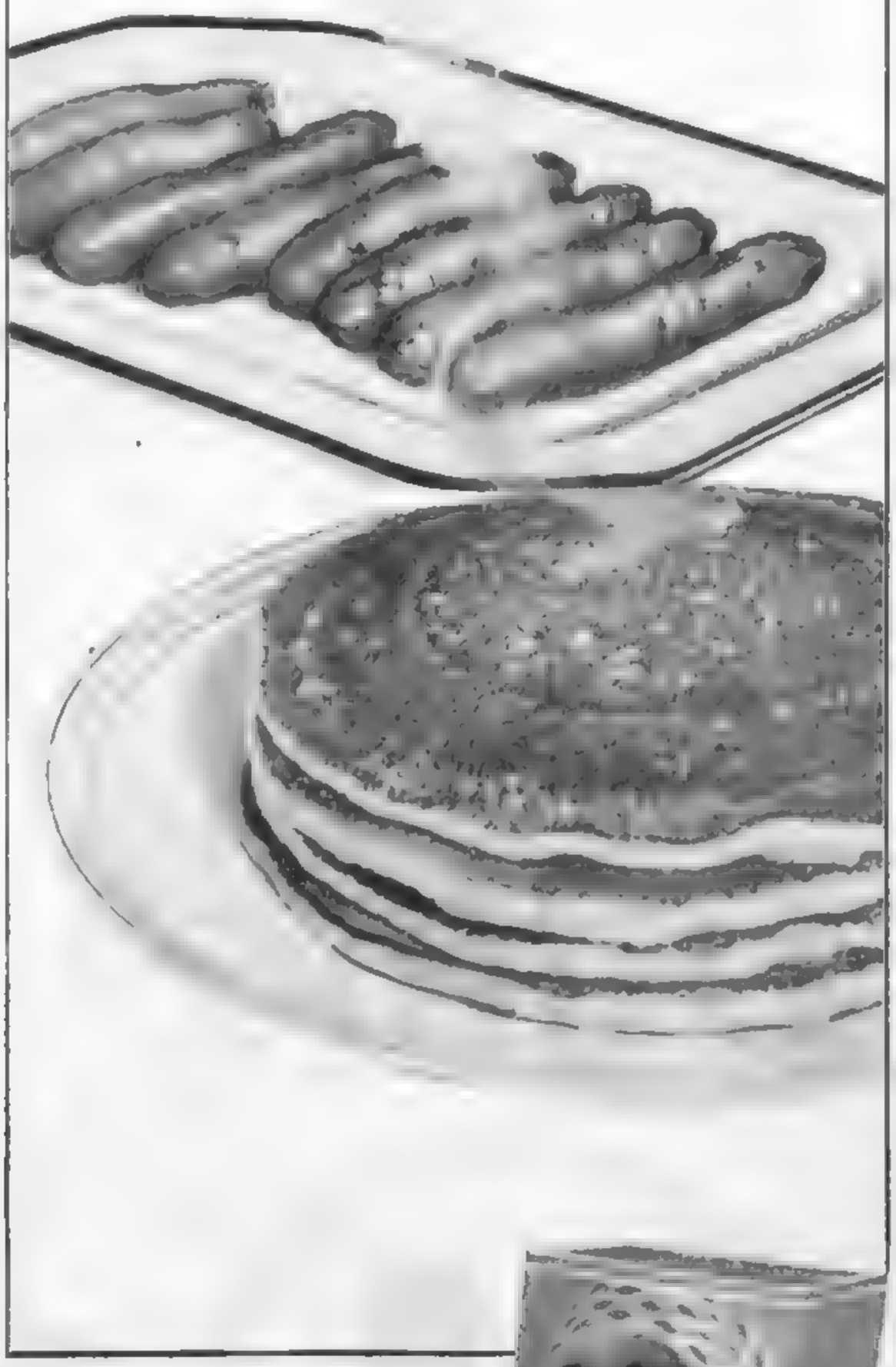


"I'se in town, Honey!"

AUNT JEMIMA says:

Good pork sausage--natchelly I'se fo' dat. But 'thout my pancakes 'taint much!



GET a package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour from your grocer today. It's ready-mixed, so you just add water (or milk) to it and make the finest pancakes you've ever tasted, pancakes with the old-time Southern flavor. For real *buckwheat* cakes, get Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Pancake Flour, the *yellow* Aunt Jemima package.

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by America. The filature system—a filature is the place where silk is spun from the cocoons—is being reorganized on a steam-power basis, so as to meet modern requirements. The effect can already be seen in silk export. A few years ago Canton was exporting from 15,000 to 20,000 bales of raw silk yearly. In 1921, 44,000 bales were shipped. Since the average price of a bale of silk is about $750 gold—in times of frenzied speculation it is four and five times this amount—you get some idea of the value of the silk business.

So with the weaving of silk cloth. Up to last year there were only a few modern silk-weaving establishments in all China. Most of the looms are still operated by hand. When I went to Hang-chau I visited some of these establishments, which have not changed in method or equipment in a thousand years. Hang-chau now has one large mill equipped with power looms and others are projected.

With silk, as with cotton, the tendency in China is toward modern industrialization, and this in turn means progress. Turn to tea, and you find that medieval methods still obtain, with the result that the once immense tea trade is in eclipse. For years tea was almost as synonymous with China as was the pigtail. Now that the queue is nearly gone, China's tea export has almost followed it into oblivion. China introduced tea to the world, and in the great day of the overseas traffic in it her produce was preëminent. At one time she exported 300,000,000 pounds, one-third of which was consumed in Great Britain. Last year she shipped exactly 933,700 pounds to the United Kingdom. This tells the whole story. Never was there such a mighty fall in business.

On account of the enormous home consumption China probably grows more tea than the rest of the world combined, but she is unable to renew her grip on overseas distribution. The first and foremost dent in her trade was put there by the Indian and Ceylon product, which is not only cheaper but is produced along up-to-date lines. In China tea is not grown on plantations but is raised by individual farmers on small areas. The leaves are picked and withered in precisely the same way that they were centuries ago. In India and Ceylon, on the other hand, there are huge scientifically laid-out plantations, equipped with all modern mechanical aids. Moreover, the Indian and Ceylon planters have exploited their product in the markets of the world through the one best agency for merchandising, which is printer's ink. They have learned that it pays to advertise.

### Can the Tea Trade be Revived?

Another reason for the decline in Chinese tea exports is the virtual closing of the Russian market. Formerly the Russians were the greatest alien consumers of Chinese tea. Until the Bolsheviks played havoc with everything they absorbed more than 100,000,000 pounds of the China production each year. Even before the red horror broke, the Slavs were beginning to turn to the Indian article. Of course China's tea trade with Russia is only temporarily halted, but meanwhile the disruption plays havoc with the tea growers.

The tea season of 1920-21 was probably the most disastrous ever known to Chinese dealers. H. H. Fox, the British commercial counselor for China, is authority for the statement that in May, 1920, Chinese black tea was practically unsalable. Only 30,000 half chests of Hu-nan and Hu-peh tea were produced, and the bulk of it remains unsold to this day. The normal output in these two areas is 400,000 half chests.

China faces the alternative of improving her tea product and lessening the cost, or losing the trade altogether. The Chinese appreciate the seriousness of the situation, and what is termed a tea bureau has been established under the auspices of the Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce, and an effort will be made to standardize tea in the same way that silk culture is being improved. The Chinese pin their faith on a revival of their trade in America. They believe that since the enactment of the Volstead Law the United States must substitute another beverage in the place of alcohol, and they hope it will be their tea.

Cotton, flour and silk are merely details in a growing industrialization that is expanding to a score of commodities. In one of the previous articles I showed how the soy bean had made Manchuria not only famous but also rich. Practically the entire bean output is grown by Chinese, although the milling and marketing are largely in Japanese hands. China has speeded up her output of porcelains, hides, metals and minerals, straw braid, sugar, carpets, cigarettes, glassware, matches, ivory novelties, leather and laces.

Certain picturesque Chinese industries are worth more than passing mention. Nearly everybody has read about the ancient eggs which form a strong—I use the word advisedly—feature of every banquet, and the Chinese are long on banquets, both as to the food and time consumed. These eggs, however, are not confined to formal dinners. Everybody who can afford to buy eats them. They are sold on the streets by innumerable venders. In China half the restaurants seem to be portable.

Quite naturally the Westerner has got the idea that these hoary eggs are really old. Certainly they taste old, when you have conquered your sense of taste and smell and eat one. As a matter of fact few of these blackened eggs are really old. A Chinese expert informed me that you can make a "fifty-year-old egg" overnight by cooking it in lime, which congeals it and gives it a gamy flavor. Since all "old" eggs look and taste alike to the average Chinese, this overnight maturity, which compresses fifty years into a yesterday, makes little difference.

### Traffic in Vintage Eggs

The egg business, therefore, is one of the great staples of China. Since 80 per cent of the population are in agriculture almost everyone raises eggs and has chickens. Being thrifty souls, they sell and do not consume the output. Many unique methods are used to supplement natural hatching. In some sections a brick or mud stove is used as an incubator. Elsewhere, alternate layers of heated rice husks and eggs are placed in a tub, the heated husks being changed every day. In remote rural districts old men and women hatch eggs successfully by carrying them in their clothing. This is not surprising, for the aged on the farms seldom wash or change their garments.

Nearly 500,000,000 whole eggs, either fresh or preserved, were exported from China last year, while the total egg output of eight provinces, including Shan-tung, the heart of the egg belt, was 1,500,000,000. Thus the helpful hen is a real factor in Chinese commerce. The Chinese have also developed a considerable industry in yolks and albumen. In normal years the exports of these ingredients alone aggregate 40,000,000 pounds and are worth over $15,000,000 gold.

Another unique industry is in human hair and hair nets. For years the exports of hair from China have averaged more than 3,000,000 pounds a year. The business got a tremendous boom following the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty, when the cutting of queues became general. The ordinary supply of hair is increased by combings from barber-shop cuttings, and by women, who frequently sell their hair in times of financial trouble. More hair nets are exported from China than from any other country. The industry was introduced into China by the Germans shortly after they acquired the leased territory in Shan-tung. Chi-fu, however, is the center of the trade, and exported 2,000,000 gross of hair nets last year. Here the hair is bleached and dyed and made up for the American markets in assorted colors. I traveled from Hong-Kong to Seattle with a merchant known as the Hair Net King, who told me that his business alone amounts to nearly $5,000,000 a year.

All this leads to the important fact that China's foreign trade, despite the world business slump and the decline in silver—the country is on a silver basis—has grown steadily. In 1920 the exports amounted to 541,631,300 haikwan taels, while the imports were 762,250,230 haikwan taels, a total volume of 1,303,881,530 haikwan taels. Ten years ago China's entire foreign commerce amounted to only 843,798,222 taels. In China foreign trade does not as yet enter into the life of the people in anything like the same proportions that obtain with Western nations. China's overseas business per capita is barely one-fiftieth of that of the United States.

The preceding reference to haikwan taels brings us to a brief but necessary explanation of Chinese currency, which is almost

(Continued on Page 121)

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# HAVOLINE OIL

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(Continued from Page 118)

as complicated as the national politics. Like the country itself, it needs unification and standardization. Although customs, foreign trade, taxes and wealth generally are reckoned in taels, there is no such coin. A tael is a weight of silver, and weighs an ounce. For modern trade purposes it does not appear actually in transactions and is a nominal or bookkeeping unit. Like the English guinea, it is a money of account. When used, it comes in what is known as sycee shoes of fifty taels, which means that this piece of silver, which is really shaped like a Chinese shoe, weighs fifty ounces. Off the beaten path the traveler must carry these shoes and lop off pieces of silver in payment for whatever he buys.

This feature in itself would be bad enough, but there are no fewer than one hundred and seventy different taels, for nearly every community has its own idea of an ounce. It has been said that if a man starts across China with a given amount of silver, ten exchange transactions will eat up his capital without the purchase of a single article. The money changer is no altruist.

China being a silver country, the visitor to a big port like Shanghai is immediately impressed by what seems to be the recklessness with which bullion is handled. He sees an almost endless succession of silver bars sliding down a board from the side of a ship or watches a coolie complacently carrying two boxes of silver, swung from a pole, down the street. No watchman is to be observed and yet there is never any theft. One reason is that the bars, or shoes, are too heavy to make a quick get-away, and another is that the sycee is a bank token, and no merchant would accept it from an unvouched customer. It is an interesting commentary on the Chinese that this bullion is safer on the streets of Shanghai than was gold on the highways of New York City back in the time when daily transfers were made with sacks of the yellow metal.

The two official taels are the haikwan, which is used in the customs service, and the kuping, or treasury tael, which is employed for land taxes. American business men best know the Shanghai and Tientsin taels. Every one of these taels has a different value, but for the sake of popular explanation it may be said that at the present rates of exchange they range from 75 to 80 cents gold.

### The Cart-Wheel Dollar

The circulating medium in China is nothing more nor less than a replica of the cart-wheel dollar that we still have in many parts of the United States. The silver dollar was introduced into China by the Spaniards many decades ago and first became popular in Canton, which was the pioneer port opened to foreign trade. In the 50's the familiar Mexican silver dollar arrived. Though this coin is actually in the minority today, the word "Mexican" is used to indicate silver valuation. When you hear the phrase "one hundred dollars Mex" it indicates a value of $100 Mexican. Ordinarily the Chinese silver dollar is worth fifty cents gold. Throughout China you find many so-called Yuan dollars, which were coined during Yuan Shih-kai's stormy reign as president, and upon which his profile is stamped.

With subsidiary coinage is the usual complication common to all Chinese currency, for you have big and little money. Ten big dimes of the Yuan coinage constitute a dollar, but it takes twelve Dragon dimes to make a dollar. The Dragon coins, therefore, are the little money. Unless you are very careful the shrewd Chinese shopkeeper will invariably give you little money instead of big when making change.

One further detail in Chinese finance remains to be explained. Everywhere you get what is known as the chopped dollar. If you heard this phrase used you would naturally think that the coin was physically mutilated. Not so. Every Chinese money-changer has a chop, which is his seal. This seal is stamped on money to indicate that it has survived scrutiny, and is good. That is why you see so many dollars with purple markings on them. Once the dollar is chopped it will be accepted by the most ignorant coolie, because he knows that it has passed muster.

The moment you poke into China trade you find the hand of the Germans. When I went to meet C. C. Nieh and accompany him out to his big cotton mill I was forced to climb the stairs in the building where his offices are located, because the elevator was out of order. At the head of the first landing I was confronted with a large sign bearing the words, "Hugo Stinnes China Company." It meant that the masterful Hugo had set up shop in the Orient, and was going strong. The great Stinnes trusts are exporting large tonnages of electrical machinery to China, where it is more than likely that they will duplicate their program in Japan. In Nippon they have joined with local factories for a joint enterprise.

One of the biggest developments in Chinese commerce during the past twelve months is the comeback of the Germans. Behind this revival is an interesting psychological reason, which bears directly upon the whole alien commercial opportunity in the Far East. With the exception of the American, no foreigner is so popular with the Chinese generally as the German. I will tell you why. The British, who dominate foreign trade in China, are inclined to be overbearing in their attitude towards the Chinese, but since they make money for the Celestials and have the best alien banking facilities, they are tolerated. The American, on the other hand, takes just the reverse attitude, for he is familiar with the native, and it is well known that if you want to spoil a good Chinese servant you have only to put him in an American household in any of the treaty ports and the deed is done. Moreover, the Americans are impatient with the natives, and haste in the Orient is a cardinal sin. Where the Britisher is too restrained, we are too impulsive.

### German Trade in the East

The German owes his success with the Chinese, first of all, to his infinite patience. He also takes the trouble to learn the language. Once he has embarked upon a transaction he labors long and faithfully with his prospect. The Chinese responds gratefully to this treatment, so to speak, and it produces real results. The Germans take a deep interest in the families of the Chinese with whom they do business. They make kindly and seasonable inquiries, and never forget the children's birthdays. Knowing this, you are not surprised to learn that the moment the armistice was signed the Chinese turned to German goods, and the volume of traffic in them has steadily increased.

One of the largest German activities in China is in aniline dyes and indigo, the volume of which exceeds that from all other sources combined. In 1920 Germany sold China dyes to the amount of 2,255,767 haikwan taels, while for the first five months of 1921 this business had already aggregated 1,800,000 taels. Until recently the big German dye firms worked through Dutch houses or Chinese agents. This practice was begun immediately after the war, when the Germans had to camouflage their trade dealings. In China, as elsewhere, many German exporters deal almost exclusively through Chinese firms in which they hold partnerships. It always means goodwill.

In addition to dyestuffs Germany has got her hooks back into what is known in the East as the trash trade—that is, traffic in commodities such as cheap cutlery, buttons, needles and novelties that are cheaply made. When the war broke out, with the cutting off of Germany from the markets of the world, the Japanese got a big slice of this business, which they capitalized to the fullest extent. The shelves of the Far East were bare, and shopkeepers were willing to pay any old price for merchandise. Now that Germany is back in the game she can produce at a much lower overhead cost than Japan, where wages and the general cost of industrial production are excessive. Right here you have one of the many reasons why Japan is in the economic dumps.

The Germans, however, are not taking any chances with the Oriental trade. In China, as in Japan, Australia, South America, South Africa and even India, they are not only underselling every competitor but are disposing of goods at a loss in order to get back on the trade map in a big way. This is why there is so much inflation in all German overseas commerce.

Even the swiftest survey of Chinese industrialization must include a reference, at least, to two factors inseparably bound up with it. One is natural resources and the other railways.


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For the man with the narrow heel and low instep Florsheim Combination Last Shoes give that snug fit not obtainable in ordinary shoes. There's a Florsheim Shoe to fit every foot.

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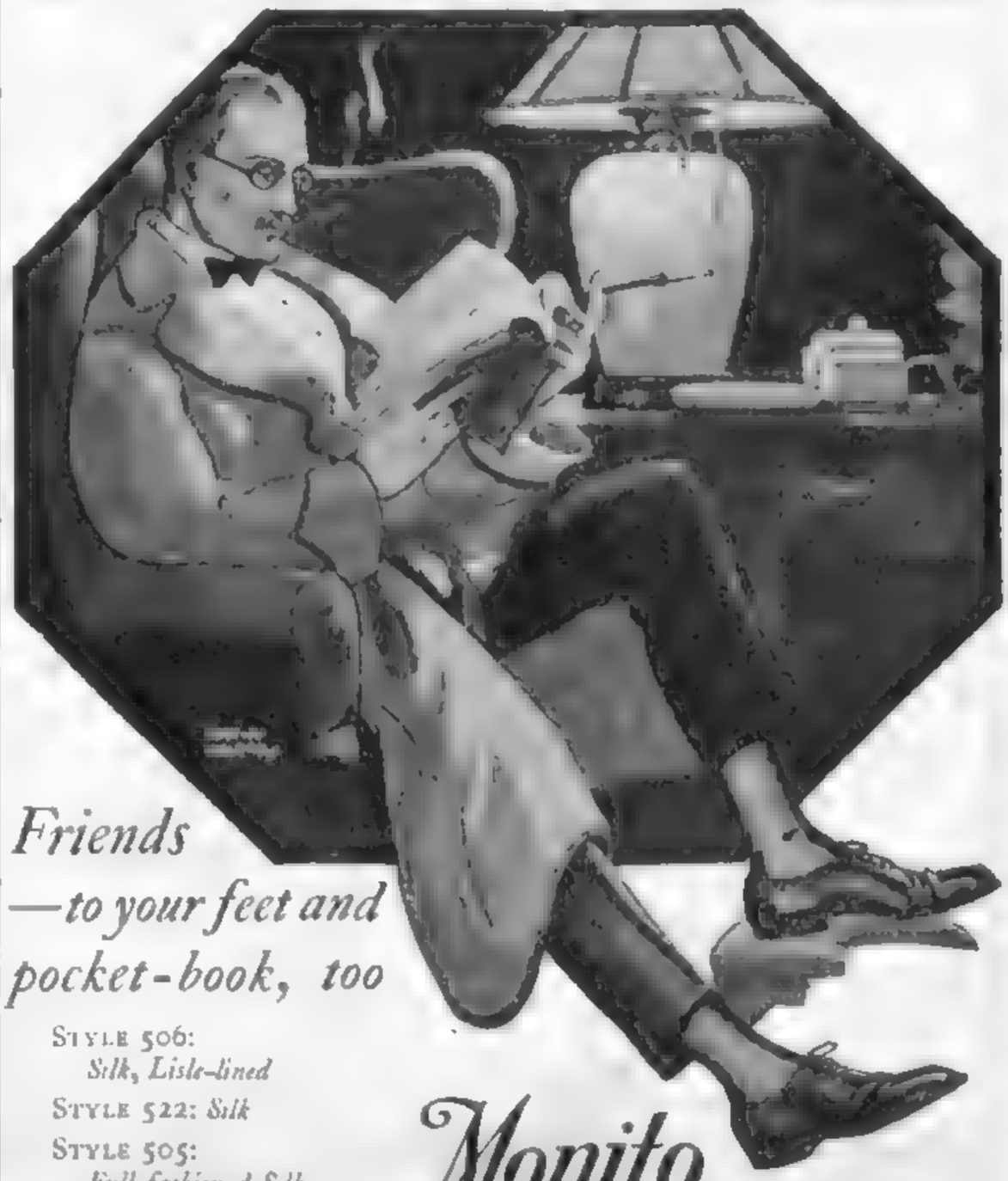

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All have the distinguishing India features—flexible wind-proof tips on the ten strong steel ribs, comfortable carrying length, all-sheltering spread and thoroughly distinctive appearance.

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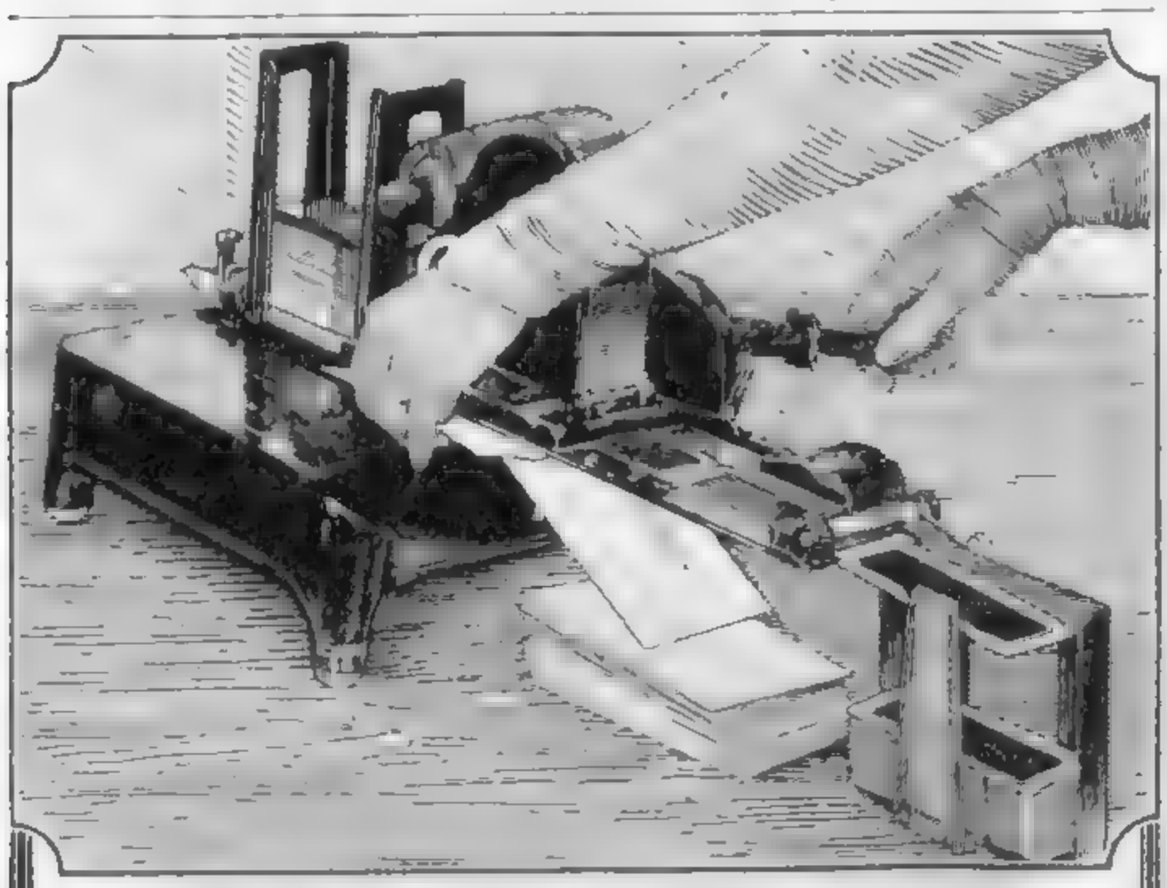
*"The little umbrella with the big spread"*

**Indias for men, women, little folks and for travelers**



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In coal and iron—the backbone of the modern industrial structure China is a treasure house. She is the only country on the Pacific save the United States with large resources of coal. The delay in tapping it has been due to lack of communications, for many of the richest bituminous deposits are almost inaccessible. With the cheap labor that prevails in China, experts all agree that coal can be mined at from thirty-five to seventy-five cents a ton.

One reason why Japan has tried by hook or crook to control China is her iron-ore reserve. Japan needs this iron in her business, for she has practically none within her own confines. Until public opinion, together with the Washington conference, blocked her widening scheme of forceful penetration, Japan controlled, in one way or another, three-quarters of the visible iron-ore production of China.

It is not generally known that half of the world's resources of antimony are in China. Tens of thousands of shells exploded over the battlefields of France during the Great War contained Chinese antimony, which is also used in making type metal. Lead, zinc and tin are also found in large quantities. Although China ranks second among the silver-using countries of the world, it does not contain a pound of silver ore.

It would take a book to tell the real story of the Chinese railways—or, rather, lack of railways. With the conventional facts most people are familiar. The country has approximately 7000 miles of road, when she should have at least ten times that extent. Four of the most important routes are concession lines, which means that they are involved in politics. I have already indicated elsewhere in this series how nationalistic jealousy and rivalry of foreign powers have persistently blocked real railway expansion. Another obstacle is the eternal political unrest, which makes foreign capitalists shy about dumping more money into a maelstrom.

### *Barriers to Railway Development*

The international banking consortium in which America is represented was really formed to build railroads in China, but so far it has not constructed a mile. Necessity cries out for mileage, but banking caution overrules appropriation. In the present state of transition, with uncertainty constantly lurking round the corner, money for railroads would be little less than philanthropy, and bankers are no philanthropists. China has no resources of her own with which to build roads, for she is chronically in debt. If China ever straightens herself out the consortium's first act will be to construct the three-hundred-mile gap to complete the line between Hankow and Canton, which will provide a service from Peking down to the great southern ports. Canton is already connected by rail with Kowloon, which lies just across a small bay from Hong-Kong. All the existing lines are so deployed that 20,000 miles additional of track will complete a network that means trunk service. The railroad hope of China, however, lies in achieving a united system under foreign rule and the introduction of economy and honesty in operation.

The real barrier to Chinese railway development is one that is seldom dwelt upon by chroniclers. In China the presidency of a government railroad is usually a political appointment and is therefore the butt of rival factions. Pull, not efficiency, determines the choice. While I was in China a new head was named for the Peking-Hankow Railway. He was a Wu Pei-fu man, which means that the Wu Pei-fu crowd will run it. In April, Wu was unable to get money from Peking to pay his troops, so he calmly seized $3,000,000 of the road's receipts. He likewise commandeered all the books. When an American contractor who did business with the road wanted an adjustment of accounts he had to get permission from the military authorities for it. Moreover, the new president started operations by canceling all the orders for equipment that had been placed by his predecessors. If you know China you also know the motive for this step. The new crowd hadn't got their share of the private overhead on these contracts. This overhead ranges from 5 to 40 per cent on every bill of goods bought.

For years Chinese railroad revenue has been drained by the war lords on the one hand or employed by the government to meet pressing obligations on the other. The funds are treated precisely like the income of the salt or customs administrations, which is security for many of the foreign loans. Instead of financing railway and other basic undertakings, the money has gone to fill gaps due to graft, extravagance and mismanagement. Were it not for these diversions from their logical course Chinese government railways would be profitable propositions.

The outlook, however, is not so dark as these conditions would indicate. The unification of the country, which now seems a possibility, owing to the collapse of the Sun Yat-sen movement in the south, will probably inspire foreign capital with more confidence in the country. One reason why Chinese commerce has been able to function with such little rail mileage is the vast network of waterways, such as obtains in Central Africa. Not only are millions of tons of cargo moved on the rivers—some of them, like the Yang-tse, are navigable for big steamers for a thousand miles from the mouth—but millions of people live on small boats. At Canton alone the river population, which is born, bred and dies in sampans, is over 200,000.

### *Problems of Flood Control*

With rivers must be linked that other agency, which to a degree even greater than the railway will ultimately work out the industrial salvation of China. I mean flood prevention, which carries with it immunity from the ravages of famine, for floods in China are as destructive as droughts. This is why the great Yellow River is called the River of Calamity. In several centers conservancy projects are well under way. The Chi-li Conservancy, which operates in the metropolitan province, with headquarters at Tientsin, will illustrate.

For many centuries the Chinese labored in a crude way to prevent floods. They were handicapped by a superstitious fear, shared even by the educated classes, of changing the course of streams lest the dragons in them should be aroused. All life in China is regulated by the *Feng Sui*, the Spirits of Wind and Water. Graves, for example, are located where they will be under the best influence of these spirits. Men have been known to change their stores and their houses because they felt that the establishments were under some evil spell. The Spirits of Wind and Water must always be propitiated.

The story of the Wuting-ho River, which often goes on the rampage, will show how the Chinese mind works. This name means "unstable." After a particularly devastating flood the governor of the province decided to change the name to Yungting-ho, which means "stable," believing that the stream would then behave itself. The river, however, refused to abide by its new appellation, and continued to overflow its banks with irritating regularity.

Until recently the Chinese engineers widened the rivers, thus making them vast areas of shallow water. The moment heavy rains came they flooded the whole countryside. The new conservancy idea now in operation makes the rivers wide and deep, thus maintaining a continuous channel.

Under the auspices of the Chi-li Conservancy Board, Tientsin and the whole adjacent area have been made practically immune from floods. Dikes have been constructed, the bend of the Hai-ho River reduced, and the channel deepened. Thirty miles away is a new lock canal, which provides another preventive measure. The Chi-li undertaking is a step toward national conservancy, which, with reforestation, will help to revolutionize the social and economic life of the republic.

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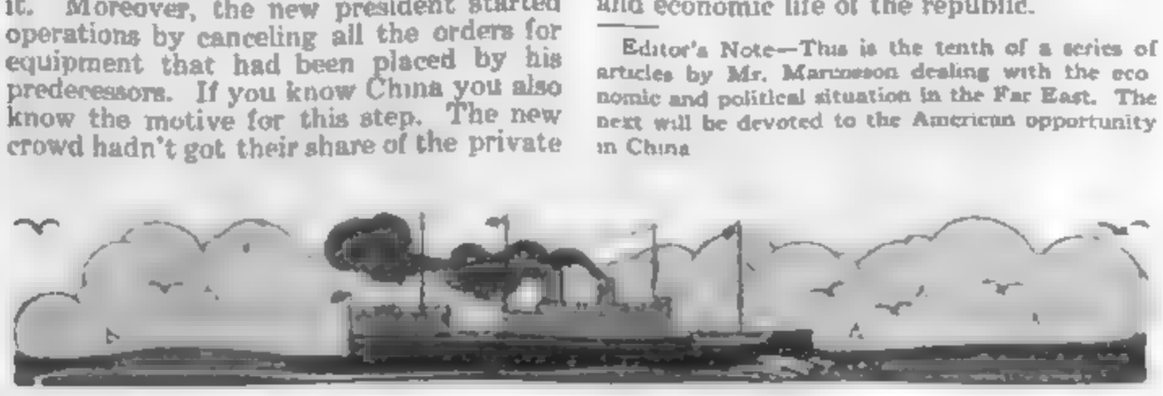
Editor's Note—This is the tenth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will be devoted to the American opportunity in China



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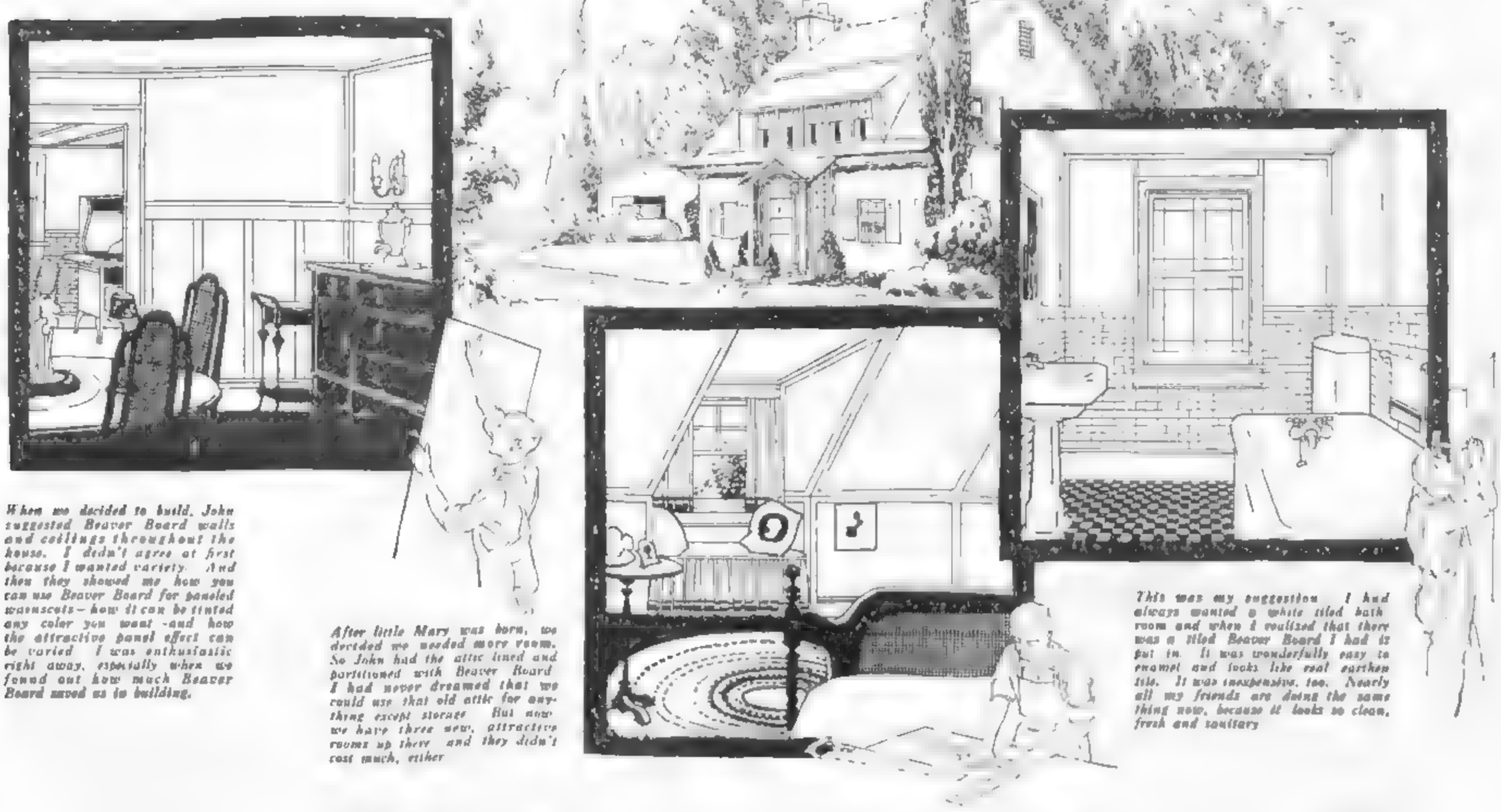

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Temptingly packed in Mission Boxes of from one to five pounds and in genuine handmade, beautifully colored Aztec Pottery from Old Mexico, the several items are called: Pecan Pyramids, Pecan Balls, Pecan Fudge Roll, Pecan Wafers and Pecan Nuggets.

1¼ pounds—$2.00 3 pounds—$4.50
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The Pecan Pyramid, the candy "aristocrat," is a combination of selected whole half Texas pecan meats and piloncillo. Each Pyramid a generous, full portion. At your dealer's or direct to your home by postpaid insured mail:

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Dealers wishing to capitalize on this unique line as exclusive distributors should write or wire us at once. Also, high-grade salesmen are wanted to represent us in territories that are demanding our products.

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LEWIS A. CROSSETT CO.
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—for MEN and WOMEN


# A DAY'S MARKETING

(Continued from Page 23)

With that digression we return to old Cost o' Living, who has not only come back but is comfortably settled in the best chair looking as much at home as Uncle Abijah used to when he had dropped in, uninvited, to spend the winter. It behooves us to study the old gentleman anew and try to understand him. If only thirty-seven cents of him is cost of production and sixty-three cents is cost of distribution, we are entitled to know why.

First, is that statement true? It was made in the course of extended hearings and investigations conducted by a committee of both Houses of Congress—called the Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry—whose report has been coming from the printer in installments for some time. It appears therefrom that several years ago a number of manufacturers in different lines joined in an investigation covering quite a long list of manufactured articles. Tracing the articles from maker to consumer and striking an average they concluded that thirty-seven cents of the consumer's dollar represented bare cost of production, without regard to the manufacturer's selling expenses and profits, and the other sixty-three cents was "spread"—costs and profits added after the goods were actually made until they reached the final consumer. They also found that the profit in that sixty-three-cent spread was as follows: Manufacturer's profit, four cents; wholesaler's profit, three cents; retailer's profit, six cents. That makes a total profit of thirteen cents and leaves fifty cents, or half the consumer's dollar, to be absorbed in expenses.

Taking spread as the difference between what it costs just to produce an article—with no attempt to move or sell it—and what the consumer pays, and taking all articles together, sixty-three cents seems somewhat high. In certain perishable-food products the spread is larger. In some stable lines of manufacture—for instance, men's clothing and men's shoes—we have authoritative figures showing that it is smaller. But probably spread, in that sense, does take quite half the consumer's dollar; and at first glance Uncle Abijah appears to be half stuffing. Let us see if we can knock some of the stuffing out of him.

### The Case of Fruit

Of course everybody's cost of living is based on the prices he pays for goods at retail. For example, I am living in a Connecticut village fifty-five miles from New York. On Main Street, a mile from my house, is a cluster of retail shops at which I buy most of the things consumed in the house. What it costs to produce an article and index numbers of wholesale prices have only a secondary interest for me. Primary interest centers in what the article will cost me in one of those shops; and that is the situation of practically every family in the country. Suppose, then, we take a look at those shops.

The cluster on Main Street is only a flash in the eye as you motor through—a very brief and unpleasant break in the mile-long procession of old elms. One can walk from end to end of it, I suppose, in a minute. Yet if you actually count up, on both sides of the street, you find that the cluster comprises twenty shops in which goods are sold at retail. If you actually count up in your town I think you will be surprised to find how many retail shops there are. Before I counted this cluster I would have said ten instead of twenty. In the first place, then, it seems to take a lot of shops, with a lot of clerks, to supply me and my neighbors with the goods we want.

As cost of living begins with grub we may begin with this shop, housed in a one-story stucco building about twenty-five feet wide by sixty long, whose sign says Meat, Groceries, Fruit, Vegetables. It looks bright and clean, the goods neatly displayed, an air of smartness a fairly typical, small retail food shop of the attractive sort. We start the day with breakfast and the breakfast with fruit. Here are oranges, cantaloupe, honeydew melons, fresh peaches, pears, plums, apples, grapes and the humble but toothsome prune. They all look good, in their crates, baskets and boxes.

Now the first thing required of this shop is that it shall provide sound food to meet the needs and tastes of the community in which it is situated. That constitutes its license for existing. This shop evidently meets that first requirement admirably. Here is as great a variety of good fruit as anybody can reasonably ask for. But if I buy a sample of each kind of fruit and strike an average the grower will have received not more than a third of my dollar.

Oranges, for instance, are less perishable than most fresh fruit and they have long been handled with unusual efficiency, owing to a good coöperative association of growers. But here in the congressional commission's report is a table which gives the average experience of five years, 1913–1918, on California oranges. It shows that the grower received only forty cents of the consumer's dollar. If that is true of oranges it is safe to assume that not over a third of the dollar I pay down at the retail shop on Main Street goes to the grower of fruit. Whereupon I may reprobate this middleman in particular and all middlemen in general. But I prefer to look a little further.

I then see by the labels on the boxes that these oranges came from Florida, the cantaloupe from Colorado, the melons and grapes from California, the peaches from New Jersey. In short, I, Mister Ordinary Consumer, living in Connecticut, demand for my breakfast fresh fruit grown in half a dozen states from two hundred to three thousand miles away. That I can ever have it without a great spread between producer's price and consumer's price is out of the question. Nowhere along the line is the spread between producer and consumer greater than in fresh fruit and vegetables, and nowhere has it been more vehemently complained of.

### The Grocer's Modest Profit

The congressional commission's report gives a summary of 9476 cars of fresh fruit and vegetables sold at wholesale in the larger cities from September, 1920, to July, 1921. The first fact about those cars is that the average haul was fourteen hundred miles. Says the report: "Over 50 per cent of the commercial fruit and vegetables shipped in this country originate in the territory west of the Mississippi River. To a very great extent this product is consumed in eastern territory." Now if a man locates his vegetable garden, orchard and vineyard fourteen hundred miles from his kitchen door he must expect considerable cost in getting the product home. But that cost is only one side of the coin. The goods are hauled fourteen hundred miles because fruit and vegetables can be grown better in certain favored localities, and big-scale, intensive production in those localities makes production cheaper.

Striking an average, out of each dollar which these 9476 cars brought at wholesale, the shipper received sixty cents. Freight took thirty-three cents and costs of handling in the wholesale market took four cents. Gross profit of the receiving distributors amounted to three cents and a fraction. Cutting out that wholesale profit altogether would take only a cheese paring off the spread between producer and consumer. A five-year average gives the wholesale grocer's profit as one and a half cents out of each dollar he received from the retailer; but operating expenses were about eight and a half cents out of each dollar. And retail groceries, in 1921, distributed the consumer's dollar as follows: To cover cost of merchandise, 80.7 cents; to cover operating expenses, 16.8 cents; profit, 2.5 cents. An average for seven years gives 15 cents for operating expenses and 3.7 cents for profit.

The spread between producer and consumer has been much discussed of late and much of the discussion has proceeded in the good old American politico-bunko style of witch-hunting—first find the villain who mildewed the corn and then get a law passed to exorcise him. No doubt there are individual and incidental villainies in the marketing of goods; but the figures I have quoted give the average experience and show that the spread between producer and consumer is not due to profiteering anywhere along the line, but to expense. The popular political sport of profiteer hunting may be useful as a diversion—a sort of indoor competitor of baseball, but it has never

got us anywhere in walloping Cost o' Living, and never will. The real enemy is expense. I could quote figures in other lines besides foodstuffs, but they would simply confirm that conclusion.

Theoretically a great part of the expense can be eliminated. It has been theoretically eliminated any number of times. By subsisting on theoretical food, purchased at a theoretical store, you can wipe out the spread at a stroke. In fact, this spread between producer and consumer is largely a modern invention—a thing of yesterday, like the telephone and the automobile. For ages people lived happily without telephones, automobiles or spread. In another New England town stands a house built mainly in the seventeenth century. It contains, in one corner of the ground floor, a room about twelve feet square with a puncheon floor and a small counter. That was once the shop—the village's retail establishment. Needles, tea, salt and a few other staple articles were kept for sale there. A seventeenth-century New England village did little retail trading. Families supplied their own wants and subsisted mainly on the produce of the neighborhood. Theoretically we can go back to that and mostly eliminate spread.

Practically we can go back to it in some cases. There are very good apples in my own orchard. With no spread and almost no cost of living I can have apples for breakfast, raw, baked or in the sound Yankee form of apple sauce. I do have apples for breakfast, but after a few days they pall. I want something else. I have been corrupted by modern dietary habits. So has everybody else. Any American family with its chin above the bread line demands a variety of food that would have surprised a seventeenth-century nabob. Last winter this modest stucco food shop on Main Street offered melons from Africa and grapes from South America. That is a commonplace nowadays. Of course it makes spread.

### *The Packers' Economies*

But if there is loss in spread there is also much profit in it. Down to a time within the memory of living men New England pretty much fed itself. It is now about as dependent on imported food as Old England is—because on the whole it can do better by giving its attention to manufacturing. The modern arrangement whereby California grapes come to Connecticut and Connecticut clocks go to California came into being because it answered human needs better than the old arrangement of spreadless local production. There is plenty of spread in sending an American mowing machine to Russia, but the machine, with spread added, is superior to a scythe.

So a great deal of spread is economically justified. Producing not only foodstuffs but a great list of other articles in large quantity in certain centers that are most favorable to their production and then distributing the product over hundreds and thousands of miles involves much spread, but finally makes for cheaper goods to the consumer. Otherwise that system could not have so successfully competed with the older one. Every country-bred American of fifty, no matter what state he hails from, remembers the village slaughterhouse which is now as extinct as the hand loom. The Chicago packers may be devilishly ingenious chaps, but no mere devilish ingenuity on the part of a handful of men could have swept away a large nation's meat-supply system in a few years. Nowadays my village and practically every other American village eats packers' meat because, finally, starting the steer in Texas, shipping it to Iowa to be finished, and from Iowa to Chicago to be slaughtered, give us cheaper meat. Otherwise the local slaughterhouse would still flourish. Anybody can set up a local slaughterhouse now, but hardly anybody does because it cannot compete.

It appears from this report that in 1920–21 the shipper received sixty-seven cents out of the average dollar paid by consumers at retail for fresh beef. Packers' operating and selling expenses were a shade under ten cents and packers' profits a cent and a half. But the packers got back practically all their expenses and profits from the by-products which scientific, big-scale manufacturing made possible; so, except for freight, they handed my dollar's worth of fresh beef on to the retailer at practically what it cost them on the hoof. Freight, feed and commissions on the live animal and freight on the dressed beef took ten cents and a fraction of my retail dollar, while the retailer took a fraction over twenty-one cents of it for operating expenses and profit, but his profit was under three cents.

Now according to our popular political canons the packers are in a state of perdition. They are a trust, they are plutocrats, they are big business, they are everything that buncombe politics reprobates. But they took only eleven cents gross out of my dollar, and then canceled all but half a cent of that by selling the by-products, so that in buying a pound of fresh beef the net tax I pay them is under a cent. On the other hand, the retailer is in a state of salvation. He is small, unorganized, competitive; he is everything that politics says he ought to be. But he took twenty-one cents out of my beef dollar. Even then the spread between producer and consumer of fresh beef is uncommonly narrow. Make a note of what big-scale efficient organization may do to narrow spread.

Having made that note we will pass the buck to the twenty-one-cent retailer. As it happens, next door to the stucco food shop which we first entered stands a chain store. Many of the goods on its shelves are cheaper than in the stucco shop. Selling cheaper goods it should, theoretically, put the stucco shop out of business; but it does nothing of the kind. It sells only for cash and makes no deliveries, while the stucco shop gives credit and delivers any purchase within a radius of several miles. In short, in addition to the goods it sells services or conveniences which many people want and are willing to pay for. It has more spread, but there may be many occasions when it is cheaper for me to telephone for goods to be delivered than to drive downtown and fetch them home. Then spread is a good investment for me; a gain instead of a loss.

Or suppose I am merely lazy and don't feel like driving downtown. Why should I reprobate the retailer who sells me the services and conveniences that my laziness demands? Services, conveniences, agreeable conversation by the salesperson are very important factors in retailing. They make spread, but consumers choose them. The store with the highest price and most spread—and most service, most convenience, most general attractiveness—may meet the wants of a part of its community better than one with less spread. For that part of the community, it is the better shop. At a large retail market in Banbury Cross, eleven miles away, I can buy some sorts of meat cheaper than at home. It may be convenient to drive to Banbury Cross and fetch home a basket of meat, and it may be very inconvenient. The chief reason why the Banbury Cross market sells meat cheaper is that it sells far more of it. That is the chief reason why I do not wish to live in Banbury Cross; far more people live there.

### *Savings That Cost Too Much*

There is a great deal in retailing besides simple price of the goods. From the consumers' point of view convenience has as much to do with it as price. For example, I buy a package of breakfast food. It appears that the producer of the raw grain got only one-fifth of the price I pay. Now one of my neighbors raised excellent oats and corn this year. I could buy the raw grain from him. Another neighbor cherishes a rude stone bowl and pestle which the original and spreadless inhabitants of this region used for the purpose of crushing corn. Probably he would lend them to me; and having crushed the grain I could cook it in my own kitchen, and so have a dish of breakfast cereal at first-hand cost. Any city mechanic can buy raw grain, carry it home in the trolley car, put it through a coffee grinder and have breakfast food without middlemen and without spread. But no city mechanic does so, because he can't afford to. It is cheaper for him to buy the convenient package, although only a fifth of the price he pays goes to cover first cost of the raw grain.

It costs money and makes spread to inform consumers where goods are to be found—that is, for advertising in its simplest form. But the consumer whose time is of any account can afford to pay the cost. Try to imagine goods just produced and dumped down at the point of production, with a hundred and ten million consumers

*Paris Garters work for you 16 hours a day*

PARIS

GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

3000 Hours of Solid Comfort

Declare a dividend in garter security on a par with none other. Make your legs shareholders in 3000 hours of solid comfort for 35 cents. Single Grips 35 cents and up. Double Grips 50 cents and up. A small cost for a big service. More men than ever are wearing PARIS Garters in silk at 50 cents and up. Have you tried them?

A. STEIN & COMPANY

Children's HICKORY Garters

Chicago New York

Don't Risk Discomfort—
*Take a Chance*

For Runners, Men ... Doctors, Attorneys, Students, All Desk Workers.

## *What a Shirt Saver!*

Hard rubbing to clean badly soiled cuffs is what wears out shirts quickly. Save the cuffs and you save the shirt. Chance Cuff Buttons make shirts last two or three times as long because they make it easy to keep cuffs clean. They hold the cuffs smooth and unwrinkled wherever you want them; on the forearms safe from soiling while you work, out of the splash when you wash; above the elbow when it's hot—back on the wrist with a slight pull, closed automatically. It's the most comfortable button you ever saw. Easily adjusted to fit any cuff and wrist.

Chance Cuff Buttons are made in pearl and silver finish to sell for a dollar a pair. Ask your dealer or write us. Take no risks—*Take a Chance!*

*Nothing to unfasten or fasten when changing position of cuffs. Hands slip through cuffs without unfastening buttons*

*Draws up on forearm, stays put (slight pull keeps cuff in place)*

*Holds cuffs unwrinkled and clean on upper arm*

Chance

CUFF BUTTONS

ADJUSTABLE PATENTED

**Chance Sales Co.**
27-29 North 4th St.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Distributors and Dealers
Write for Proposition

**Pin a Dollar Bill on This Coupon and Mail It Today!**

Chance Sales Co., 27-29 North 4th St., Minneapolis.
Gentlemen: Please mail me ... pairs of Chance Cuff Buttons for which I enclose $

Name

Street No.

Town State

*Turkey and "Fixin's" and then—Yum Yum!—*

# WARD'S PARADISE FRUIT CAKE

*The best part of the Feast* — *The Cake of the Gods*

Nothing will give your Thanksgiving Dinner the same old-fashioned spirit as Ward's Paradise Fruit Cake. Never before was there a cake just like it nor one-half so good. Taste it once and you will never again be satisfied with any ordinary fruit cake.

THE pineapples, raisins, imported cherries and other fruits, the choice nuts, butter, eggs, milk, sugar and flour that enter into its making are the finest money can buy, all blended and baked, by "the world's greatest bakers," into a masterpiece of cake-making. Made the Ward Way as only Ward knows how.

If there is any left after Thanksgiving you can save it until Christmas, for it will keep fresh and delicious for months! But it isn't likely there will be any left—it's much too good for that!

So you'd better order one *now* for your Christmas Dinner, too. We'll deliver it to you a few days before Christmas. An ideal Christmas gift for any man or woman, and especially appropriate for an entire family where it is impracticable to send individual gifts to each member. Send us your gift list, we'll do the rest.

Wrapped in glassine paper and packed in a beautifully decorated metal gift-box lined with lace paper and an embossed doily. Send one to the boys or girls at school, or other absent members of the family. Price east of Mississippi River $5.00 post-paid. Elsewhere in the United States and in Canada, $1.00 additional. Order from your dealer. If he cannot supply you, cake will be sent parcel post or express prepaid, on receipt of check, post office money order or express money order. Send orders to our New York office or, if more convenient, to our nearest bakery.

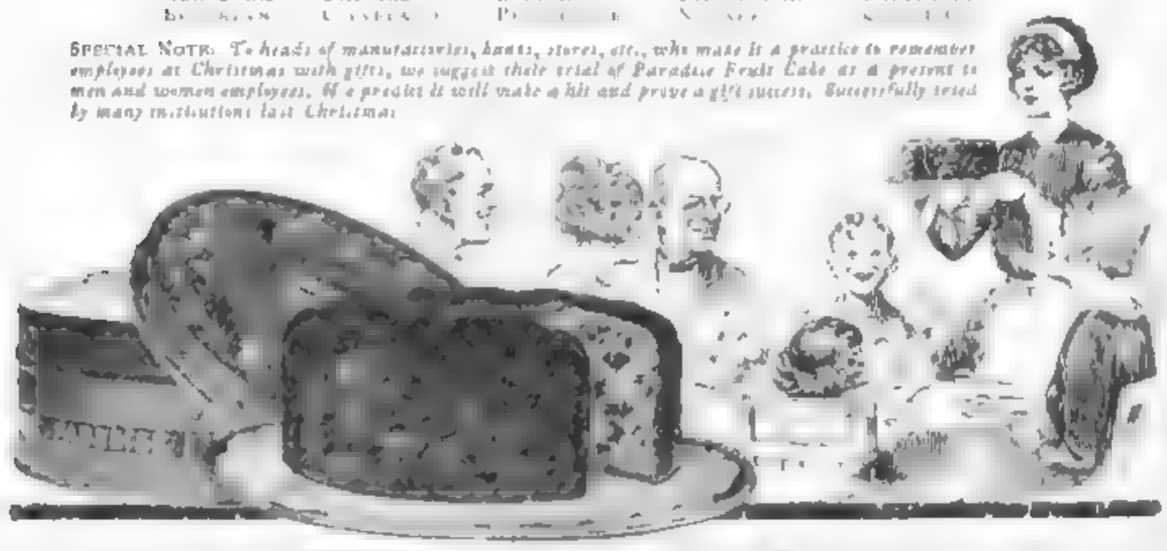
Over One Hundred Thousand Sold Last Holiday Season

Address Department S

WARD BAKING COMPANY

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON PITTSBURGH BALTIMORE

SPECIAL NOTE: *To heads of manufacturing houses, banks, stores, etc., who make it a practice to remember employees at Christmas with gifts, we suggest their trial of Paradise Fruit Cake as a present to men and women employees. If a present it will make a hit and prove a gift success. Successfully tested by many institutions last Christmas.*

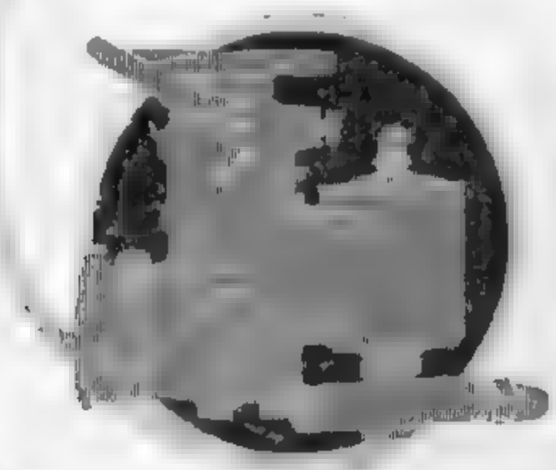


# HOLLEY

*The* QUALITY CARBURETOR

Perfect combustion, the result of an exact metering of gas and air, is an outstanding characteristic of every one of the 1,200,000 new Holley Quality Carburetors now in use.

HOLLEY CARBURETOR COMPANY, DETROIT



engaged in a needle-in-a-haystack game of trying to find them.

Last summer I purchased a bedstead whose side rails are fastened to the head and foot boards by long slim bolts with threads cut in one end—a sort of magnified screw. But there were only three bolts, and proper articulation of the bedstead required four. Sample bolt in hand I visited hardware and furniture shops here and in Banbury Cross. One elderly salesman recognized the article in my hand and indulged in mellow reminiscences of the good old days when such articles might be purchased. He thought I might possibly find one in some shop that dealt in aged furniture. One such dealer—himself a fine antique—opined that there might be some bed bolts in the litter in his back room. Patient rummaging of the junk heap finally unearthed two bolts; but one was too thick, the other too short. The dealer, however, recommended me to a blacksmith at ——, who was none of your modern, eight-hour-day butterfingers, but a real old-fashioned artisan. I drove to ——, left my sample with the artisan, returned three days later and got the fourth bolt. That was an ideal transaction, without middlemen or spread. It extended over a week, consumed several hours and involved driving some forty miles. If I had to do all my marketing in that spreadless manner I might as well move to Russia.

Today I wish, say, a stick of shaving soap. I step into the nearest drug store, lay a quarter on the counter and say, "Stick of X Y Z shaving soap." By the time I have said it the clerk is reaching into the showcase. "Wrap it?" he asks. "No," I reply. The little pasteboard box is in my pocket, the quarter is in the till, I walk out. The whole transaction has consumed sixty seconds. The cost of producing the bit of soap in that box was, say, two cents. The spread is enormous. But I am not buying just soap. I am buying convenience.

### The Cost of Convenience

A comparatively spreadless transaction would proceed about as follows: I enter a drug store and inquire of the clerk, "Have you any shaving soap?" "Oh, yes," he says, and produces from beneath the counter a large basket filled with cakes of various sizes, shapes and colors. They are all strangers to me, so I inquire about their respective merits. If I want a hard soap that will last long but lathers slowly the clerk would recommend this kind. On the other hand, if I want a soft soap that lathers quickly he thinks this sort will suit me better. For himself, he has used this round kind for quite a while and finds it satisfactory; but a friend of his prefers the square cake. I feel the round cake and the square cake, and smell of them. It occurs to me that many other customers must have felt and smelled those same cakes. I wonder how clean their hands were. Finally I decide upon the round cake. The clerk tears off a piece of paper, wraps the cake and ties it with a pink string. I pay six cents and walk out. Before I reach home the pink string has come off and the cake slipped out of the paper. So when I next see it it is amusingly bewhiskered with lint out of my pocket. For some time everything else that comes out of that pocket has a soapy touch and smell. In the bathroom my round cake of soap slides off the bowl to the floor every other time I use it, which is cleansing to the floor, although it adds nothing to the attractiveness of the soap. I get my shaving soap mixed with the handsoap.

By purchasing the round cake I saved nineteen cents of spread. A stick of shaving soap lasts me a month. In a year I am ahead two dollars and twenty-eight cents—theoretically. But am I really ahead? I guess not. I prefer to pay spread and save annoyance. So, from free choice, does practically everybody else, which is why the old-fashioned cake of mere shaving soap is now found only in barber shops.

A great deal of this spread is finally profitable to both consumer and producer. Only by virtue of a wide spread between producer's price and consumer's price is it possible to have large-scale intensive production of fruit in California and of shoes in Massachusetts and exchange the products. Possibly, by and large, only thirty-seven cents of the consumer's dollar goes to cover bare cost of production, without regard to the producer's overhead and selling expenses. But bare production is hardly half the problem. I need thank nobody for merely producing anything. Before the thing can be of use to me the producer, or his agents, must put it within my reach and let me know it is there. When you have a hundred and odd million people scattered over three million square miles of territory producing and exchanging products, this job of getting our products within one another's reach and letting one another know where and what they are, looks as formidable as the job of bare production.

By and large, any goods to be useful nowadays must be distributed to consumers far from the place of production. That process requires two middlemen—a wholesaler and a retailer.

Numberless projects for eliminating one or both of those middlemen have been proposed; but except in a very limited way, in special cases, no such project has ever succeeded or ever will. As a broad proposition the goods must first be sent to central warehousing points—wholesale markets—and from there distributed to a thousand and one points of consumption—retail markets. We may call our two middlemen by any names we please; but assembling the goods first in wholesale markets where they must be handled and stored, then distributing them to the retailer are inevitable parts of the process.

### Inevitable Middlemen

Some manufacturers sell direct to consumers through their own retail stores. Say a Connecticut clock maker adopts that plan. His retail shops in Dodge City, Kansas, North Platte, Nebraska, and Boulder, Colorado, are constantly running out of clocks. One needs a half dozen of No. 13, another a half dozen of No. 9, another a dozen of No. 6. To get a box of clocks by freight from Connecticut to Colorado may take a month or more. Each shop must carry a large stock—sufficient to meet all probable demands for a good while in advance—with the rent, interest and insurance which that involves, or the manufacturer must establish a warehouse at Omaha, Kansas City or Denver from which the shops in that region can be quickly supplied. In fact, the warehouse is cheaper than overstocking the local stores. The manufacturer owns it, so it is not called a wholesale house; but it performs the functions of a wholesale house and involves about the same charges for rent, interest, insurance, labor, and so on. There is the same double handling of goods.

Chain stores buy a great many of their goods direct from the manufacturer, but if the chain extends far enough central warehouses are set up from which the stores in a given territory can be quickly supplied. Department stores buy goods direct from manufacturers, but sometimes the manufacturer finds it necessary to set up a warehouse from which the stores in a given city or territory can be supplied. If he doesn't the department store carries a bigger stock. In fine, large-scale, long-haul production involves the existence of a great body of goods somewhere between producer and consumer. Now as a general proposition the economic efficiency of a retail shop depends directly upon the rapidity with which goods move from its shelves to consumers—that is, its turnover. If the shop carries a large stock in proportion to its present needs, so that its total stock turns slowly, it will be an expensive shop. It is better that the big stocks of goods in existence should be carried largely in central warehouses from which the retail shops can be quickly supplied. That central warehouse, by whatever name you call it, is essentially a wholesale establishment, with much the same rent, insurance, interest and labor hire that a wholesale establishment bears. By and large, between producer and consumer there must be two handlings of the goods—wholesale and retail. And it is the handling, remember, not the profits, that makes much the greater part of the spread.

Consumers' coöperation has never made much headway in this country; but where it most flourishes, in England and Scotland, there are the same two middlemen. British cooperators are also producers on a large scale, directly owning factories and plantations. But even the goods they produce move through wholesale to retail. And British coöperation, by the way, emphasizes the point that the spread between producer and consumer consists mainly of expenses rather than of profits. The British coöperative stores do an enormous business—the greatest, I believe, of any merchandising

Continued on Page 128

# What Is Holding YOU Back?

## —*Is the bigger place just beyond your reach?*

"Nelson's the man I'd *like* to name for this job, but he simply isn't up to it; he won't do."

There was a note of regret in the General Manager's voice as he gave his decision. Nelson had been with the firm three years—everybody liked him—everybody wanted to see him get ahead.

"I just can't understand that fellow," was the President's impatient comment. "More than a year ago I had a talk with him, and he gave me to understand that he was ambitious—wanted to get ahead. Here we've had three big openings in this organization within the last twelve months, and he hasn't had sense enough to prepare for any one of them. I tell you, Jim, when a man permits himself to get tied to a routine job—especially in these days when it's so easy to pick up specialized training in one's spare time—there's something *wrong* with him; he deserves just what he gets!"

* * *

"I've been intending to take up home-study training for over a year; I'm going to start next month"—that's the lame excuse that men like Nelson always give—*and they give it month after month!*

But what do men who *succeed* have to say?

"I had often read in business stories," writes B. A. Folsom, General Manager of the Grady Grocery Company, Cairo, Georgia, "how the Boss would call Bill into his private office and ask him what he had been doing with himself that he should turn out such good work and make so many suggestions profitable to the business—and how the Boss, placing his hand on Bill's shoulder, would tell him that as a reward he was promoted to some higher position, with a salary-increase of say fifty dollars a month. I used to wonder if such thrills as Bill experienced did not happen exclusively in business fiction. I know, now, that they are *real*, for I have experienced them myself.

"When I undertook specialized training under the LaSalle Problem Method, I was junior clerk in a large retail grocery store. Three months later I was promoted to senior clerk over one older man, with a substantial 'raise' in salary. Eight months later the manager resigned on account of ill health, and I was promoted to the managership, with another increase in salary.

"Some time ago I had an offer of the assistant managership of a chain of ten retail grocery stores doing a business of over a million dollars annually. Having a preference for the wholesale business, I accepted the managership of the above firm instead.

"The aid I have derived from my training is threefold: knowledge of what I am to do, perfect confidence in myself, and the trained ability to do it. I have been told that it is 'all in the man.' That may be true, so far as it goes, but the man must have something to *back him up*. Since beginning my training with LaSalle, my salary has increased more than 300 per cent, and I haven't reached the top yet. I am absolutely honest with myself when I say that the practical benefits received during the first three months of my study more than repaid me for the entire cost of the course."

* * *

During the past fourteen years thousands and thousands of men have taken the selfsame route that Folsom took, and by varying paths have won their way to important executive positions.

Charles S. Jones, a Texas man, took the path of Higher Accountancy. When he started, he was earning $100 a month as bookkeeper. Three years later, on the letterhead of Henry & Jones, Certified Public Accountants, he writes:

"My income is a trifle in excess of $8,000 a year, and I am just beginning to grow. I can hardly find words to tell you of the inspiration that the course has given me. I have recently enrolled for your full Law course and expect to complete my business education with LaSalle."

Albert H. Brownell, of Louisville, Kentucky, took the path of Banking and Finance. He writes:

"I just received another raise on the 12th of $600. This makes a total [illegible] 400 per cent in sal[illegible] I started training.

H. G. Williams, of San Antonio, Texas, took the path of Law. He writes:

"The benefit I received from the study of the course has been immense. After passing the bar examination and receiving my license [illegible] Law I was appointed Assistant District Attorney, my salary [illegible] in three years having increased over 500 per cent."

B. T. Bailey, a Wisconsin man, took the path of Traffic Management. He writes:

"My [illegible] 50 per cent in the last year. If I could [illegible] I would not take $5,000 for it.

James C. Patton, of Tacoma, Washington, took the path of Business Management. He writes:

"I have your course to thank for the position I now hold. When I took up your work I was barely making a living. Today I sit in the Manager's chair of [illegible] of the largest financial institutions in the United States and Canada. My earnings this year will be [illegible] $5,000, and I have the opportunities that any man could wish for in the way of promotion to bigger things.

So in *every* field of business endeavor any number of LaSalle-trained men have broken away from their petty jobs, have given the laugh to the men who told them "they didn't have a chance," and are rapidly winning their way to high-salaried positions. During three months' time as many as 1193 LaSalle members reported definite salary increases as a result of training under the LaSalle Problem Method totalling $1,248,526. *The average increase per man was 89 per cent.*

* * *

Are you still tied to a routine job—and do you realize what each day's delay is *costing* you?

"I figure that I lost $2,000 during the two years I let that LaSalle coupon lie around," writes one procrastinator very frankly. "Indecision got me. I paid for the training in salary-losses every sixty days during those two years, *without receiving any of the benefits.*"

Poor business, we should say, to let another moment get away from you, when a few strokes of the pen and the mailing of a letter may mark your starting-point toward a bigger income.

The coupon, checked and signed, will bring you a complete outline of the training you are interested in, a wealth of evidence as to what LaSalle training has done for other men in circumstances similar to yours, and full particulars of our *convenient-payment plan;* also your free copy of that inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

Mailing the coupon does not obligate you in any way.

# LaSalle Extension University

### *The Largest Business Training Institution in the World*

### *Outstanding Facts About LaSalle*

Founded in 1908.

Financial resources more than $1,500,000.

Total LaSalle organization exceeds 1400 people—the largest and strongest business training institution in the world.

Numbers among its students and graduates more than 350,000 business and professional men and women, ranging in age from 20 to 70 years.

Annual enrollment, now about 60,000.

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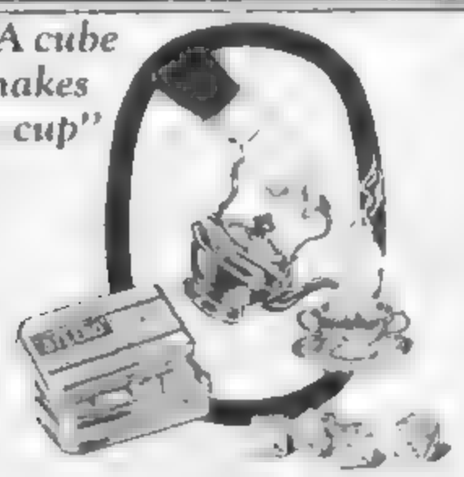

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(Continued from Page 126

organization in the world. They are owned outright by consumers, and consequently are not operated for profit as that term is generally understood—whatever profit they yield being returned to the consumer-owners. They do their own wholesaling and are first-hand producers on a large scale.

So we have here an immense merchandising organization from which, certainly, profiteering is eliminated. Moreover, the coöperatives have the advantage of buying in large quantities. They have a long, successful experience, so it is a reasonable presumption that they have eliminated waste as far as possible. Yet these cooperative stores have no decisive advantage over the individually owned retail shops, operated for profit and buying from individually owned wholesalers who also operate for profit. For the individually owned shop flourishes alongside them, successfully competing with them. It seems that the cooperative shop does, as a rule, sell goods somewhat cheaper, when the consumer's rebate is taken into account; but the individually owned shop must offer compensating services or conveniences, for it survives coöperative competition.

### *Cornering the Truth*

Which brings us back to the point that a great part of this spread is inevitable. It is simply the tails side of a coin whose heads side is large-scale, intensive, cheap production—whether the article produced is a California melon or a Massachusetts shoe. Viewed all around, there is no loss in that part of it, but a gain. A flat declaration that sixty-three cents of the consumer's dollar goes for moving the finished article from producer to consumer may produce a sensation. If it is sensations you are after just stop there. A patient inquiry as to how five or ten or fifteen of the sixty-three cents may be saved will not electrify the audience; but it is the only way to get anywhere. You have, no doubt, bought a chance in a raffle. There was quite a little thrill in that. You might draw the automobile or the corner lot. You didn't, as it turned out; you drew a blank. But there was quite a little excitement in the ticket. On the other hand, when you decided to save eighty-seven cents by having hamburger steak for dinner instead of porterhouse, there was no thrill at all in that. On the contrary, it was a lumpish and soggy moment. Yet if you look back candidly you must acknowledge it is the dull eighty-seven cents and not the titillating raffle ticket that saves your hide.

In this Cost o' Living business let us eschew the thrills and settle down to the dull eighty-seven cents—namely, to the relatively small but possible savings. That means turning our backs on all politico-bunko discussion which proposes to eliminate this, that and the other thing by a wave of the hand—or by a fool law or so. If you want thrills stick to politico-bunko. If you want to arrive turn to the plain dusty road.

As to all perishable foodstuffs, at least, the best means of narrowing spread between producer and consumer lie in producers' coöperation. It will not eliminate middlemen or exorcise spread; but intelligently managed it will decidedly help both producer and consumer. Experience has proved it.

Mere inertia at central markets has imposed a greater tax on fruit and vegetables than all profiteering. Chicago is one of the biggest fruit and vegetable markets. In early days that trade naturally established itself on the south bank of the river. And there it stuck—cluttered, inconvenient, wasteful blocks of it—for forty years after the natural reason for that location had disappeared. The market was distant from every rail and water terminal. Fruit and vegetables arriving by rail were unloaded to wagons—or trucks latterly—and hauled through blocks of highly congested traffic at a snail's pace to South Water Street. There with great delay, confusion and profanity the wagons and trucks were unloaded and the stuff piled on the sidewalk or lugged into unsuitable warehouses. In due course it was loaded on other wagons or trucks and again hauled through blocks of congested traffic—perhaps back to the terminal from which it had been carted that morning. All of which involved a useless tax. But the commission merchants and wholesalers didn't pay the tax. Unorganized consumers did nothing. The waste went on. Some live coöperative associations of producers might, I think, have raised a disturbance that would have brought action. Chicago's market was like many others.

But the costliest part of distribution is in the retail end. Of the dollar I pay for breakfast food the retailer gets for expenses and profit—mostly expenses—about twenty cents. Of the fresh-beef dollar he gets twenty-one cents; of the orange dollar, twenty-six cents. A composite table covering grocery, dry goods, shoe, clothing and hardware shows that on a seven-year average the retailer got twenty-seven cents plus of the consumer's dollar, of which a fraction over five cents went to profit and a fraction over twenty-two cents to expenses. Probably, by and large, the retailer gets half the total spread—but more than half in some cases, and less in others.

It is commonly held that retailing is so expensive because there are so many retailers. In my village we counted twenty retail shops on Main Street, and ten of them sell food, using the labor of at least thirty people. Theoretically one shop could handle all the trade with less rent, clerk hire and duplication of stock. But could it or would it, actually? The manufacturers above referred to found that, contrary to a common belief, it costs the big city department store rather more to sell a dollar's worth of goods than it costs the country retail shop. Where the department store beats the small shop is in buying cheaper by taking large quantities. If many retailers make cost they also make competition. To me it seems a reasonable proposition that if one big shop had a really decisive advantage, shops would have combined, and we should have had the one big shop with which a small establishment could not compete. Probably there is no such decisive advantage in big-scale retailing as there is in big-scale manufacturing. The advantage appears to lie in buying cheaper, rather than in lower operating expenses. At any rate so long as the larger shop fails to put the smaller one out of business by force of competition there is no way of getting one big shop, and all discussion of it is simply academic.

### *The Man to Oust Uncle Abijah*

We shall always have as many retailers as can make a living at it—and then quite a lot who are just discovering that they can't make a living at it. And retailing will always be the most costly part of distribution. It takes as much conversation and labor-time to sell a head of cabbage as to sell a thousand tons of steel rails. When a lady has tried on four pairs of shoes in one shop and three in another—with all the deliberating, comparing and discussing which thereto appertain—about as much labor has been consumed in selling the pair of shoes as was required to make them. If you want a thousand tons of steel rails you wait until the mill gets around to your order. If you want a head of lettuce you are annoyed unless somebody steps forward quite promptly to sell it. Marketing for the kitchen, it seems, is largely done in the morning. There is a rush for lettuce then, and a lull in the afternoon; but the shop must be prepared to take care of the rush. Saturday afternoons country folk come to town and make a rush that the shops must take care of. No doubt if a community would distribute its buying evenly over ten hours a day it could save retail cost. But no community will.

Now, like everybody else, I don't want this old Uncle Abijah living with me, and on me. From time to time I have been excited by many kindly proposals to eject him—as by eliminating middlemen, hanging profiteers, government price fixing, passing various laws, setting up various commissions, and the like. But here the old nuisance and leech is, grinning me right in the face. I regretfully conclude there are no patent cure-alls for this affliction. There will never be a time when it doesn't cost just about as much to distribute goods as merely to produce them. I say "merely" on purpose, for just making a thing only starts a long process. It must be sold to a consumer before it is useful. Here and there, with intelligent effort, certain cents may be shaved off the spread. Here and there a profiteer may be discovered and brought to book. In fine, once in a while when the old gentleman is obstreperous I may call in the police to make him behave. But that is all. If I want him really out of the house I've got to chuck him out myself by my own economies.

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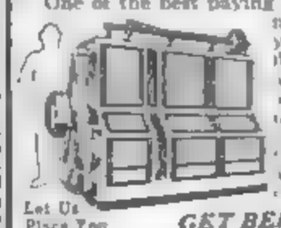

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# BACKBONE

*(Continued from Page 30)*

that separated her from John Thorne—to the beauty of the place, the Sabbath restfulness and peace of the countryside. It gave her a feeling of security, of confidence in the ultimate victory of righteousness. Evil could not conquer in such a world.

And then around the corner of the château came Doc Roper, hastening. He looked up at the balcony and scowled.

"So you got in there, eh?" he said morosely. "Well, you pulled it down on your own head. Get back into that room!"

"Where's my grandfather?" she demanded. "What have you done with my grandfather?"

"Buried him," said Roper callously. "Get back through that window. And you, Chink, come down here, and be quick about it!"

Ken smiled suavely and shook his head. "No come," he said. "Stay alongside missee." His hand went to the back of his neck and disclosed itself with the knife held lightly in his slender fingers. "You no bother missee—see?"

Roper stood undecided a moment, then shrugged his ponderous shoulders. He not only acquiesced, he approved. Unreservedly he approved of Chow Chek Ken's remaining in that room with Yvonne. It solved his problem for him, made his way clear. John Thorne would be disposed of satisfactorily before morning; he was confident of that. Naught remained but some adequate disposition of Yvonne. Well, the Chinaman should dispose of her. The story was ready to his hand—how the man had locked himself in a room with the girl, had killed her, and himself been killed by Roper in an attempt to effect a rescue. Doc was pleased. He knew with what instinctive racial distrust St. Croix looked upon the Chinaman. Chinamen were locally supposed to be unspeakable creatures of horrid ferocity. It was working out splendidly.

"Get into that room!" he ordered again.

"I shan't," said Yvonne. "Did you murder my grandfather?"

Ken touched her arm. "I watchee door," he said. "Cabbage Face mebby sneak in behind. You come inside, missee. Watchee window."

Yvonne hesitated to obey, and as she stood defying Roper she saw beyond and behind him a movement in the shrubbery. Some living thing moved there. She watched the agitation of the bushes until from their foliage appeared the head of Colonel Tip. He raised his hand and pressed his finger to his lips, staring at her and her position with unbelieving eyes. She was on the balcony of her grandfather's room; therefore she must have entered that room! He better than any other realized what that meant. His eyes took in the situation—Doc Roper's presence, the Chinaman beside her.

Then Yvonne, facing in a direction opposite to Colonel Tip in order that Roper would be thrown off the track, called loudly, "I've been in grandfather's room. He's not there. I'm a prisoner here. Bring John Thorne."

Roper turned savagely with a hoarse exclamation, but no one was in sight. He satisfied himself of this before he turned to sneer at Yvonne.

"Not smart enough," he said. "Can't fool an old fox with that trick. Besides, your John Thorne isn't traveling tonight—nor any other night."

He sat down with his back to a tree to study out the details of the scheme fortune had opened before him. Yvonne withdrew into the room, unafraid now. She could trust the colonel. He would reach John Thorne, and John would come to her though an embattled world lay between. She knew this. Her heart sang it to her. He would come, he would come, he would come!

She sat down in her grandfather's chair. Ken crouched before the door, listening. In such moments of waiting the mind follows trivial thoughts, goes winding down queer alleys. Now automatically she was taking inventory of the furniture in the room. It was a relief. Bed, dresser, desk, table, three chairs, cabinet. Here she paused and looked with interest at the cabinet, for she had never seen it before. It was a beautiful antique, Chinese lacquer of the Ming period, a glorious red not to be duplicated by furniture makers of the Occident. And around its body just under the top stretched a gold-and-black dragon, amazing in intricate workmanship. A dragon!

"*La queue du dragon,*" she said to herself automatically, and then the thought pushed upward to the surface of reasoning consciousness. "*La queue du dragon!*" The tail of the dragon.

Ken followed her eyes. "Chinese curio," he said. "Made my countree. Velly nice."

Yvonne walked close to it, studied it in the waning light. "The tail of the dragon," she said to Ken.

"Chinese dragon—velly long tail." He came closer and peered at it curiously, then with slender tinted finger he explored the carving of the fabulous creature's tail. "Um! You know thees? You know thees dragon's tail?" he asked.

"No, Ken."

"I show you?" he asked.

"Yes. Yes."

He pressed with knowing thumb, and the whole tail of the dragon slid an inch to the right, dividing from the rest in a bristle of golden scales so that the point of juncture was quite invisible. As it slid a section of the cabinet, apparently of solid wood, turned on an axis, revealing an aperture of sufficient size to admit a human hand. Yvonne, trembling with excitement, thrust her arm into the opening. It contained a packet of papers. She drew them out and peered at them, scarcely knowing what she held.

The papers were in a large manila envelope, and across the envelope's face, in her grandfather's handwriting, were the words, "For my granddaughter, Yvonne de Marsay. In case of my sudden death."

### XXIII

YVONNE carried the papers to the window, where she opened the envelope and then in the rapidly decreasing light read them slowly, one by one. As she read her face mirrored her astonishment, her wonder, at times her joy in the disclosures. It would have exhibited to spying eyes incredulity, the glad amazement of a child at a fairy tale come true before her eyes. Of all the emotions that crossed her face none was of the darker sort.

Even the grief she experienced at the loss of a loved grandfather was the softer, quieter grief one knows at the departure of the aged, when life has given its last reward, and fullness of years and happiness has been theirs.

Once she read the papers through, then darkness having shut in the room she lighted the light and read from the beginning once more, rereading a passage here and there, lifting her face as though the delight she knew were almost too great to be endured in silence. She read, and she believed, for the documents, with the exception of a few letters, were in the handwriting of her grandfather, couched in his familiar, sometimes pedantic phraseology. As for the letters, she strove to read between their lines, and did read between the lines of them.

There was none to share her joy, none but Chow Chek Ken, and he, she feared, would not comprehend. Nevertheless, she must let the breath of her delight blow upon some human being. It was not to be contained.

"Oh," she said to him, "now I understand. Now I see. It—it was all so impossible, so hopeless. You would have thought I must have guessed in the beginning. But I never guessed. I never imagined."

Ken grinned sympathetically and waggled his head.

"Cabbage Face, him come by dis door him catchum knife," he said, which was not exactly the reply she required.

"He'll come. Maybe he's started now," she said to Ken. "He's coming—to me. Nothing will keep him away, because he knows. He's known all along. And he's kept silent. I love him for keeping silent."

"You watchee window," cautioned Ken.

She carried her papers to the window and looked down into the black gulf which was the garden. She could see nothing, hear nothing; but for all that, Doc Roper was there, his back against a tree, his eyes upon the window. For an hour she sat motionless, dreaming. Any fears she may have felt for her safety were forgotten in the splendor of her dreams. She was allowing herself to love. She was giving herself freely,

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holding her heart in readiness for John Thorne when he should come. It was a joy—to be permitted to love, to feel it a duty to love. Those papers changed her whole life, her whole future. They might have been scented by the very wind of romance blowing over flaming gardens of magic. Romance! Indeed the story of the De Marsays was not told. Her children and her children's children would have a new tale to drink in as she had reveled in the story of Andrée de Chausson and Gaston de Marsay—a tale as sweet, as wonderful, as worthy a place in the family archives as theirs.

Evening winds set in motion the obscuring clouds; silvery edges made lovely the heavens; stars pierced the night, and then the whole sky became a luminous dome of moonlight and silver—a night of romance. But under that sky Doc Roper sat as well as Yvonne de Marsay. Anthony Bracken sweated and cowered and shuddered while John Thorne urged his weary horse back over the mountain to the girl who had sent her word to him that she stood in need of his protection. The moon shone upon evil as well as upon beauty and love. But the evil was invisible to Yvonne; nothing but sweetness, glory, the fulfillment of a dream was hers.

"Hush!" said Ken softly. "I hear um. Somebody creep. You look window."

She looked again, and this time Roper was disclosed to her, immobile under his tree. She could see him clearly as he took a carrot from his pocket, pared it methodically, cut it into disks, which he ate with relish. The will to murder interfered no whit with Doc Roper's appetite for raw carrots.

"Cabbage Face in hall. More better I go keel him, mebby so?" suggested Chow Chek Ken helpfully.

"No. No."

Yvonne was too happy for killings or considerations of killings. She lived in a world tonight where there was no death—a world of beautiful miracles, a fairyland. Avalon had been made real to her.

"More better keel him than him keel you," Ken persisted gently.

"Doc Roper's in the garden. He's sitting there just sitting under the window."

"Ver' bad man," commented Ken.

"Where's Mr. Bracken?" she asked. "What is he doing?"

"Blacken bad man too," Ken said. "Him flaid. Him run roun' and roun' and roun'. Hear voice—think devil. Much flaid. Blacken no good. Too much flaid all time."

Yvonne returned to her watching and to her thoughts. She was waiting, hoping. John Thorne was coming to her and her eyes were eager for the sight of him. John Thorne! She whispered his name and smiled. Even the sight of Roper waiting, spiderlike, could not tarnish the joyousness of her smile.

"He's coming. He must be almost here," she said. "Then everything will be all right." She trusted him, was confident in his power to make everything come right. It was a satisfaction to her now to remember how she had always, even when she tried to hate him, felt an unwilling confidence in him. "It was my heart trying to tell me," she said, "and I wouldn't listen."

Then her heart almost stopped. A man's figure, tall, broad of shoulder, appeared in the garden below her, advancing from the road. It was John. Even though she could not see his face she knew it was John. She stepped through the window and stood upon the balcony, and the moonlight touched the youthful slender loveliness of her. It bathed her black hair until it glowed as a halo; it made her face a picture to remember and to dream of through the years. She stretched out her arms.

"John!" she cried happily. "John!"

He paused and lifted his eyes.

"Yvonne! You are safe? You are all right?"

"Safe with Chow Chek Ken," she said. "Safe and waiting for you."

She saw Doc Roper hoist himself heavily to his feet, and her heart chilled. Those men must meet in the garden below her. What would that meeting mean? What was she to see? She called a warning.

"Doc Roper is there. Look out, John!"

He smiled up to her, and the moonlight showed her his face. It was not grave and heavy now, but gay, youthful, almost debonair.

"I hoped he would be here," said John. Then: "Good evening, Doc. You and I had to meet before this game played itself to an end, didn't we?"

"So you're alive, eh?" Doc grumbled. He hesitated. The devious intelligence of him urged one way, the physical brute another. He might placate, surrender, barter, and so win immunity for himself; or he might fight. His great muscles tingled. Once more Doc Roper's head was ruled by his biceps.

John spoke to Yvonne again. "I'd go inside, dear, if I were you. Things are going to be unsightly down here."

She shook her head. No, she would remain. She would watch the thing which must take place below as her foremothers had watched their champions, armor-clad, fighting in the lists with lance and sword. Her champion was fighting for her. She would stand to cheer him on, glorying in his strength. She leaned far over and tossed her handkerchief at his feet

"Will you wear my favor, sir?" she said.

He lifted the square of white, touched it to his lips and smiled. Then his face became grave, not angry, not vindictive, only grave.

"To business, Doc," he said.

"When I've got rid of you," Doc said, "I'll 'tend to her."

John poised. He knew the nature of his antagonist, and what he must do. He knew the mind of the man; knew the only way to reach the balcony in which stood Yvonne was over Doc Roper's body. He knew her safety lay in his victory. Roper launched his ponderous body upon him.

Then, under the moon, in that quiet garden, took place a combat worthy of its song. Yvonne watched, gasping with apprehension, glowing with exultation, now hot, now cold—but never fearful. She saw Roper's first savage rush, his effort to crush John into the ground at the very commencement; saw John step lightly back and to one side, settling himself for the impact and whipping over a sudden blow which snapped back Roper's head and halted his rush. Then she saw and appreciated and gloried in her lover's skill, his coolness, the clean crispness of his movements compared to the gross, gorilla-like rushings of Doc.

Ever Doc Roper fought to get to hand holds. Blows were not for him; it was the strangling, crushing grip he sought to gain. His efforts set themselves to wrap his mammoth arms around John's body, to thrust his chin against John's chest and to crush and bend the young man backwards until the back snapped. Blows seemed not to harm him. Each time he was beaten back he bored in again with even greater ferocity and determination, flailing, smashing, gouging, utilizing every unfair expedient known to the rough-and-tumble fighter of the camps.

Presently he grew wily, stood hesitating, awaiting John's attack. The young man did not give him an instant's breathing spell, but circled, stepping in and out, striking, parrying. Doc gave ground. Suddenly he halted, and as suddenly lashed out with his foot at his antagonist's kneecap. But John Thorne had fought in the woods himself. The foot, which might have ended matters then and there, drove harmlessly into empty air and John caught Doc ill balanced. His fist met Doc in mid-career, and Yvonne could hear the vicious smack of it as it fell plumb upon the corner of Roper's jaw. It was the first clean knockdown of the fight.

Had John been the one to go to the ground Doc Roper would have been upon him with heavy boots, kicking, trampling, availing himself of that law of the woods which says that a downed adversary may be given the boots. For evidences of the workings of this law examine the faces of lumberjacks until you find one ripped, seared, twisted, scarred. It will be the work of no accident, of no frightful disease; such are the marks of calked boots. John gave Doc his moment to rise.

Doc leaped to his feet, bellowing with rage, and rushed blindly. John met him cleanly with left, then right, so that the two blows sounded like blow and echo. Roper staggered but did not drop. John shrugged his shoulders. To batter this animal into unconsciousness would be no easy task.

Now Roper used the wily brain which dwelt in his bullet head. He maneuvered, working ever to force John into the angle of the château, where he could not sidestep and escape Doc's bull-like rushes. So furious was his attack that John gave

(Continued on Page 132)

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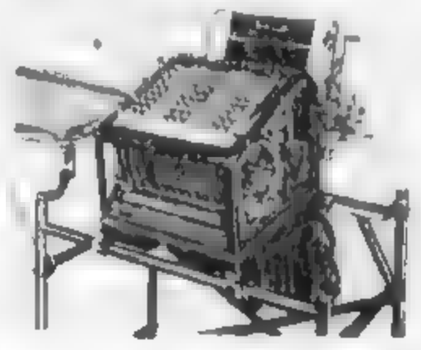

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*Continued from Page 130*

ground, step by step, until his back touched the wall, and then Doc bored in. Now it was strength against strength; skill could not play its part. John lowered his arms to the level of his diaphragm, and working his fists like trip hammers drove first one, then the other into Doc's body repeatedly. The man was not to be stopped. Battered, bleeding, he bored in—and then a chance swinging blow drove John's head against the masonry of the house. He was forced to clinch to save himself, and there lay Roper's opportunity.

His great arms slipped around John's body. His hands locked behind John's back. John's head cleared. He sank his chin into Roper's shoulder and hugged, clinging until full strength should return. Roper bowed his back and constricted his arms. The pressure was tremendous, suffocating. Muscle against muscle, brawn against brawn, bone against bone. Doc Roper's heart leaped. He had his enemy now where he wanted him. This man who had obstructed his way at every turn would now be removed; and more than that, more pleasurable than that was the thought of satisfied vindictiveness.

But John Thorne did not collapse under the pressure. It surprised Doc. Presently he felt a sense of bewilderment. No man had ever sustained that bear hug before, but this young man was sustaining it, returning it. Roper began to sweat. The two figures stood immobile. To Yvonne, watching from her balcony, they seemed to be resting, with their arms about each other. Yet they were tense with an awful tenseness. Their drawn faces, bared teeth were invisible to her. She could not see or sense that tremendous outlay of energy.

Roper gasped once. His eyes rolled. Could this thing be possible? Was this young man stronger than he? Was it a fact he was the weaker of the two, unable to crush his antagonist in his huge arms? If that were true his case was hopeless. Alarm lifted its head—then fear. Now instead of trying to crush his enemy Roper was struggling to release himself from those steel arms that compressed him. John felt this effort, felt the relaxation, and bracing his back against the masonry he wrenched suddenly sideways and hurled Doc from him. It was his nature to fight otherwise, cleanly, to have his antagonist at arm's length, where skill might play its part.

Roper stood gasping—and then John was upon him, whipping in blow after blow. Doc strove to shield his face and his body, but John's fists sought him out, until for the second time he was hurled from his feet. He lay an instant, hand outstretched. The hand encountered something, something that fitted his palm—the broken handle of a shovel a yard long, made to his order for a bludgeon. It inspired new strength and courage in him, and he sprang to his feet, crouching.

Yvonne saw the weapon before John saw it, and cried a warning. Then she gripped the railing of the balcony, leaning forward with terror in her eyes. She saw Roper's leap, saw John spring to the left, avoiding the descending bludgeon. Her eyes in that uncertain light had not the speed to grasp what followed. Two blows she heard. Roper lifted on tiptoe to the first, the second raised him cleanly from his feet and sent him backward to the ground. He fell heavily, soggily like a sack of flour. And there he lay, motionless, eyes closed, bloody, beaten. John stirred him with his foot. It did not disturb Doc. He was unconscious. The thing was done.

"Rope," he called to Yvonne. "Where's a rope?"

"In the back—a clothesline," she said.

In a moment he returned, rolled Doc upon his face, and tied hands and feet securely. Then he lifted his face to Yvonne. "May I come up?" he asked.

"Come," she said, her heart leaping with pride in him, with love for him. "I'm waiting for you, John."

He climbed the vine, drew himself upon the balcony, and there her arms awaited him. It required no spoken word. They knew, both of them knew. Presently he lifted her face and looked into her eyes.

"At last," he said.

### XXIV

YVONNE looked up into his face and smiled. Pride and love and joy were in her eyes; such a look as can be born only of a perfect moment.

"Why, John, why didn't you tell me?" she asked.

"If you consider, dear, you will have the answer to that."

"I have. I know the answer, and it is a sweet answer. It was because you wanted to make me love you—just you. You feared, if I knew, it would influence me. It would, John, for I'm a romantic person. Even if I hadn't liked you a bit—and found out that you were you—I couldn't have refused you."

"So you see," he said.

"But you let me go on thinking things about you—that you would take advantage of a sick old man, that you would fight unfairly. You let me think you were a dollar chaser, and that money meant more to you than my friendship."

"That, too, was necessary," he said.

"I don't understand yet. I can see only one side of it. Won't you show me the other side, John?"

"*Qui n'entend qu'une cloche, n'entend qu'un son*," he said whimsically.

"I've been hearing a disagreeable bell, and it gave a wicked sound," she said. "Won't you ring your bell now?"

"That is the same as asking me to toot my own bugle," he laughed.

"Toot it. Please toot it. I want to hear you brag about yourself. Just this once. After that I shall do your boasting for you all your life." She hesitated and smiled up at him. "If you ask me. You haven't mentioned any—interest in me yet."

"Ma'm'selle," he said, "if you will sing my praises in your secret heart, that will be enough for me." His face took on a sudden gravity. "Where's Bracken? Where's the Indian?"

"I don't know. I don't care. Let's not think of them now. You're here. From the moment I sent for you I lost all fear." She laughed gayly. "See what confidence I have in you! You've something to live up to, John Thorne—whose middle name is ——" She hesitated provocatively.

"Is what?"

"De Chausson," she said.

"How did you know, honey?"

"*La queue du dragon*," she said cryptically. Then, laughing at his bewilderment she said, "Come, I'll show you."

She led him to the lacquer cabinet, in which she had replaced old André de Marsay's papers.

"Press his tail," she said. He obeyed. "Now take out what is there. It may have surprises for you—surprises of responsibility. Oh, I wouldn't care to take on the responsibility you're saddled with."

"Which is?"

"Read and see. No, I'll read to you. First this letter of grandfather's."

She took it from its envelope and read:

"My dear granddaughter"—old André was always formal and stately in his writings—"You have been taught the story of our family. From your cradle you have been made familiar with the sacrifice of Andrée de Chausson to save the life of Gaston de Marsay. You have read her letter of farewell to him. I hope you know it by heart as I know it. Found your character upon it, my dear. Live by its example of love and courage and unselfishness. Have you ever considered, granddaughter, how Andrée de Marsay lived and died? I will tell you. She lived a true wife to the husband she was compelled to take, and bore him a son. Just as the De Marsays have continued in the world, so have the descendants of Andrée. It is to tell you this that I write. I have followed the thread from your ancestor Gaston's day—and it has brought me to a young man, a young man whom I have made inquiries about and have come to admire. It is the ambition of my life, granddaughter, and the wish of my old age, that the romance of our family be made perfect. When you return from Europe he is coming here, as I have begged him to do, and I hope your hearts will lead you along the path of my hope. My faith in him is great, just as my faith in you, my granddaughter, has always been well placed. I write these words in the fear I may not be able to speak them to you when you come, for I am not young and my voyage may terminate suddenly. His name, Yvonne, is John de Chausson Thorne. Give him his chance. He is worthy of a De Marsay."

She folded the letter. "There is more, John, but that tells what you want to know." Her eyes glowed. "It is a perfect thing—even my loving you without knowing who you were. I—I am glad you are you. If the young man of this letter had been somebody else ——"

"Yes?"


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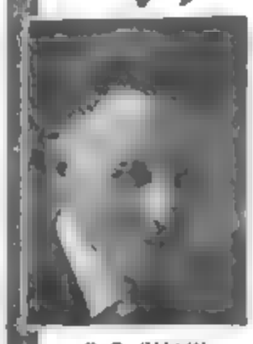

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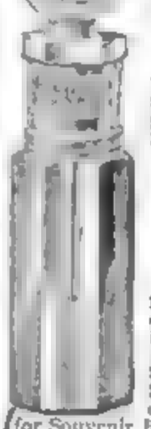

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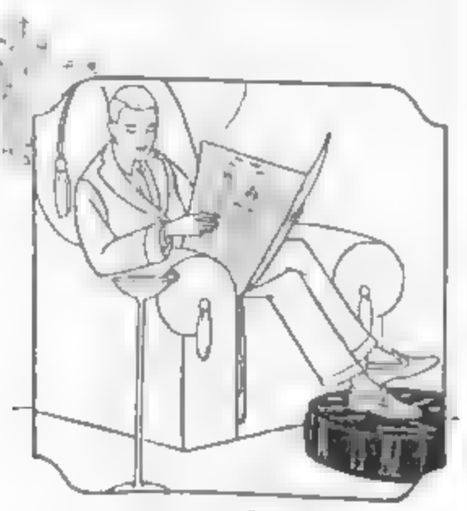

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"I should have been very unhappy," she said. "But the worst hearing is yet to be heard, John. Do you know what my wicked grandfather has done to you?"

"What has he done? You frighten me."

"In his will. You must read that. At the very end. See: 'And I hereby nominate and appoint John de Chausson Thorne guardian of the person and of the property of my said granddaughter, Yvonne de Marsay.' Listen to that, John! My guardian!" Their laughter mingled as she curtsied. "Guardian, a young man wants to see you. He is a very importunate young man, who wishes to ask for the hand of your ward in marriage—though he hasn't mentioned it yet. But he is impatient, I know. Can you see him today—right away?"

"I'll interview the whippersnapper," said John. "What are his prospects?"

"His prospects of happiness are good—if I can make him happy."

"Then," said John, "take him with my blessing."

"You're not a thorough guardian. There are lots of impertinent questions you should have asked."

"I'm asking myself questions that aren't impertinent," he said seriously. "I'm asking what is to be done next. I've Doc Roper tied in the garden, but Bracken is unaccounted for; and the Indian."

"No worry 'bout Cabbage Face," said Chow Chek Ken. "I knock eight bells outa Cabbage Face."

"Very well, Ken, we'll leave Jean to you. But Bracken and Gibbs and the pulp company—I'll have to take them on myself. I've got to save the East Branch for my ward."

"You seized it to save it for me," she said with confidence. "I should have known! How badly I thought of you. Your ward hasn't a smudge of brains, guardian."

"But my sweetheart—she has——"

"—— her heart's desire," said Yvonne.

"I think we have them licked," he said. "Now I'm working with the De Marsay interests instead of against them, Gibbs won't want to take on that fight, I'm sure. If I'm a judge of character he likes what pugilists call a set-up. But we'll see. Let's get out of here and find what's to do. Can you climb down? We can't force the door."

Down the tangled vine they scrambled, John first, then Yvonne, then Chow Chek Ken. John walked to where Roper lay, his eyes open now, and made sure his bonds were secure.

"Well, Roper," he said, "it was a bully fight. But what the deuce am I going to do with you?"

Before Roper could make answer there came to them on the night breeze the sound of a voice singing—André de Marsay's voice:

*"Les dames de l'Hôpitale*
*Sont arrivé's au bruit,*
*Carabi;*
*L'une apporte un emplâtre,*
*L'autre de la charpi',*
*Carabi,*
*Titi Carabi,*
*Tato Carabo,*
*Compere Guillert,*
*Te lairas-tu mouri'?"*

Then, from the château, issued a scream, a scream of horror, not human—more animal than human.

Yvonne grasped John's arm fearfully. Her grandfather's voice and song—her dead grandfather's voice! And that terrible sound from within.

"John!" she whispered.

"Wait," he said.

The voice approached, singing another verse of the childish game. Doc Roper strained at ropes which bound him. The front door of the château slammed, and around the corner of the huge house the figure of a man precipitated itself, sobbing, mouthing, gibbering.

John Thorne caught him by the arms and held him.

"Steady, Bracken, steady!" he said.

"His voice! He's coming for me! He's coming! Let me go, let me go! He can't rest—there! He wants to be buried—to be buried in consecrated ground. He's coming, I tell you—he's coming!" The unnatural metallic voice lifted in a cry of awful terror.

The voice came nearer, was just beyond the hedge. The branches moved, the leaves rustled as something forced its way through into the garden. Then a form advanced, still singing. Bracken struggled and cursed and prayed. The singing figure came on deliberately.

"Stop!" Thorne called. "You've driven the man mad."

"That," said the voice of Colonel Tip, "was my intention. He deserves madness or worse. John, if it hadn't been for my little song holding him back, God knows what Roper might have persuaded him into. I came as soon as I could. I hurried. Is all well?"

Yvonne was staring at the little man, refusing to believe the evidence of her eyes and ears.

"You! You singing grandfather's song!" she said.

"I. It was indeed I," said the colonel, puffing out his chest. "The idea was mine. It was, if I may be allowed to say so, well carried out."

"But the song—the song!"

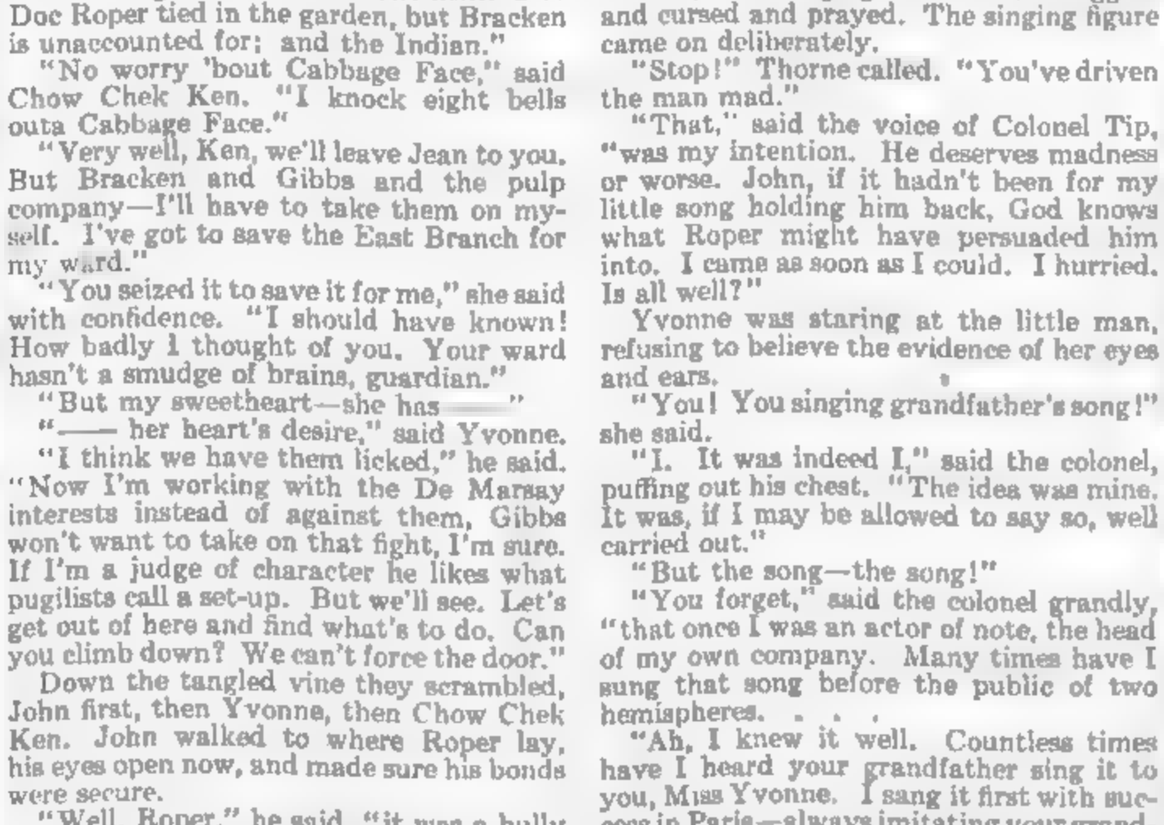
"You forget," said the colonel grandly, "that once I was an actor of note, the head of my own company. Many times have I sung that song before the public of two hemispheres. . . .

"Ah, I knew it well. Countless times have I heard your grandfather sing it to you, Miss Yvonne. I sang it first with success in Paris—always imitating your grandfather's voice and manner—I sang it as an old man. What are you going to do with this horse doctor—and this—lunatic?" he demanded.

"We shall see," said Thorne, "after I have interviewed Paul Gibbs and settled matters on the East Branch."

"The mill is safe and the dam is safe," said the colonel. "I remained until I made certain of that. Oh, Miss Yvonne, you should have seen me fight! I battered their shins."

"Colonel," said John, "I saw you. You're a bully fighter. Better get the sheriff for Doc Roper and a doctor for Bracken. He ought to have something to

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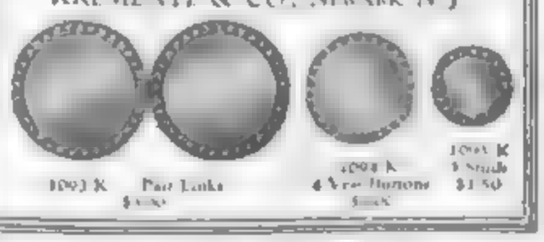


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quiet him. I'll take him into the house, colonel."

And so, presently, the château became quiet again. Bracken slept under the urging of morphia; Colonel Tip occupied a guest room; Yvonne lay awake dreaming and smiling in her own chamber; and John Thorne slept for the first time under the same roof with the girl with whose life history and circumstance had so strangely enmeshed his own.

In the morning John was up and away. Colonel Tip accompanied him. His business was twofold—to confront Paul Gibbs, and to attend to one other matter in which the colonel's assistance was needful. He found Gibbs in the office of the great pulp mills and was received with the habitual oily geniality of the great man.

"Well, well, Thorne, what have we to thank for this call? Always glad to see you."

"I come," said Thorne, "to offer peace or war."

"Eh!"

"Bracken's done—unhinged. Roper's in jail. I am executor of the estate of André de Marsay. These things are facts. Do you want to fight the De Marsay interests plus my own resources?"

"I want the East Branch," said Gibbs with an unaccustomed access of frankness.

"You can't have it," said John.

"Possibly. Convince me. I've got you tied up. The De Marsay money is useless for weeks. Got to probate the estate. If you can't make good on that payment this week you default. I buy. What then?"

"If I defaulted you might pull it off, Mr. Gibbs, but I'm going to pay over that hundred thousand—today!"

"Eh? We tied you up. I accounted for every bank and every deposit of yours."

"Except one," said John. "I rather fancied you would take this step, so before it came I turned over a hundred thousand dollars to my friend, Colonel Tip, here. He has it in cash."

Gibbs turned to the colonel. "Is this true?" he asked.

"In this grip," said the colonel; "you may, if you like, count it." He opened the bag to show the green of the packed currency.

"Not necessary. I'm through, Thorne. The agreement stands. I keep off the East Branch—you keep off my river. Satisfactory?"

"Perfectly. Good day, sir."

"Good day," said Gibbs. "Good day. Call again. Real pleasure to see you."

And so, having completed the task to which he had set his hands, having saved for Yvonne the wealth of the East Branch with its mountain slopes of virgin timber, John Thorne returned to St. Croix and to the life of promise which lay before him. Yvonne watched for his coming from her window as Andrée de Chausson might, centuries ago, have watched for the return of Gaston de Marsay. She ran down the stairs and through the great portals of the château to welcome him at the gate.

"Welcome, guardian," she said, "welcome home."

He lifted her face, lovely as the face of a princess in a fairy tale, and kissed her lips in a manner unbecoming to a guardian appointed by the courts.

"Why," she said, "you're not grave and serious at all. You—you only looked that way. I believe you could do foolish things wonderfully."

"Romance is dead," he said with make-believe somberness.

"It was only asleep for a hundred years," she said. "Do you remember how the Sleeping Princess was awakened?"

"With a kiss," he said.

"Well?" she said, looking up into his eyes. And, as he hesitated for feasting his eyes upon her, "Don't you think Romance might respond to the same treatment?"

He did. And in spite of all that bankers and brokers, coal merchants and butchers, politicians and hucksters and all other practical-minded people may say to the contrary—it did. Therefore, being awake, Romance took charge of affairs, and used its own language to end the story:

*And they lived happy forever after!*

(THE END)

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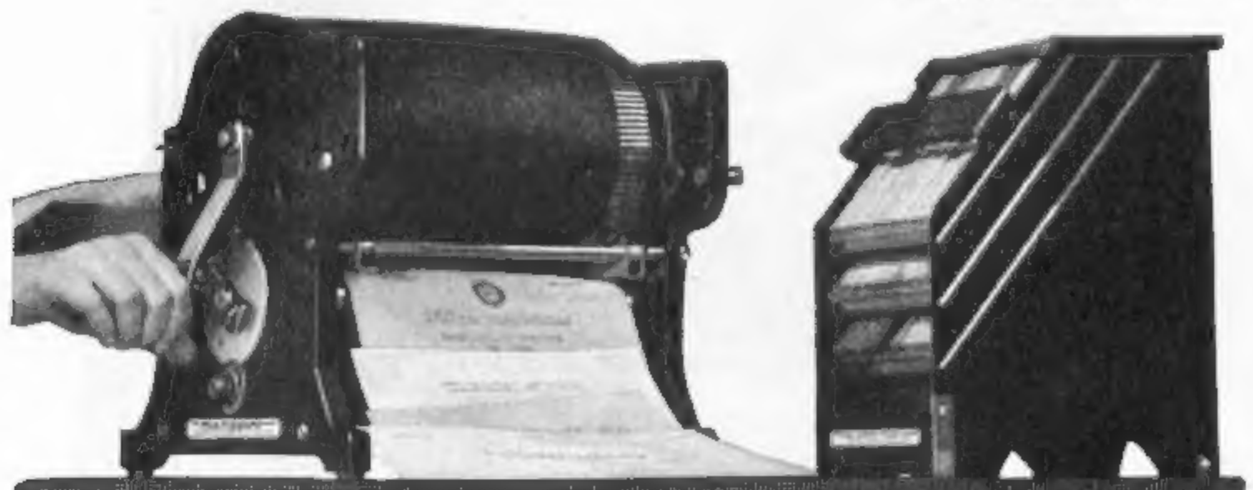
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

# returns from the first 1500 letters we sent out paid for our entire equipment.

This is from the second paragraph of a letter from Standard Laboratories, Inc., of Los Angeles. They go on to say they give us these facts *because they think they will interest us.* We pass them on because they will, *and they should, interest you.*

*This is the New Multigraph, equipped for turning out typewritten letters, forms, etc. See list of suggestions below.*

*This is the Multigraph Typesetter, which makes it easy to set type for the Multigraph.*



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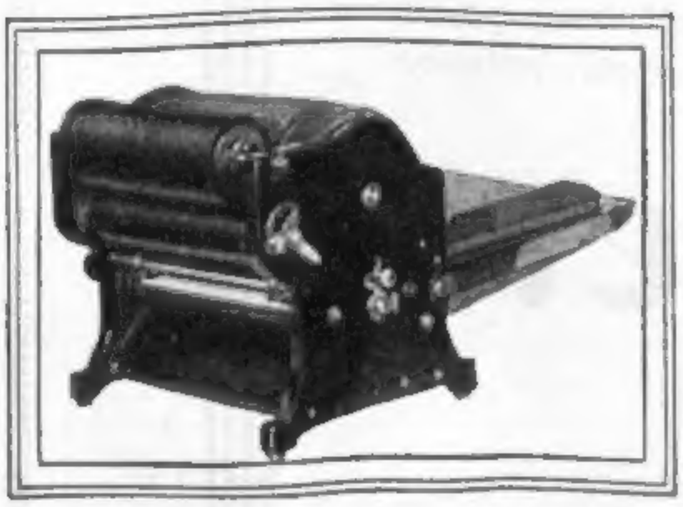

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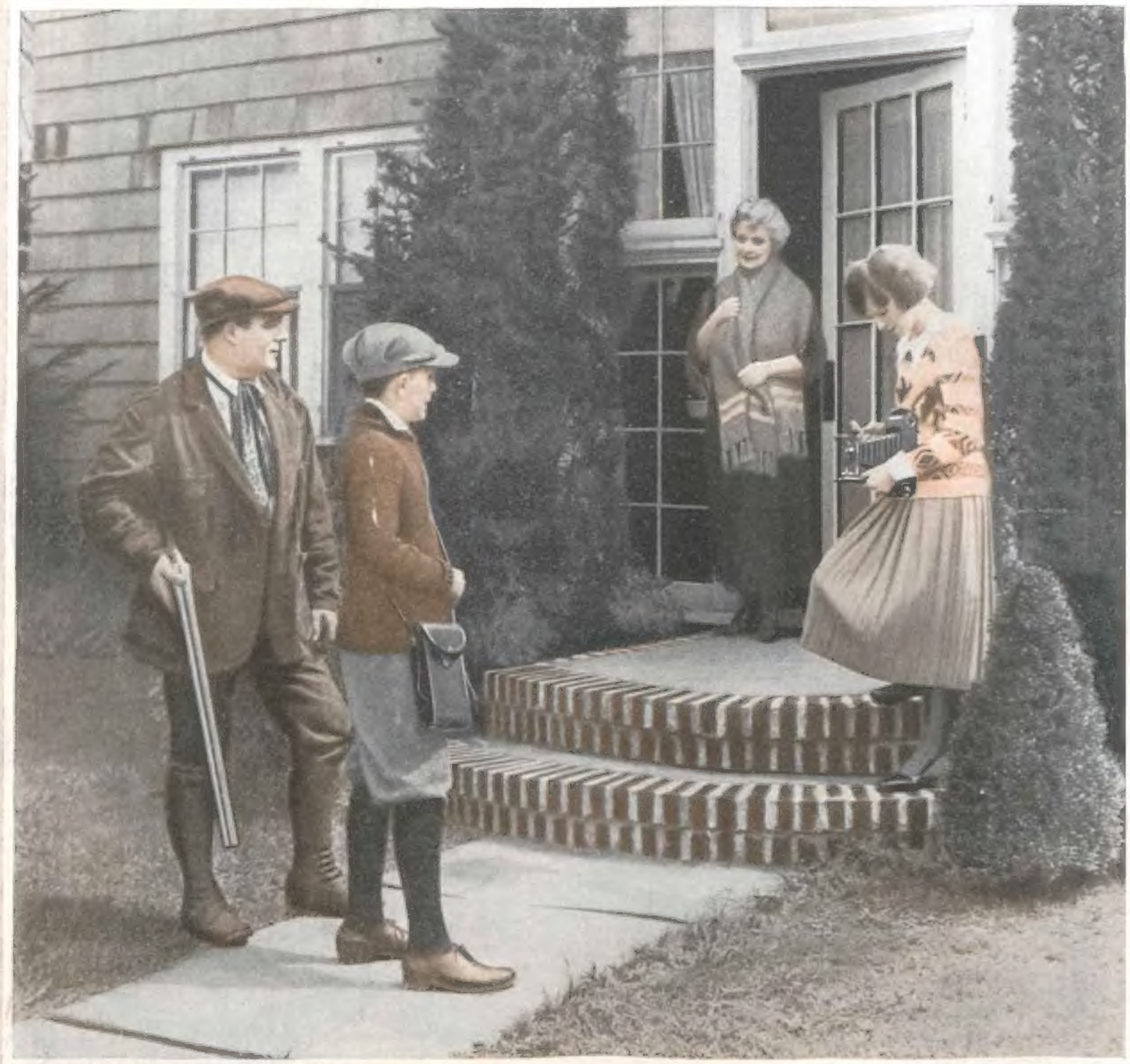

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